Les Barbares

Tragédie lyrique en 3 actes et un Prologue

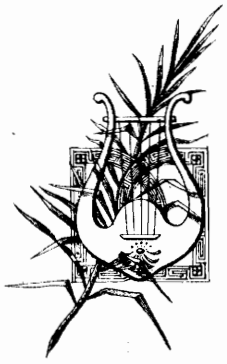
POÈME DE

VICTORIEN SARDOU ET P. B. GHEUSI

MUSIQUE DE

C. SAINT-SAËNS

Partition pour piano seul réduite par LÉON ROQUES



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LES BARBARES

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M
33
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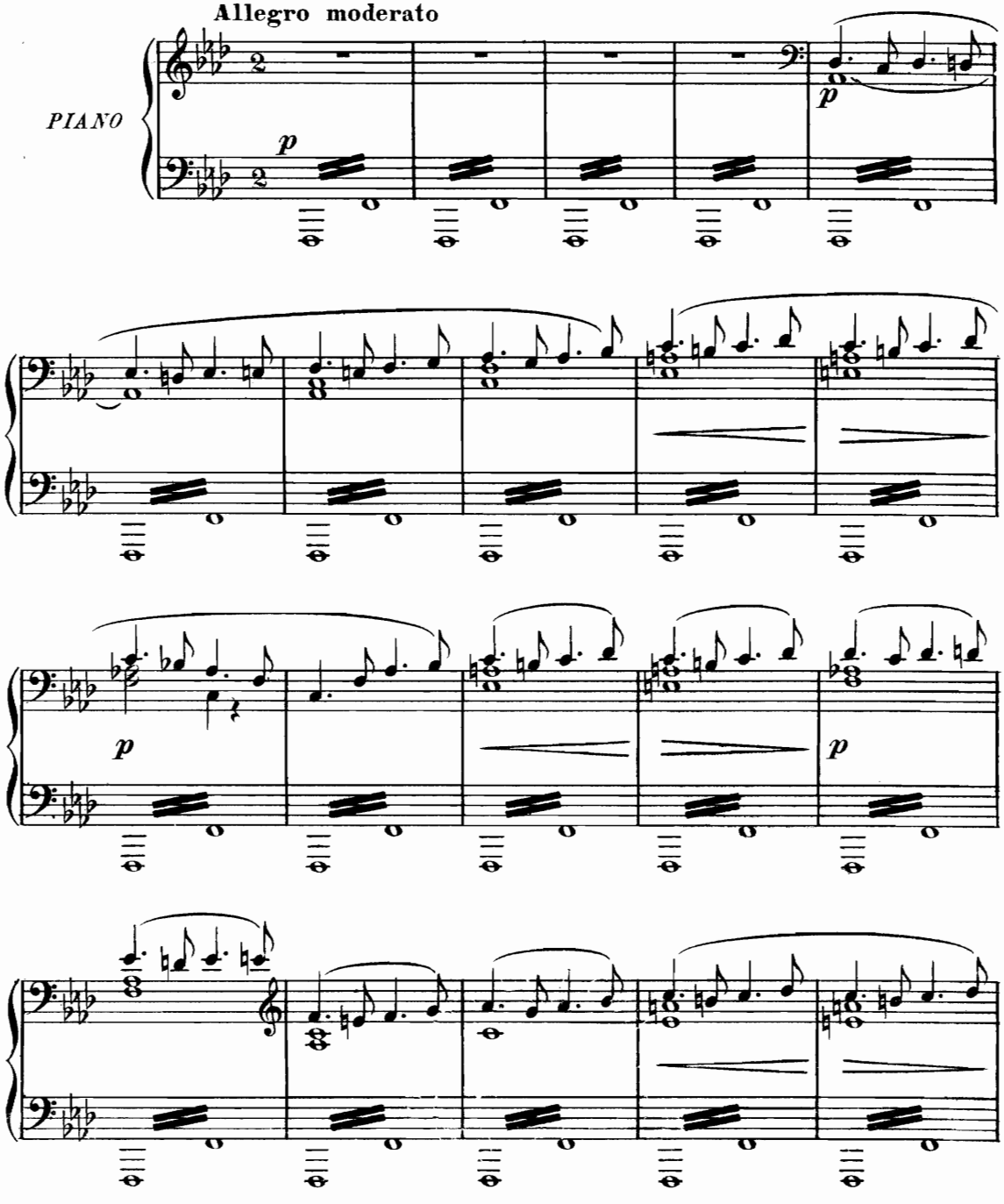
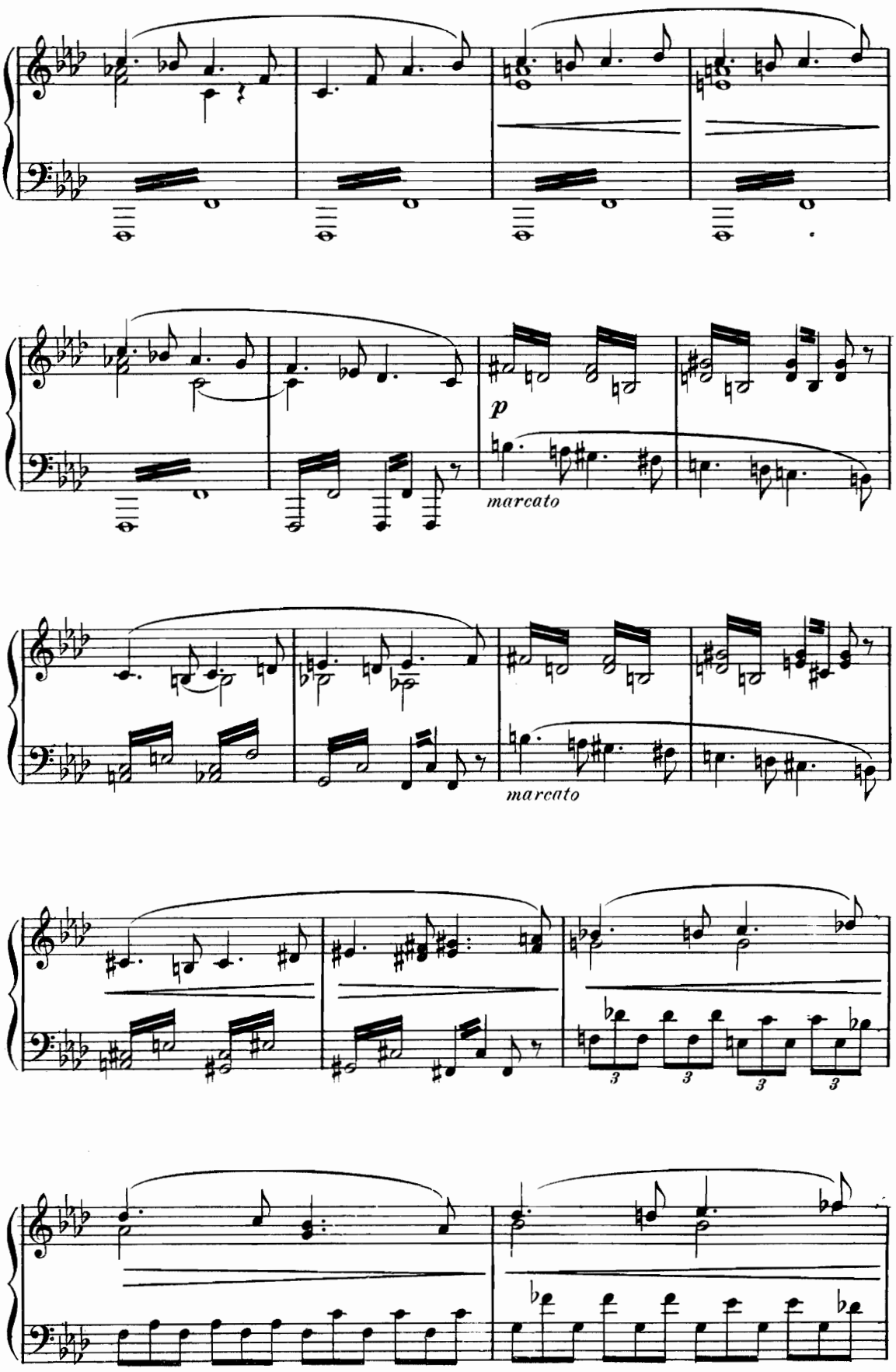
LES BARBARES

Transcription pour Piano seul
par LÉON ROQUES

Musique de
C. SAINT-SAËNS

PROLOGUE

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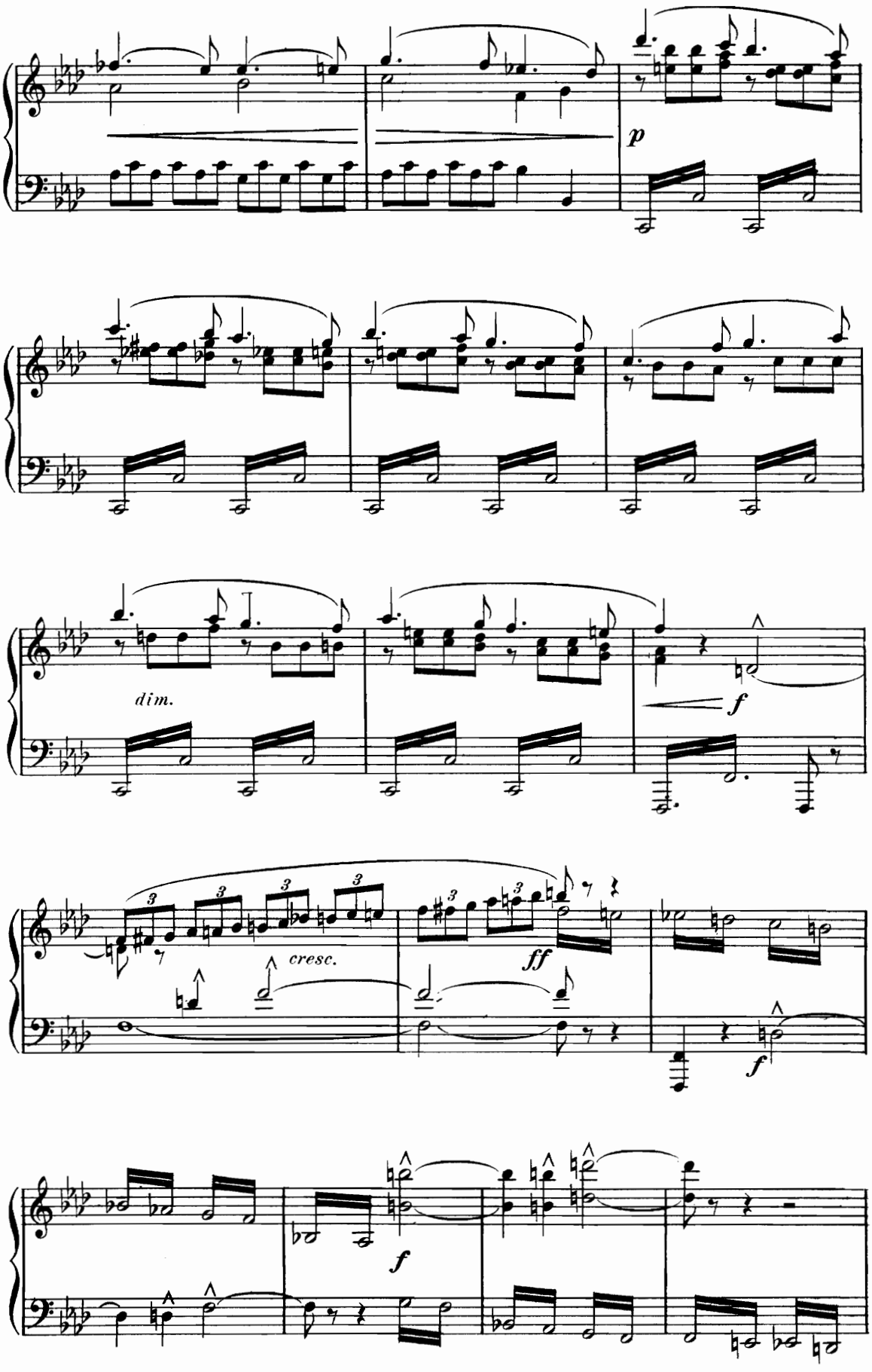
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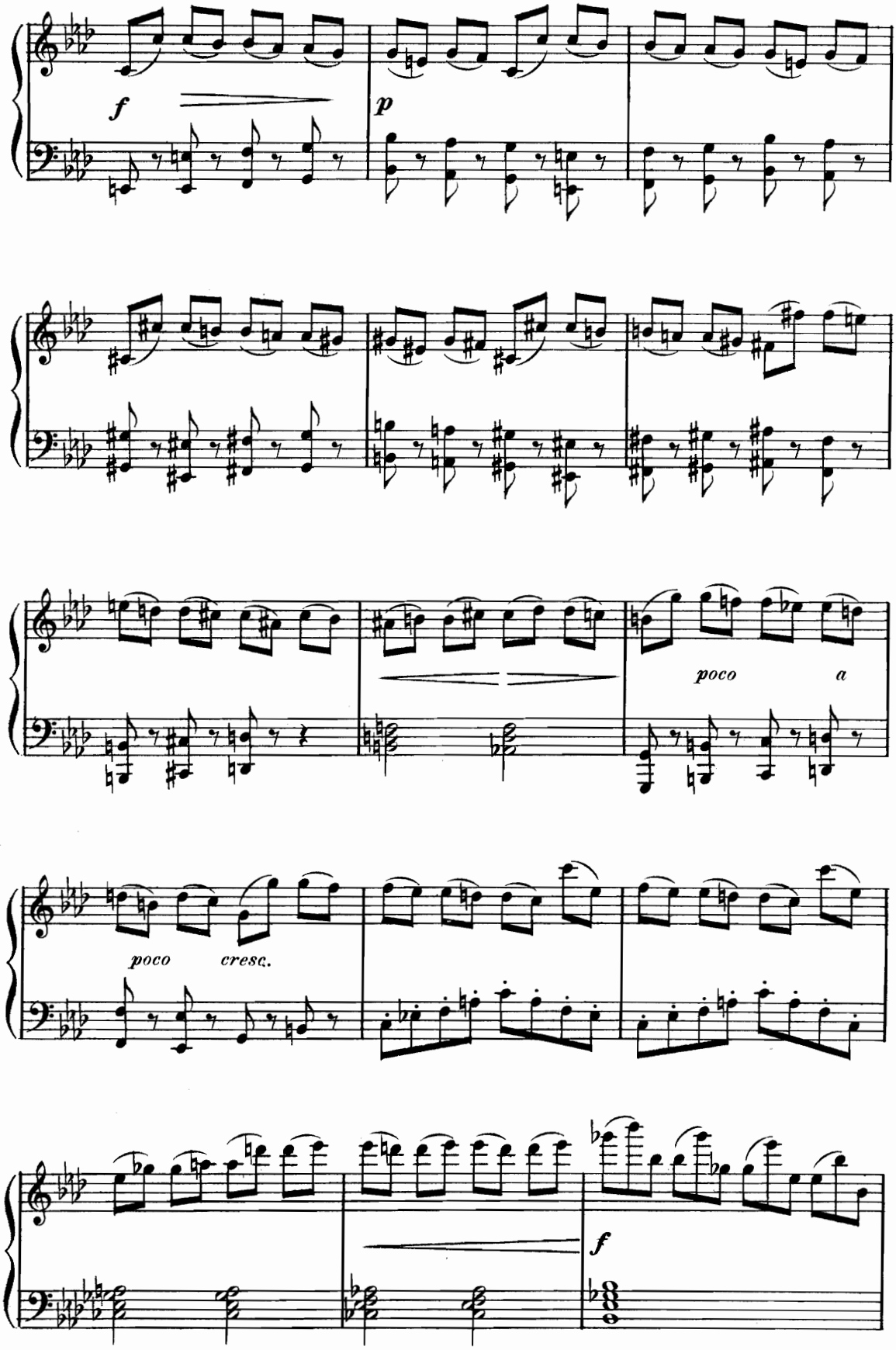
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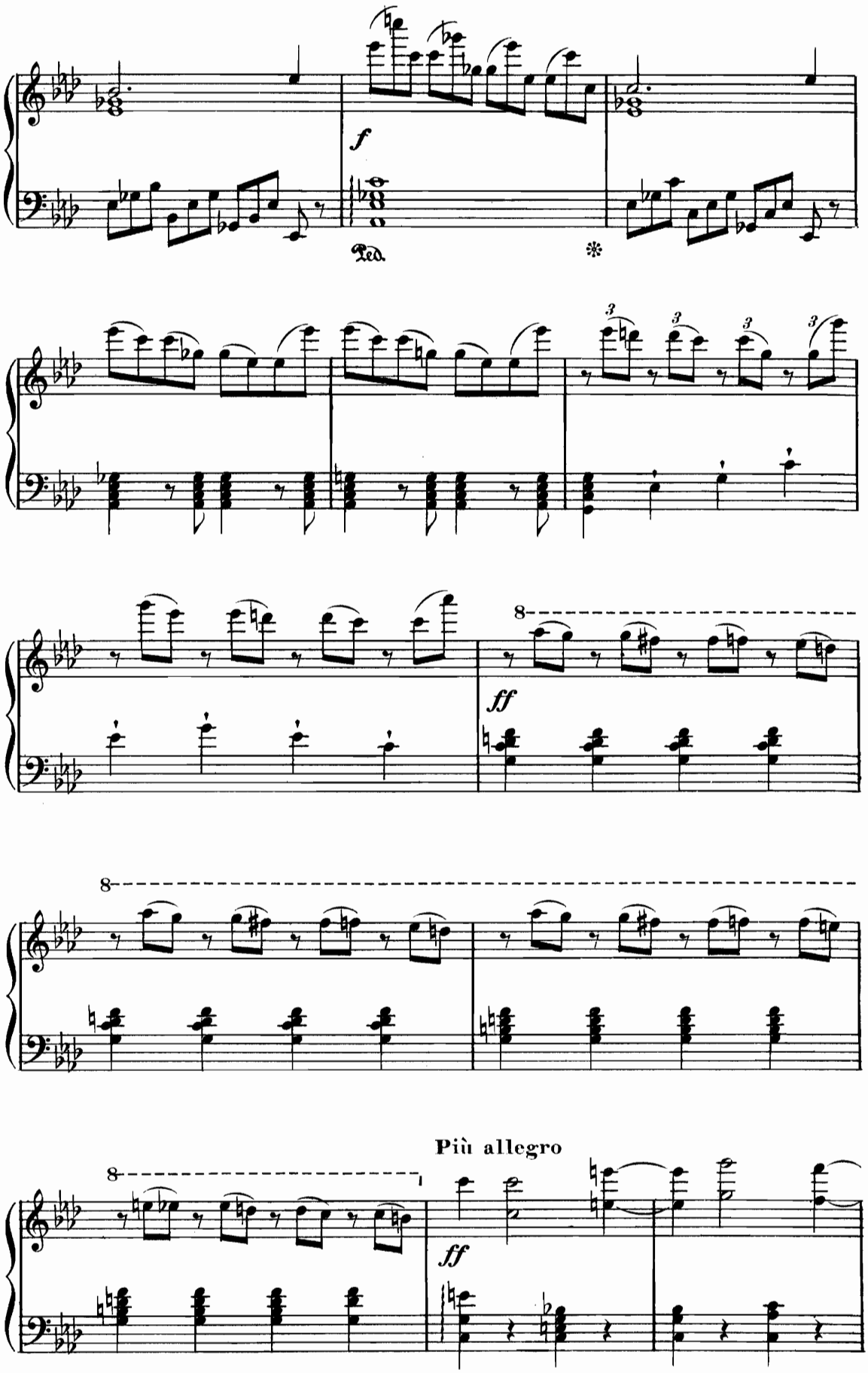
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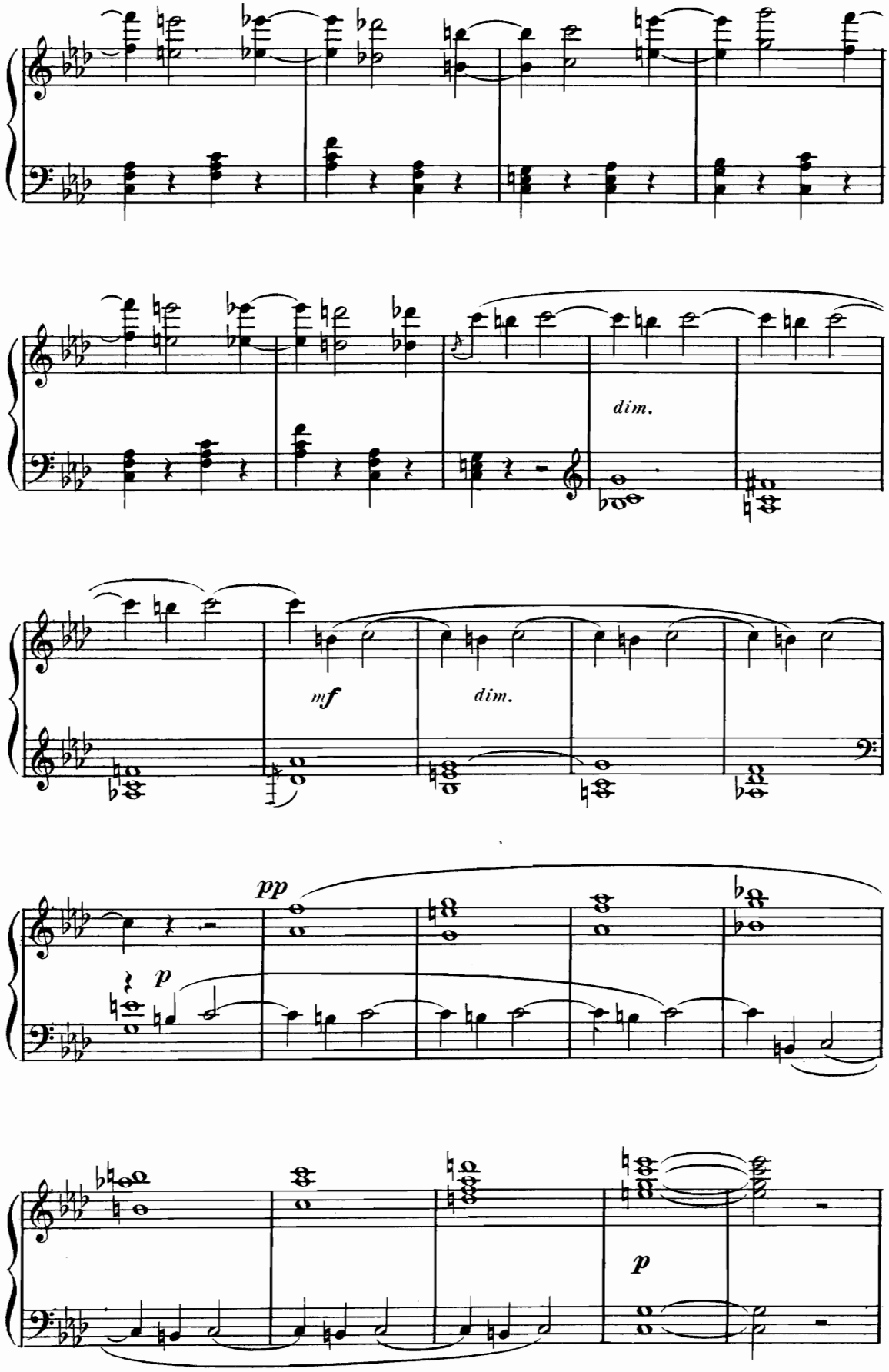
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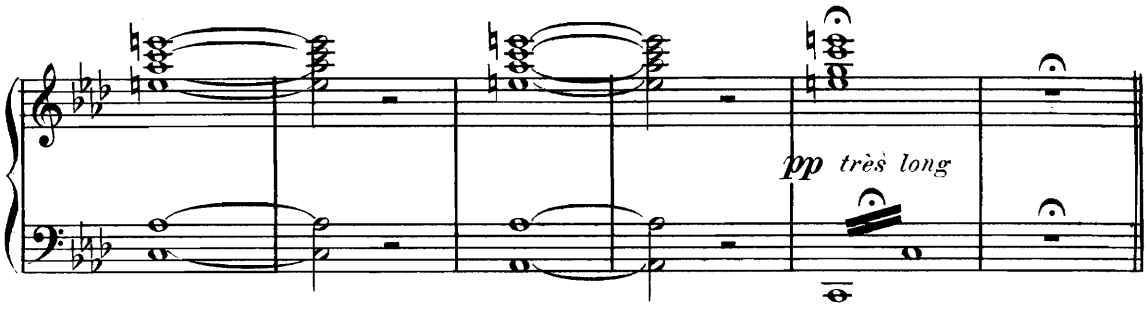
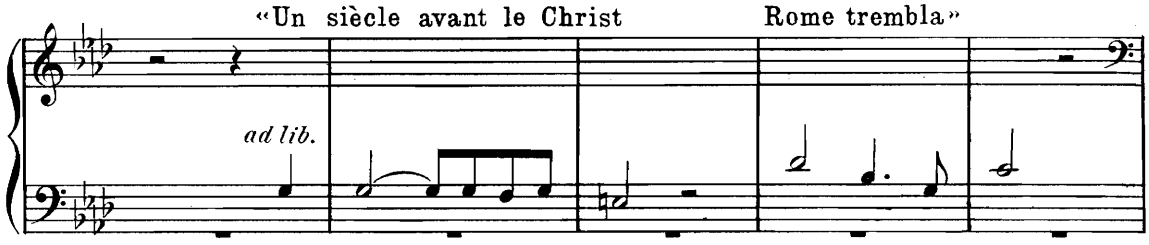
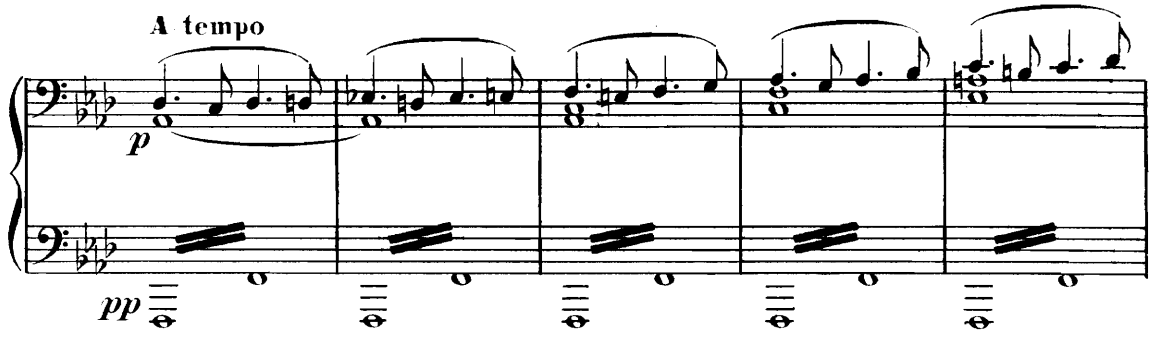
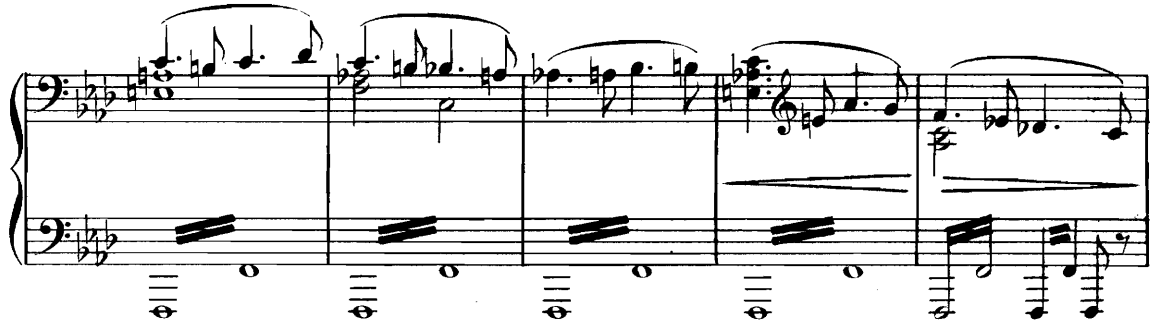
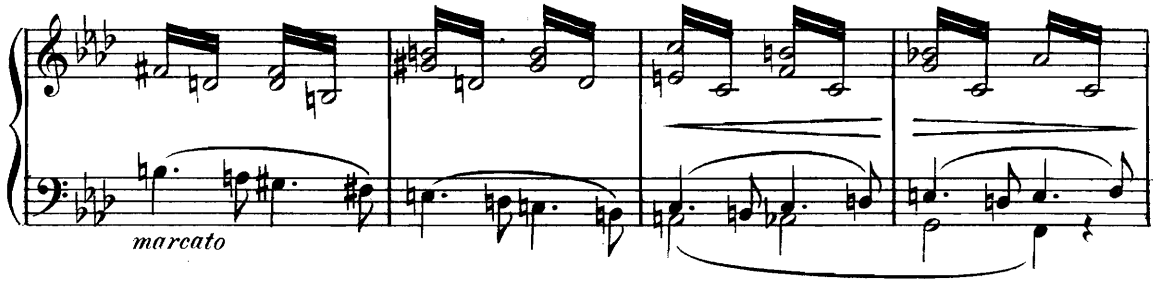


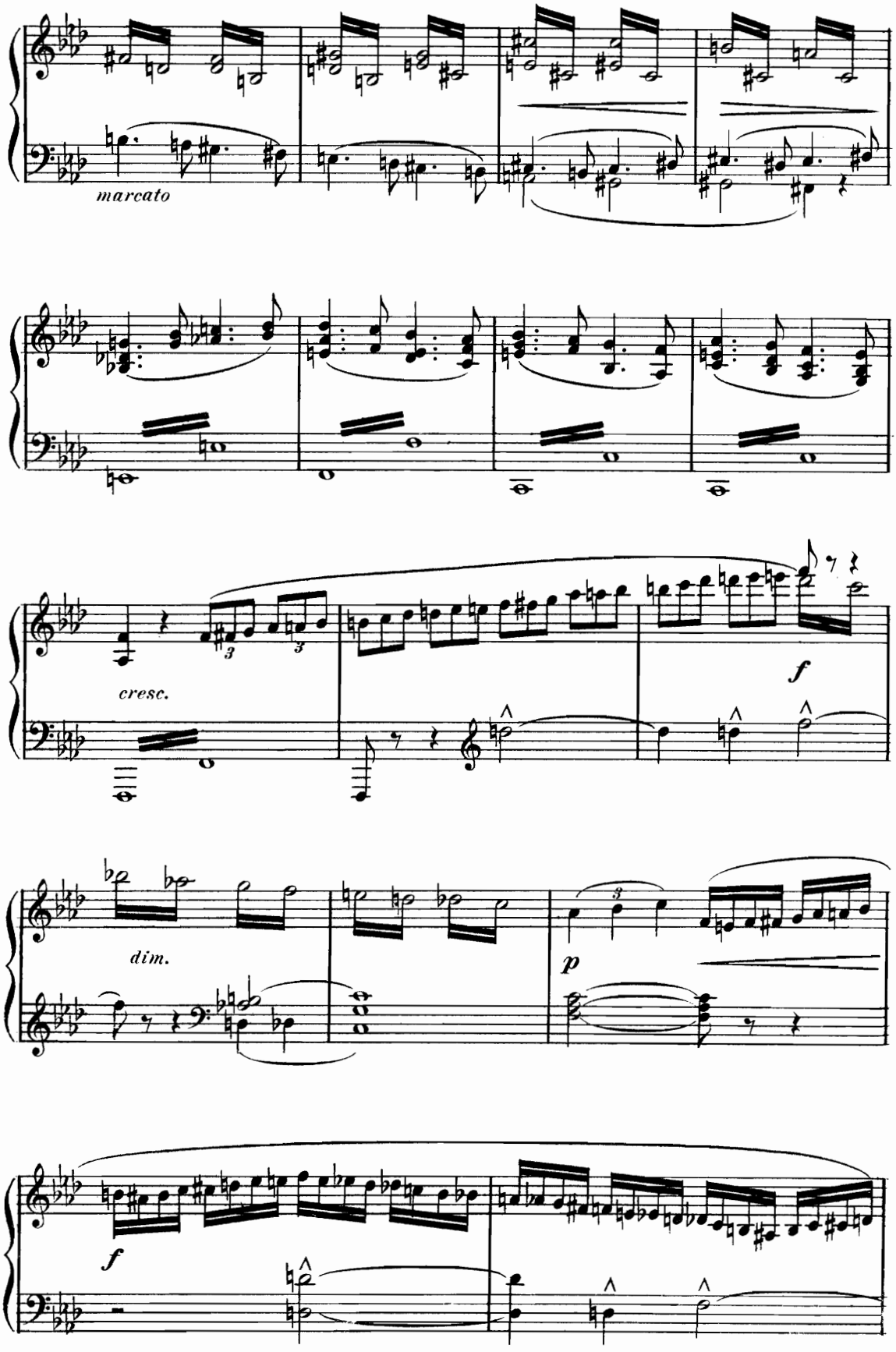
LE RÉCITANT apparaît devant le théâtre antique d'Orange graduellement surgi de l'ombre.







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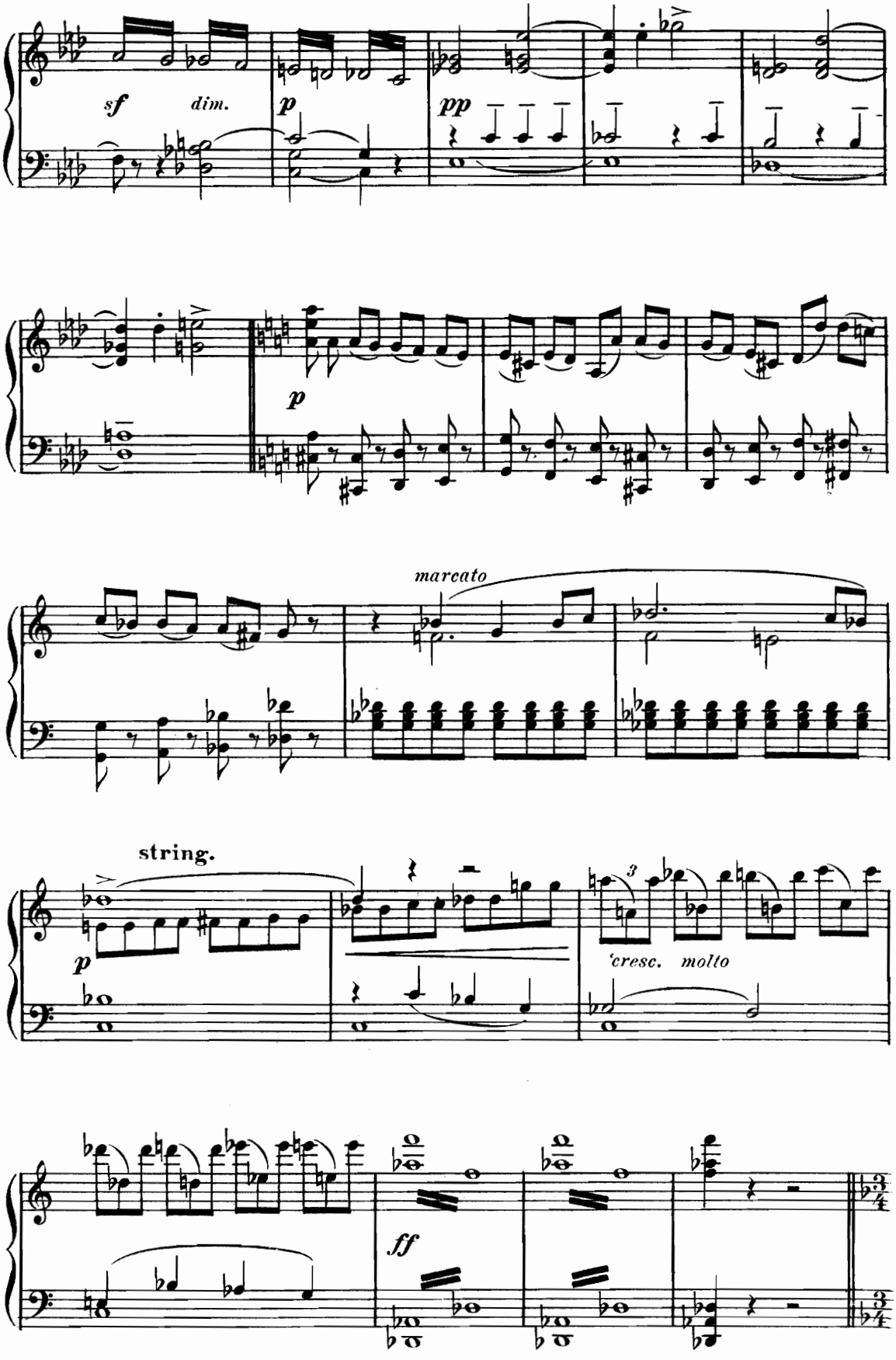
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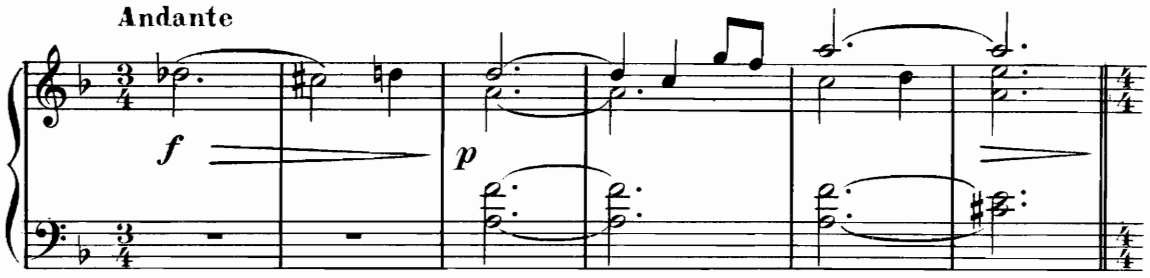
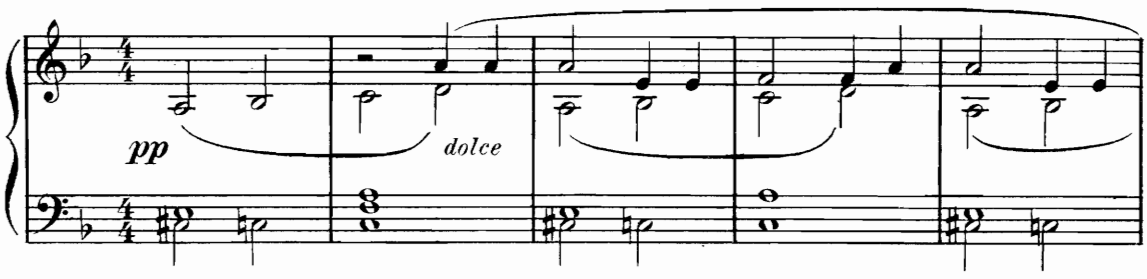
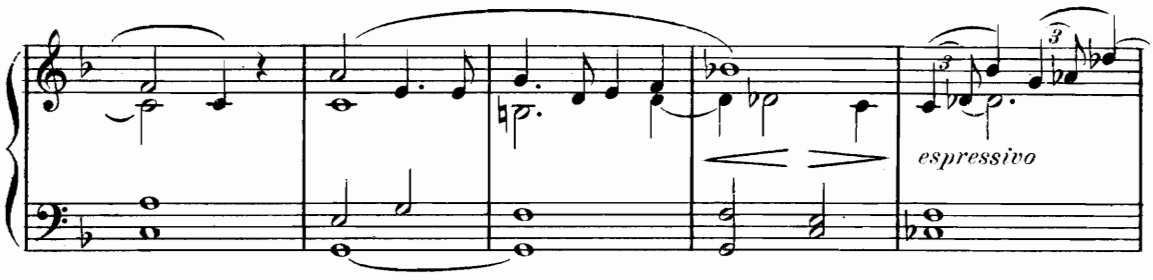
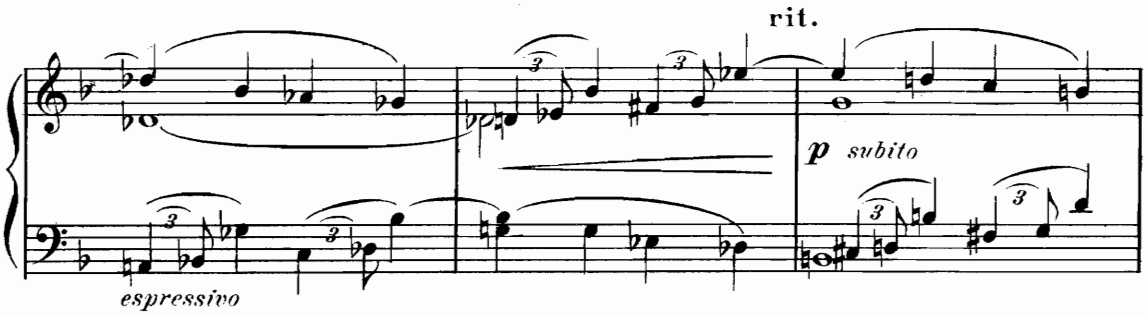
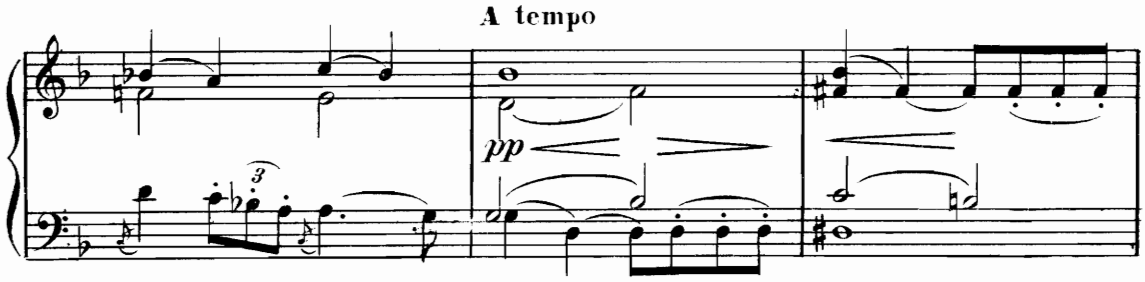


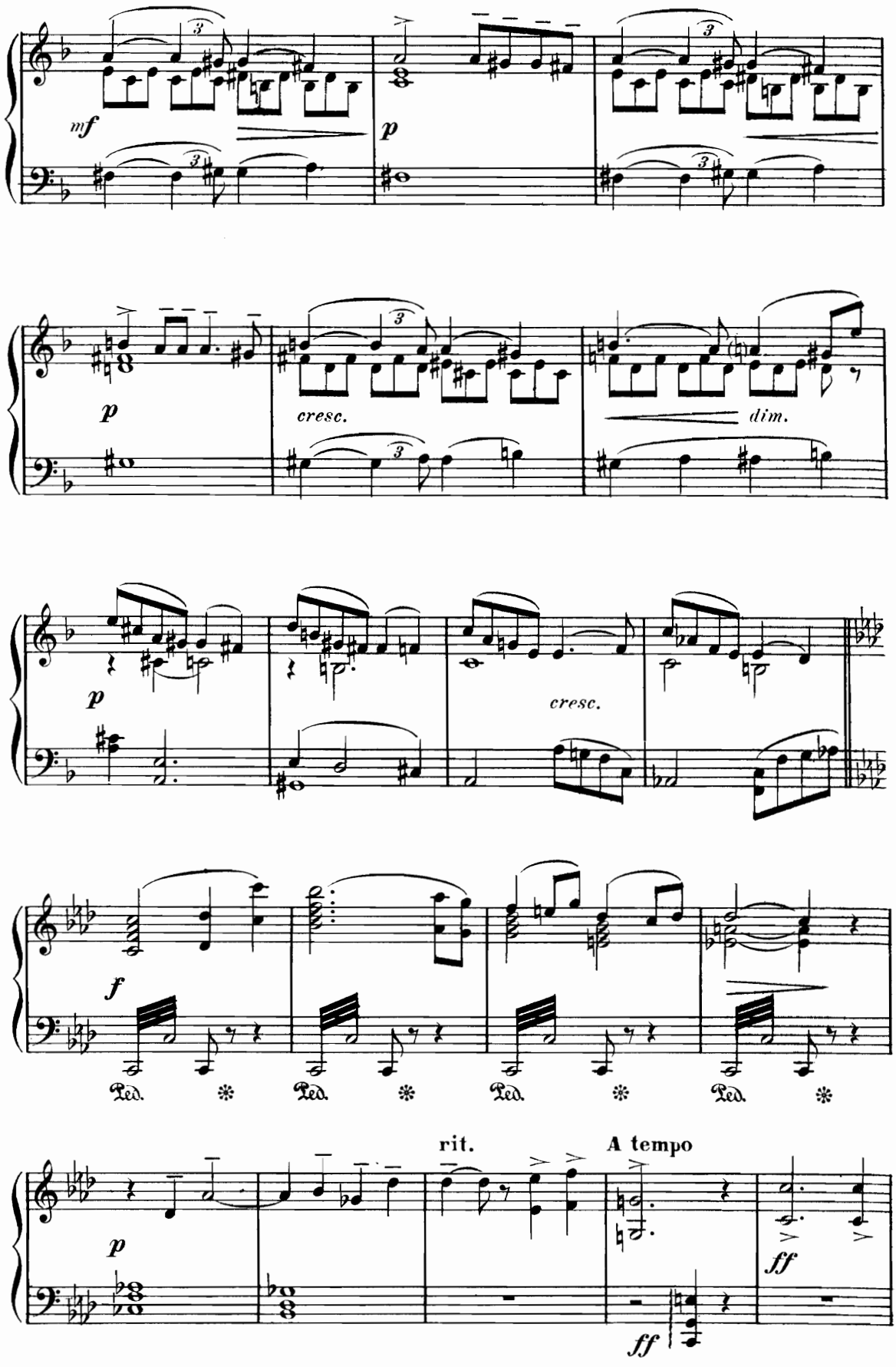
(♩=♩) LE RÉCITANT. "Dans Orange investie, une jeune vestale"







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ff
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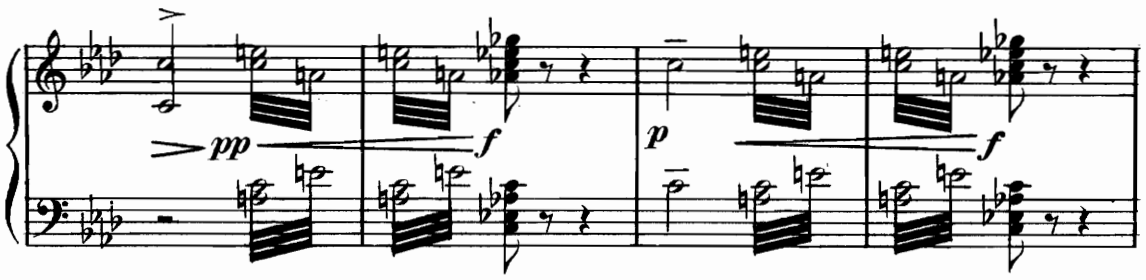
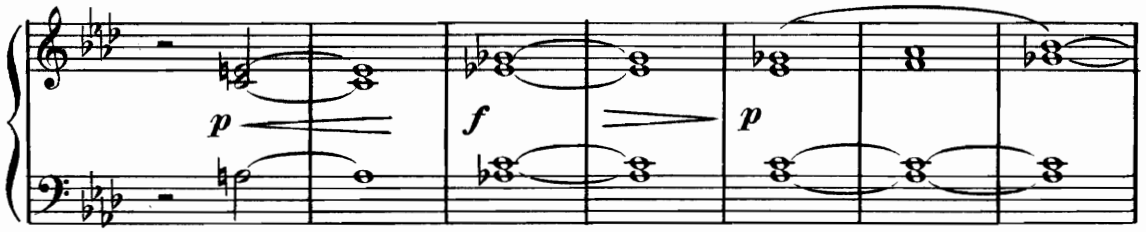
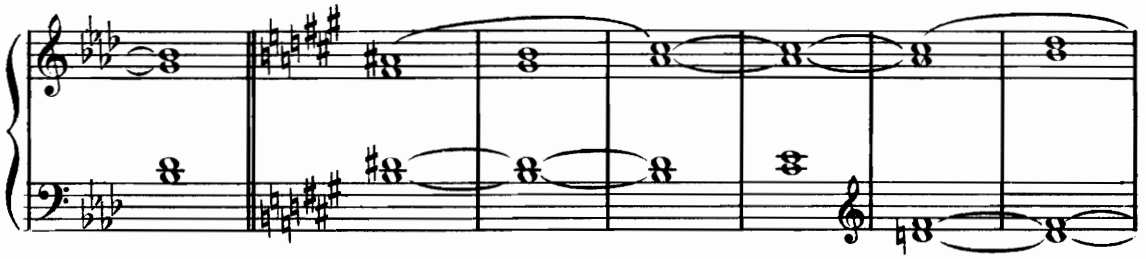


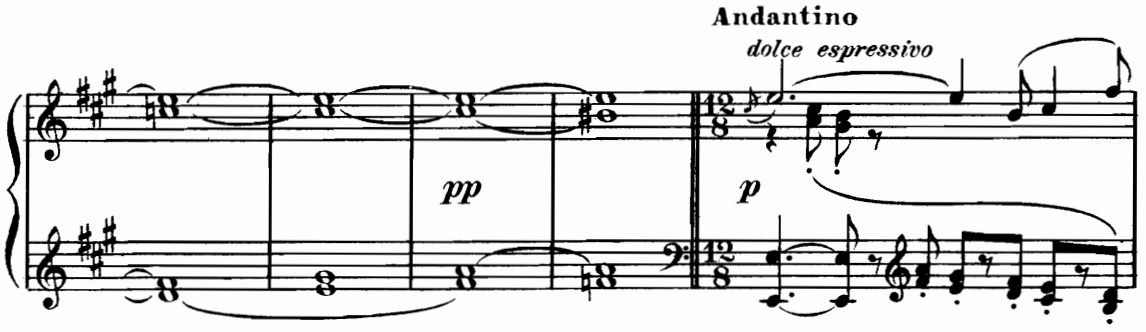
Le décor et le Récitant disparaissent graduellement.

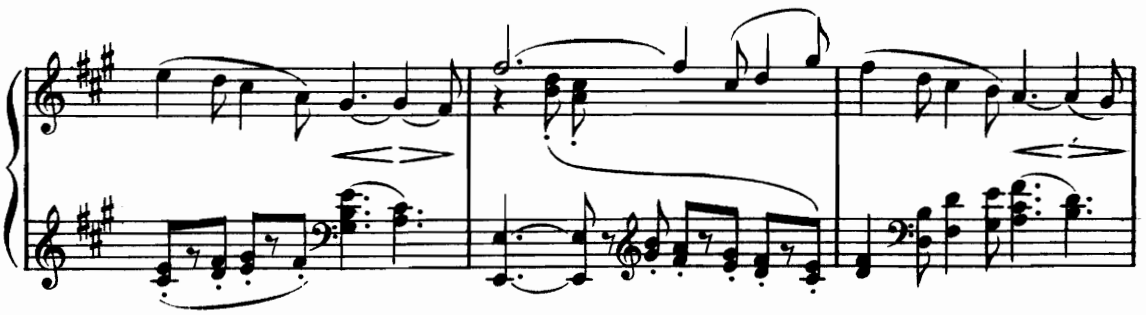


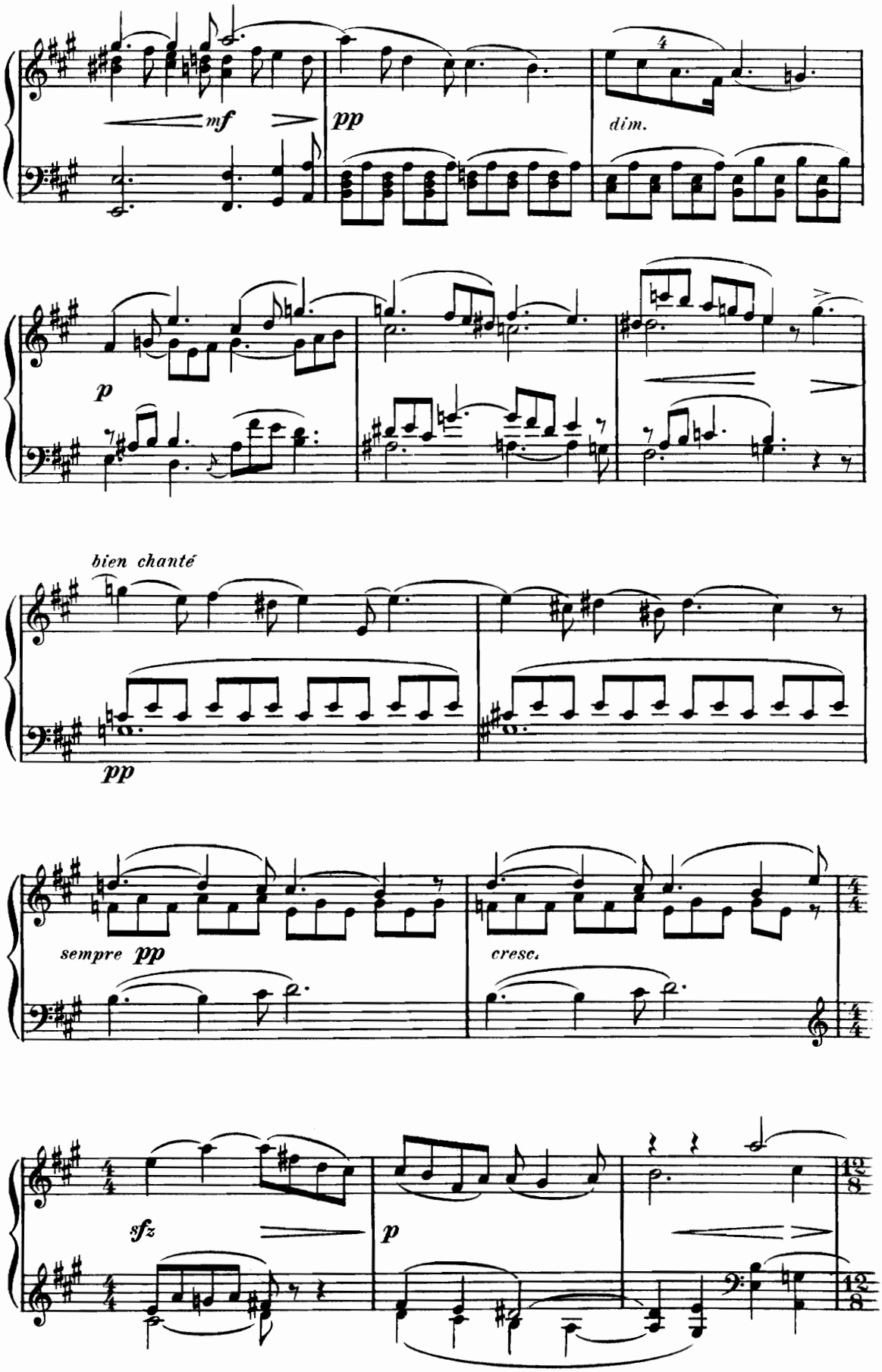


Andantino

dolce espressivo






mf
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bien chanté
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sempre pp
cresc.
sfz
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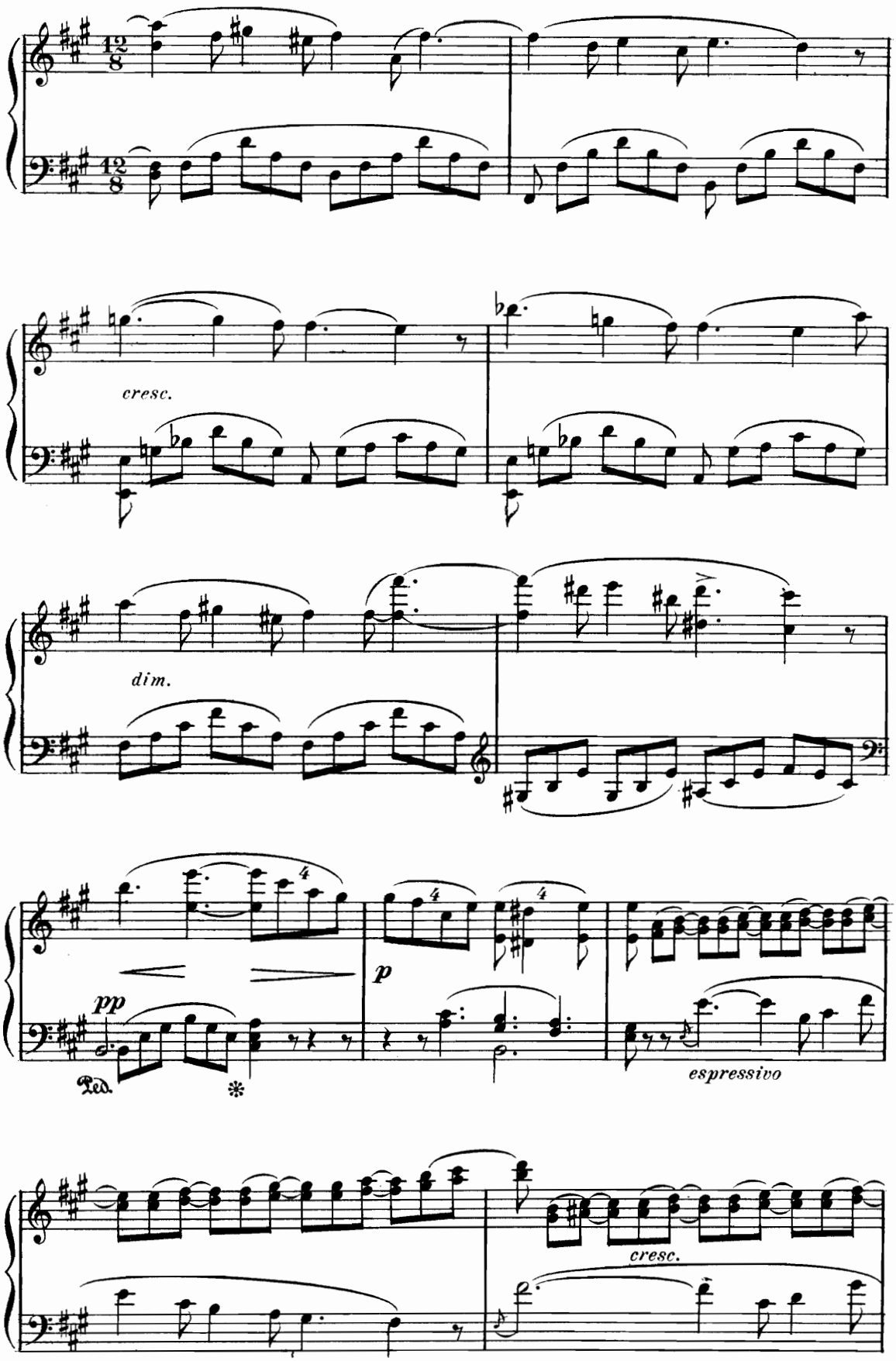
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Ped.
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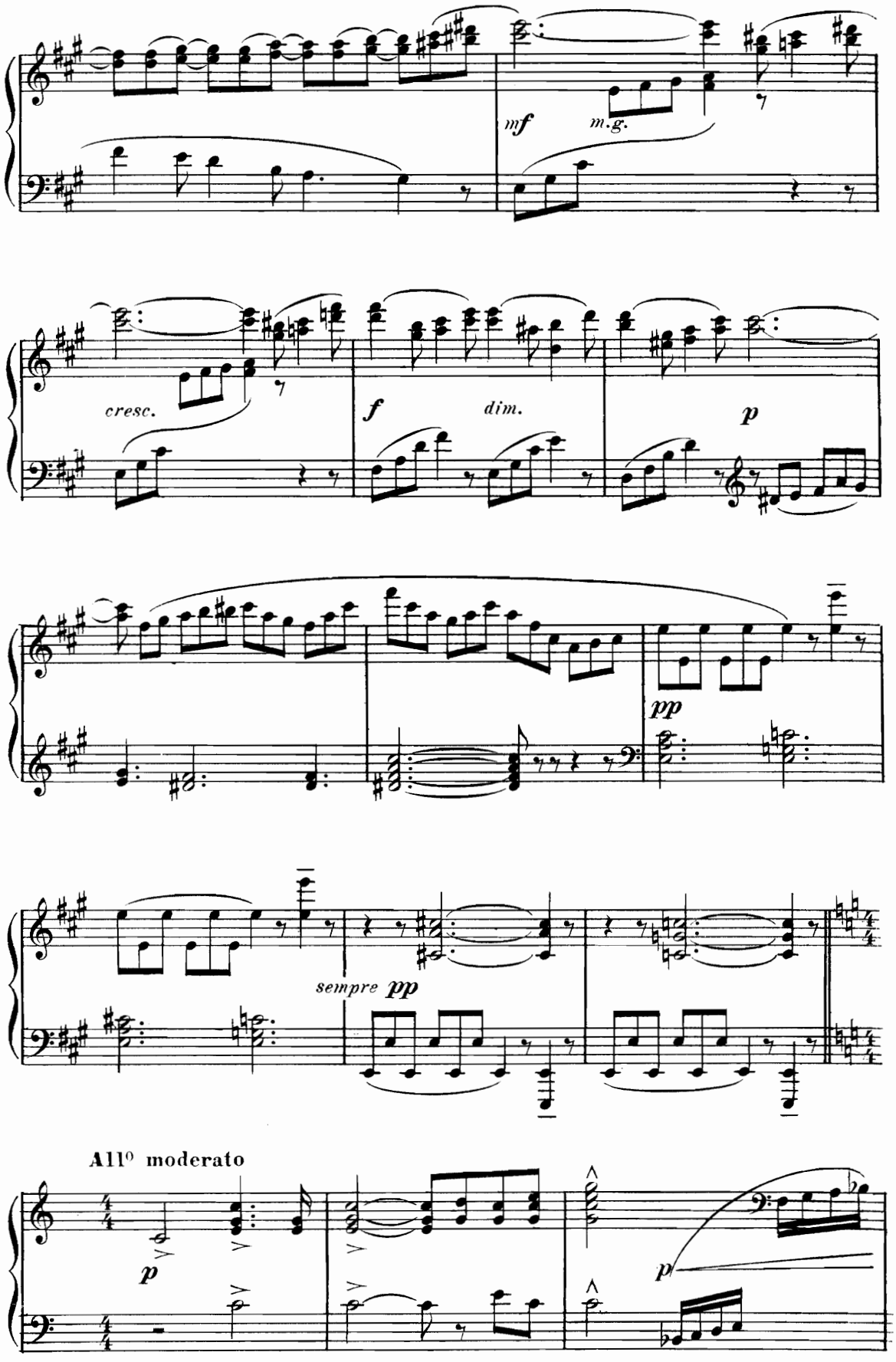
espressivo
cresc.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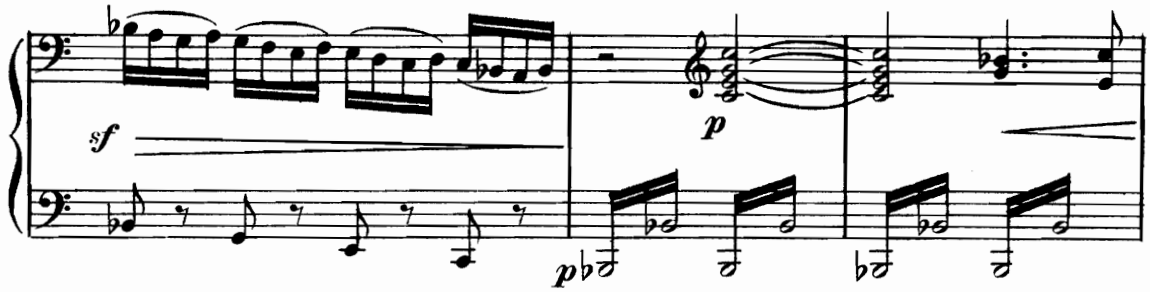
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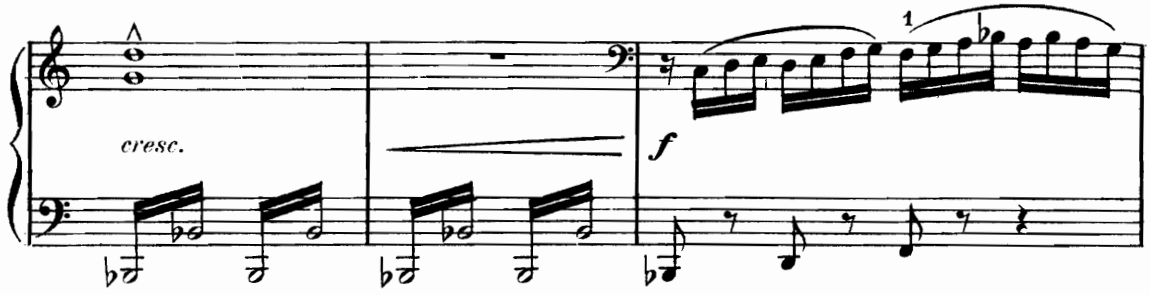
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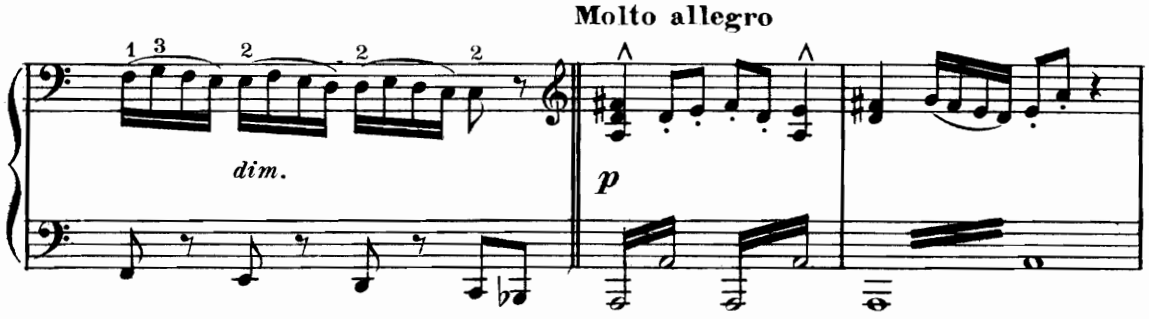
Molto allegro
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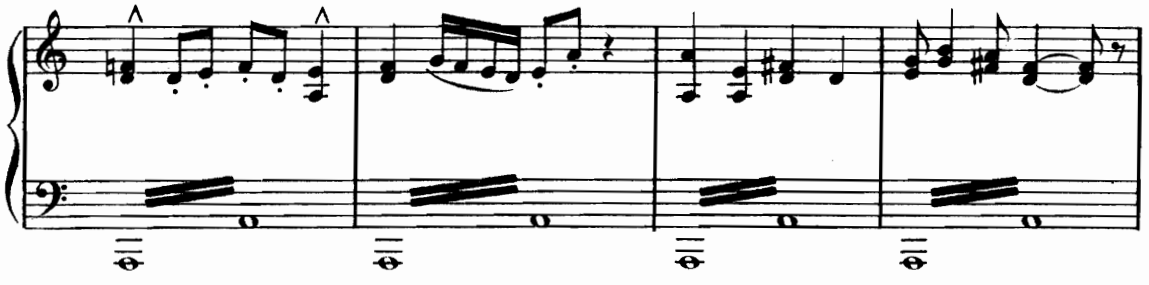

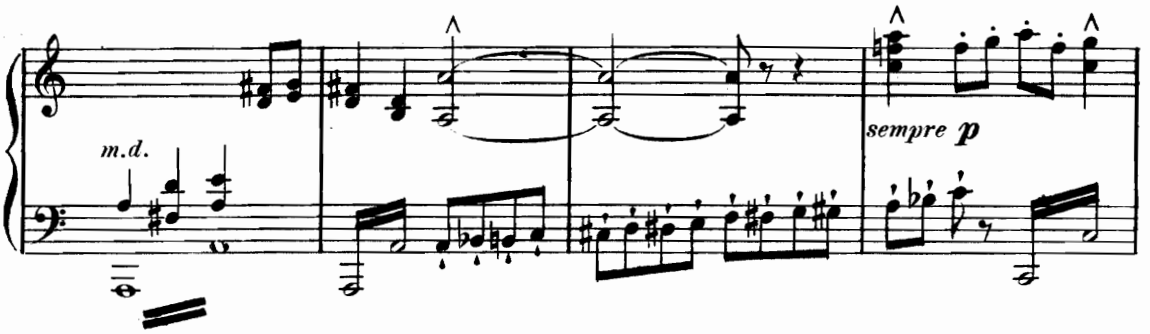
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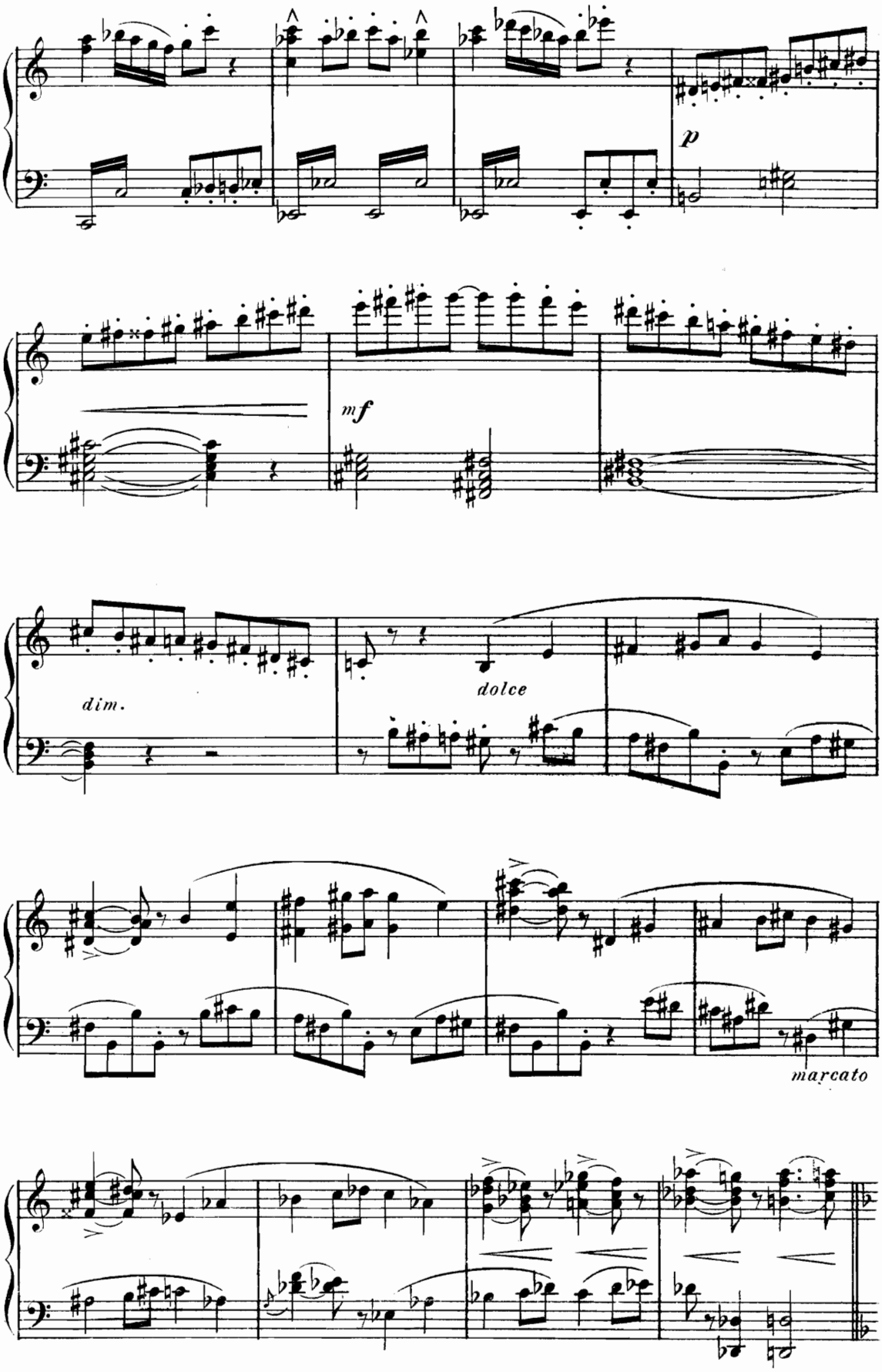
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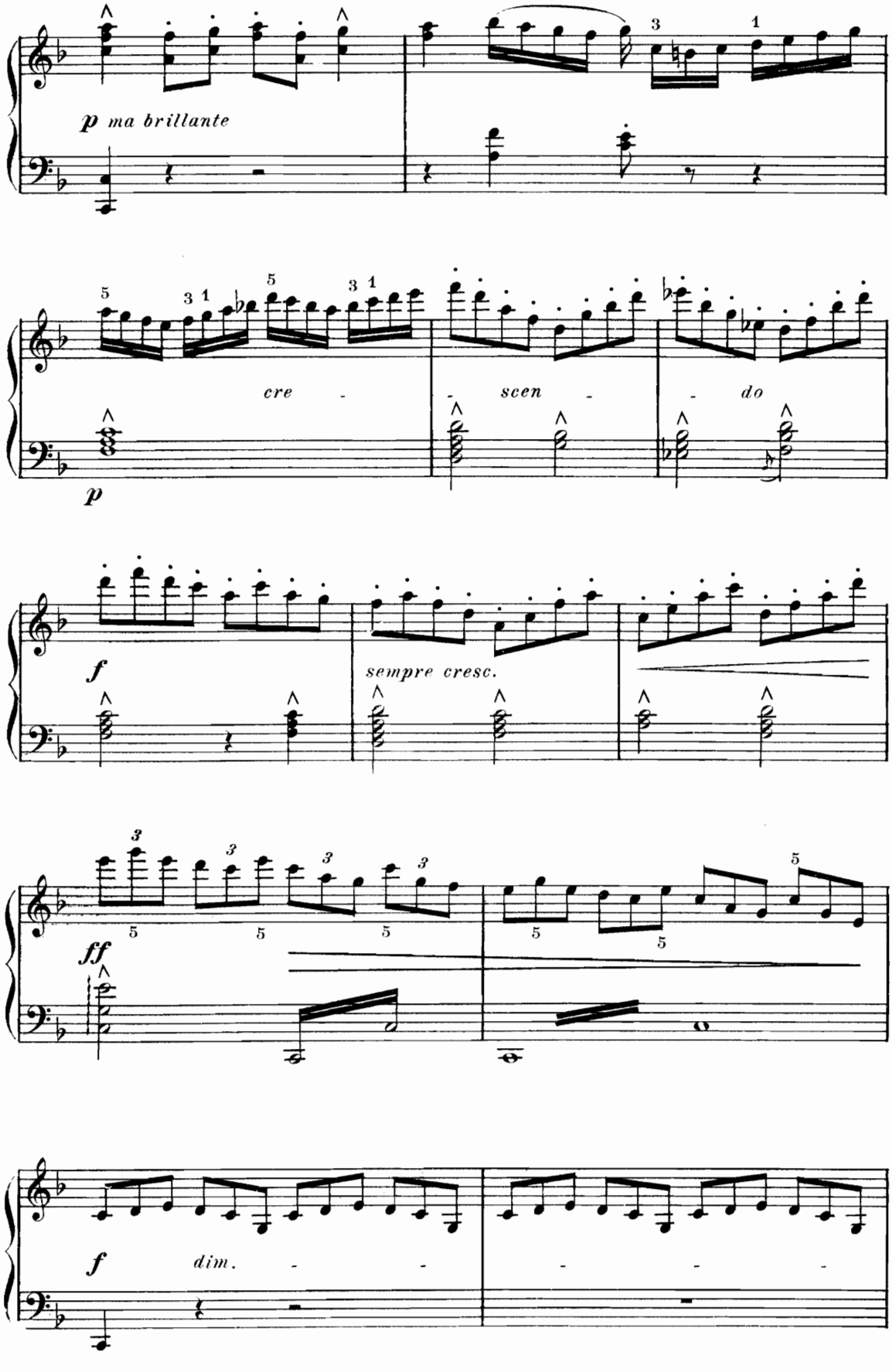
p ma brillante
cre - scen - do
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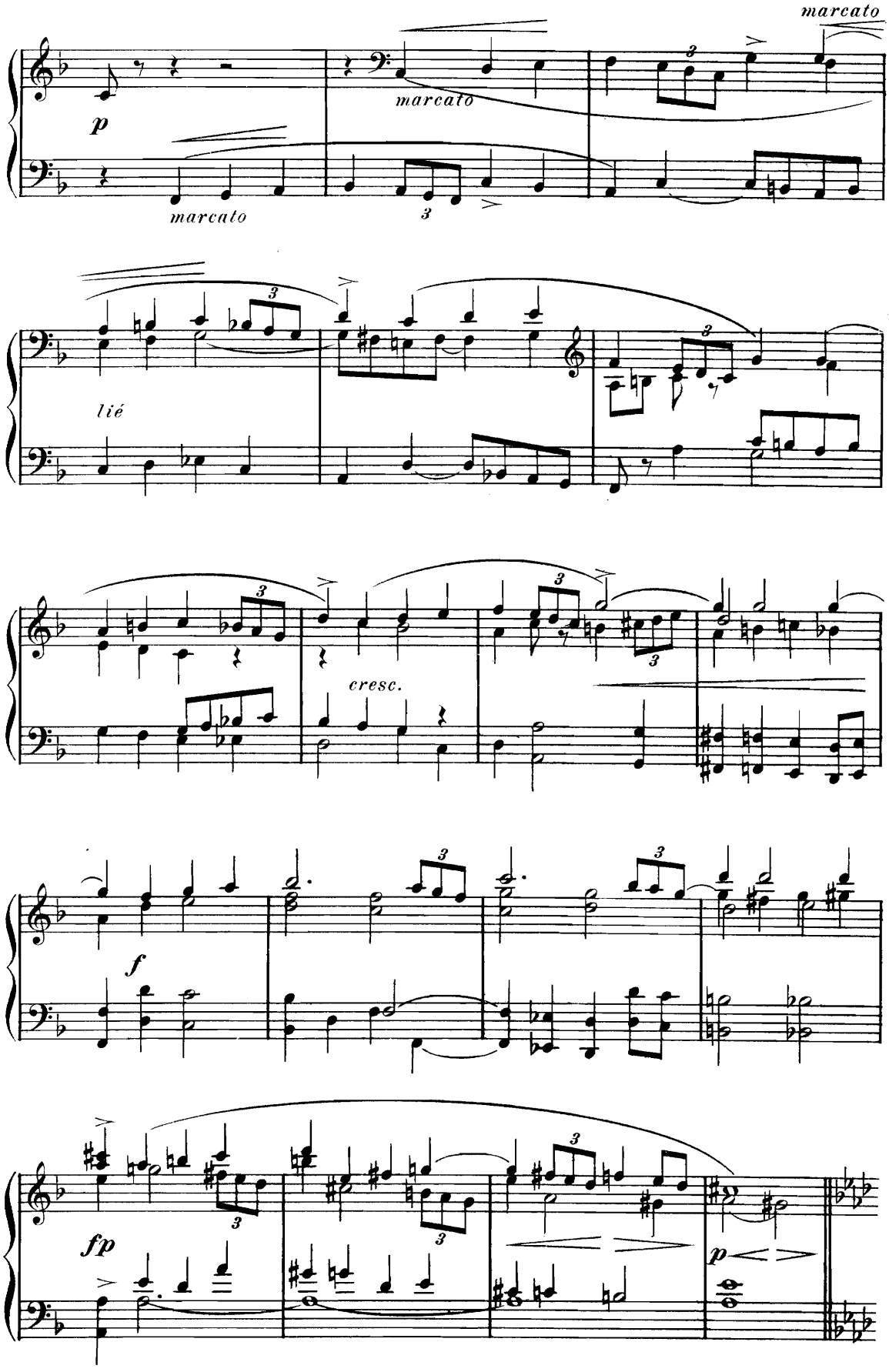
f dim.


marcato
p
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3
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cresc.
f
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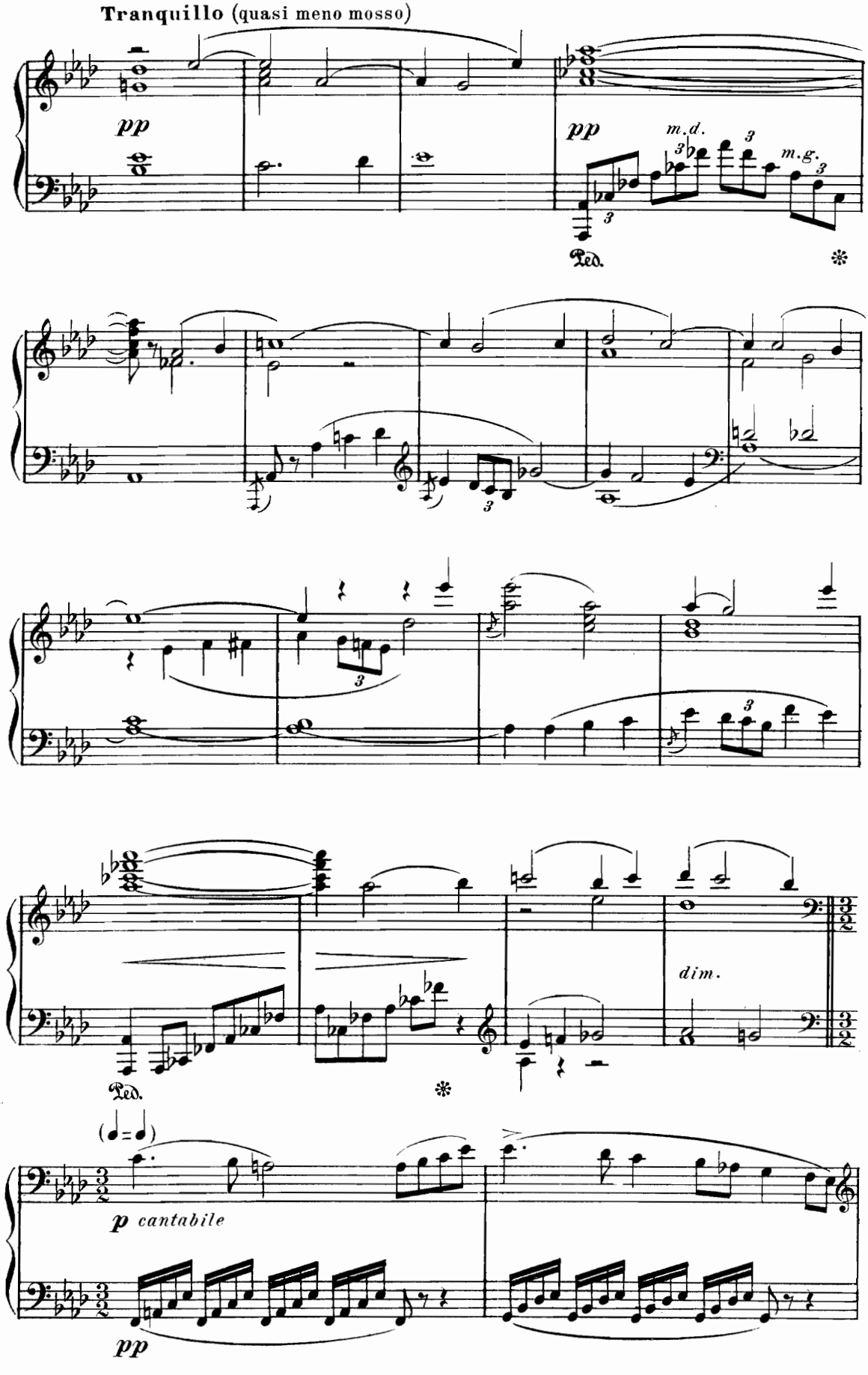
Tranquillo (quasi meno mosso)
pp
pp
m.d.
m.g.
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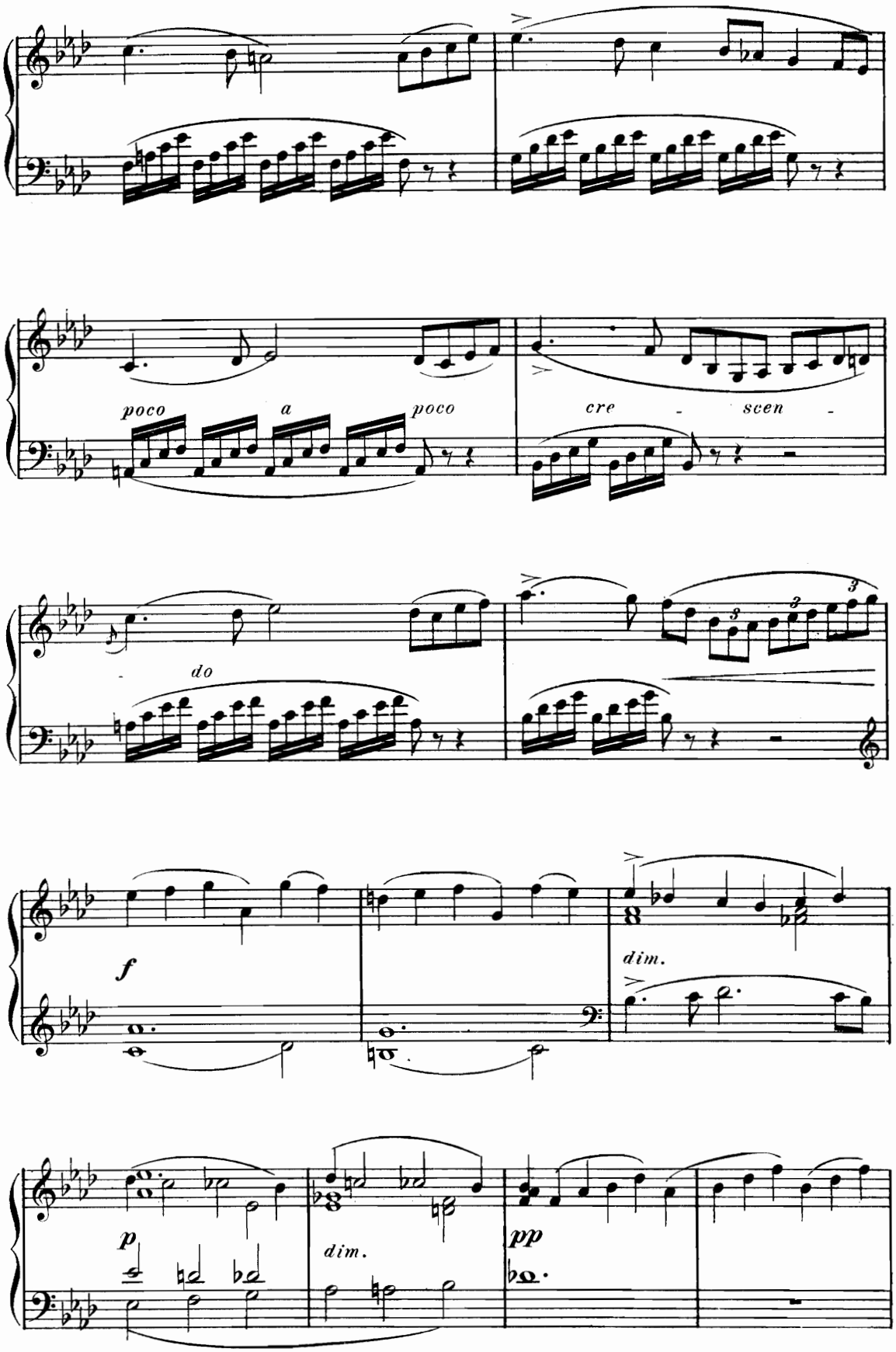
dim.
Ped.
(♩=♩)
p cantabile
pp


poco
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cre - scen -
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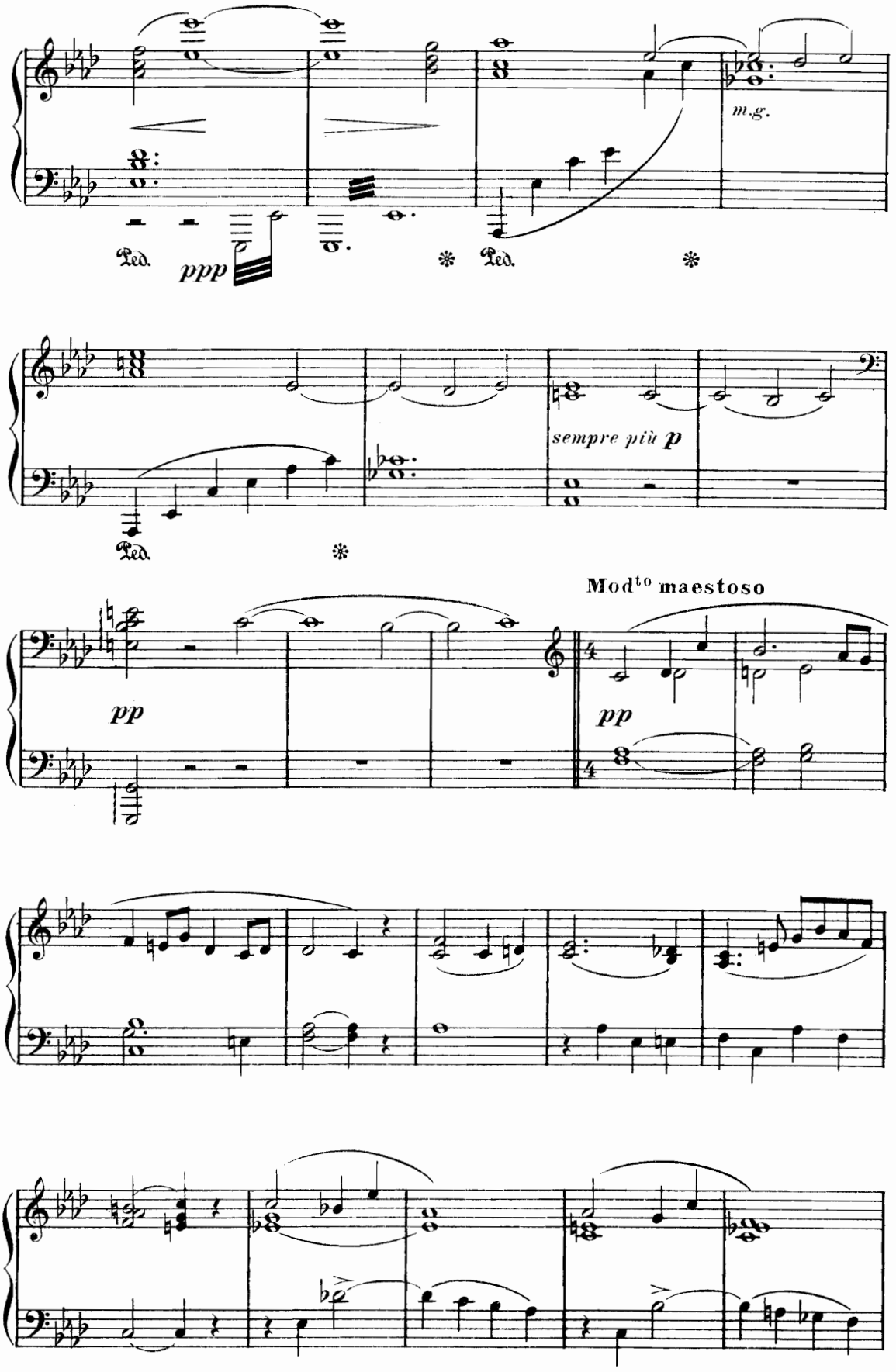
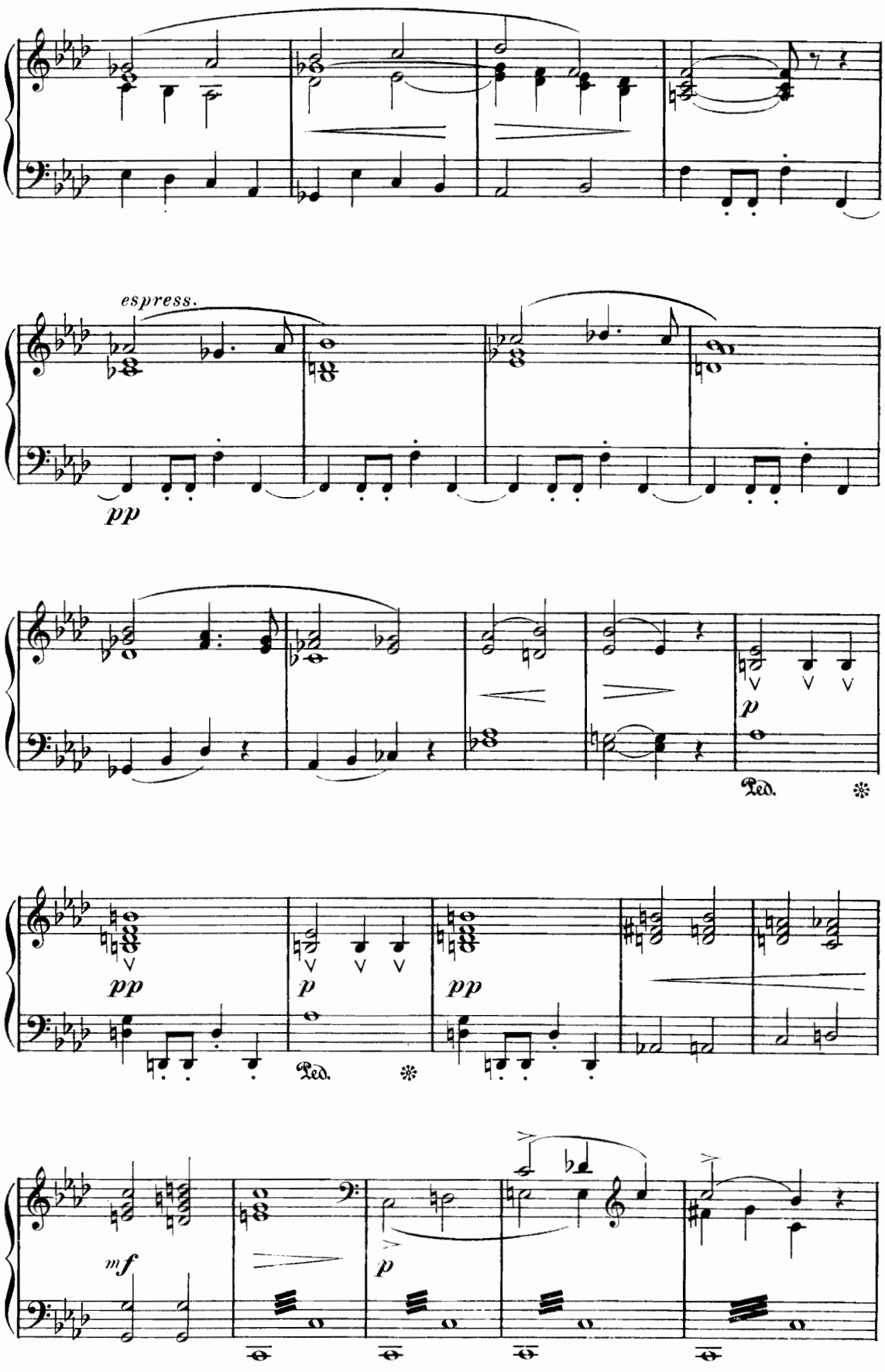

m.g.
Ped.
ppp
Ped.
sempre più p
Ped.
Mod^to maestoso
pp
pp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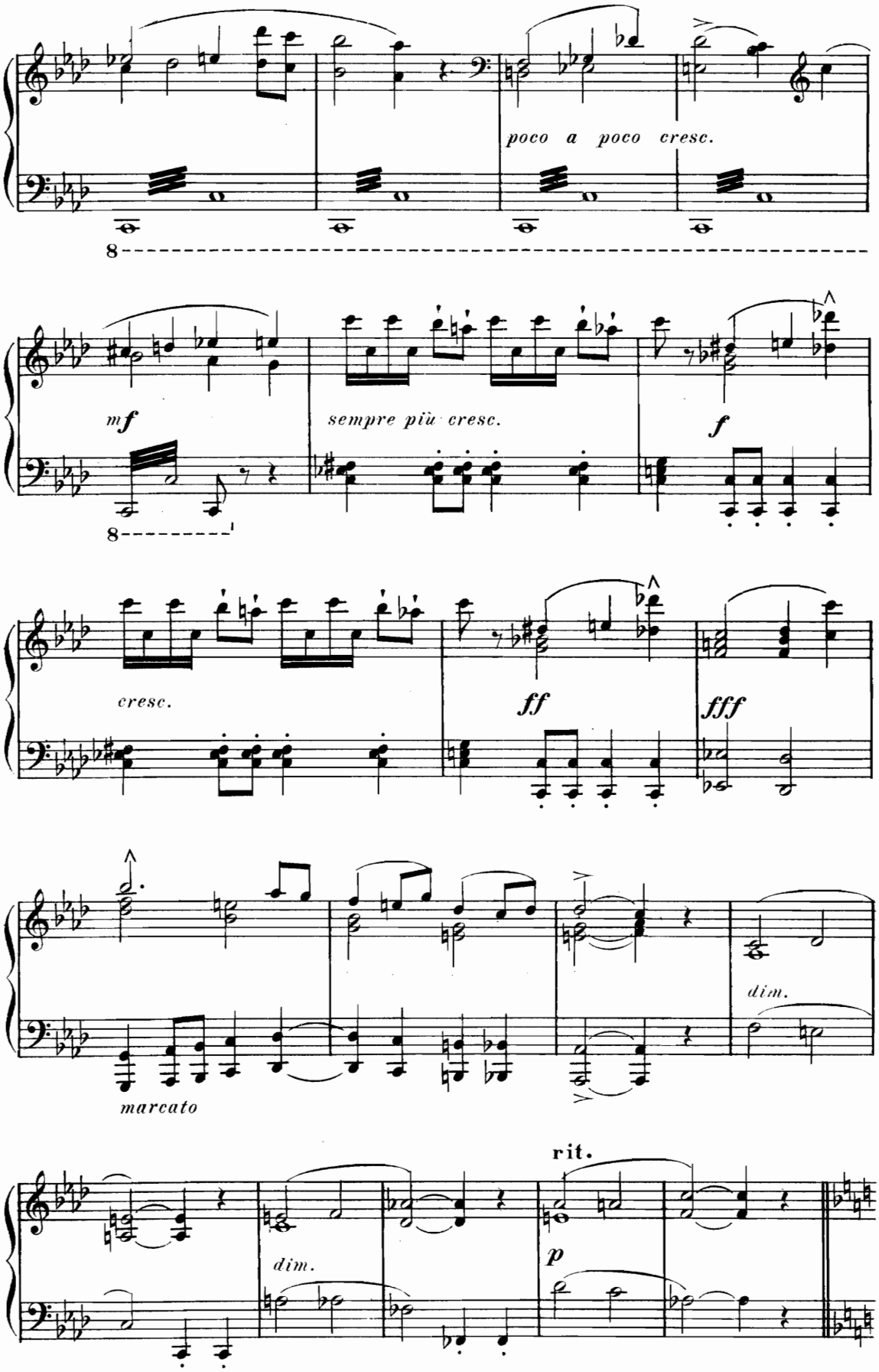
pp
p
Ped.
pp
p
Ped.
pp
mf
p
8a bassa


poco a poco cresc.
8
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sempre più cresc.
f
8
cresc.
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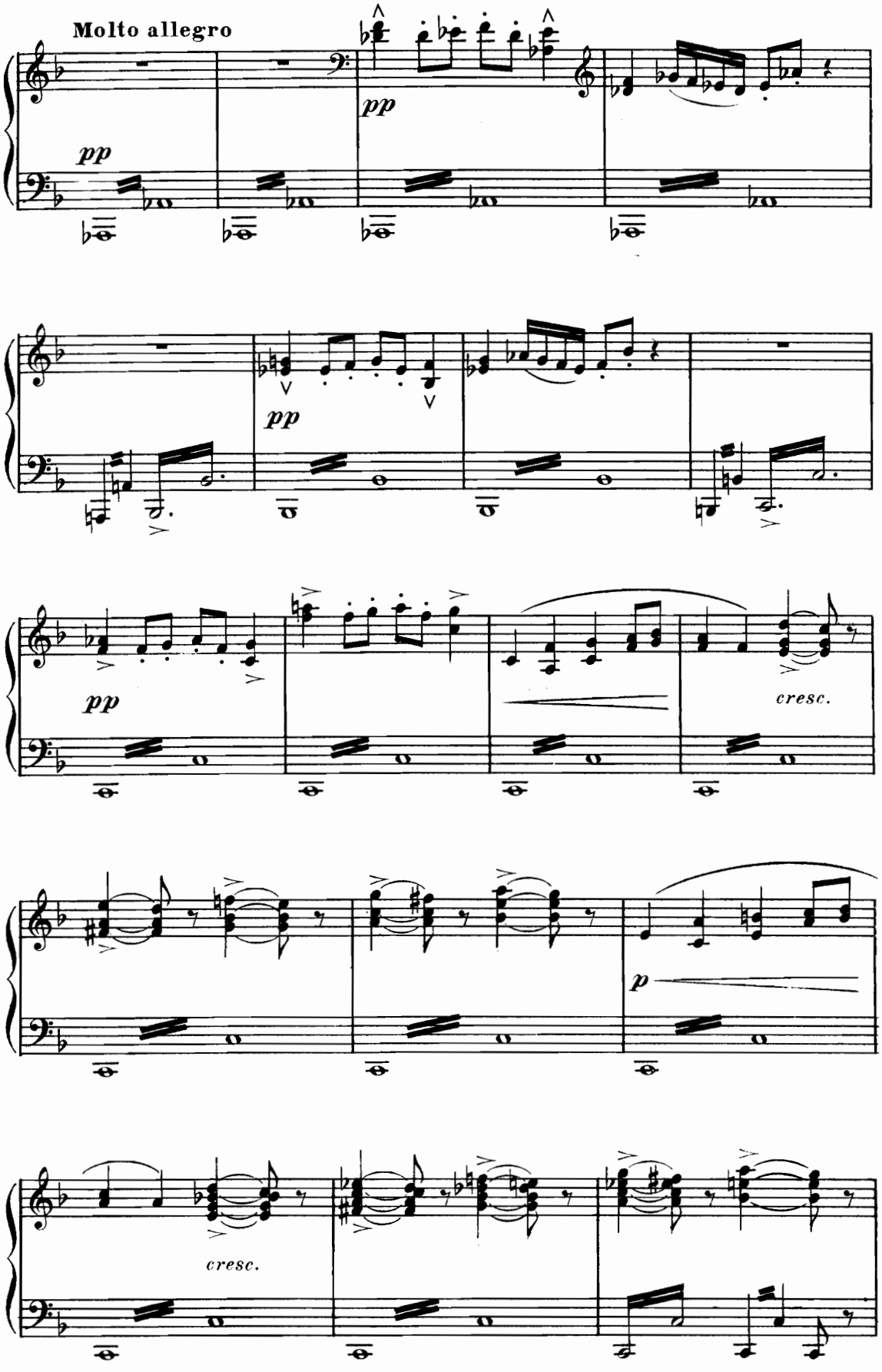
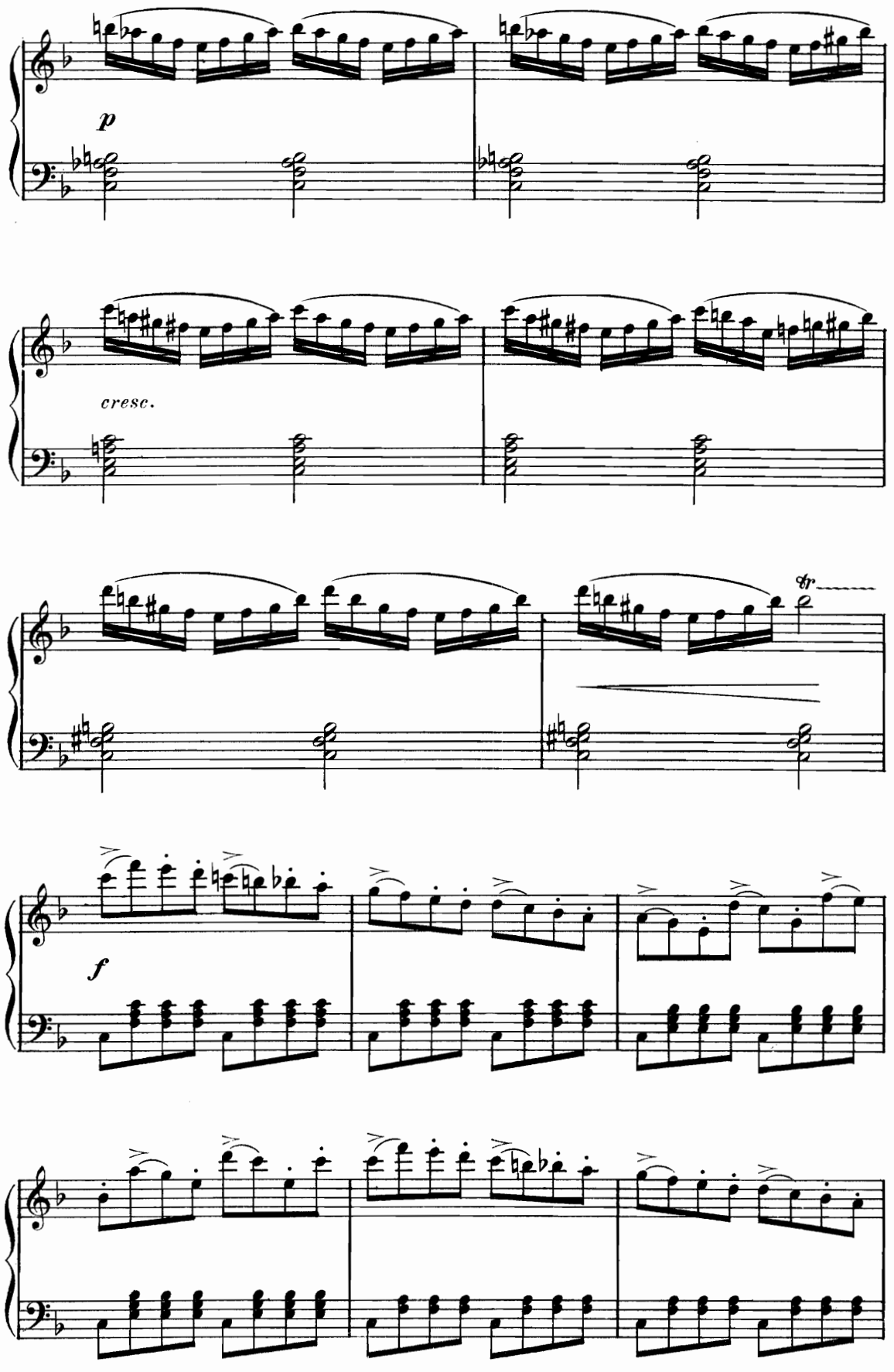
fff
marcato
dim.
rit.
dim.
p


Molto allegro
pp
pp
pp
pp
cresc.
p
cresc.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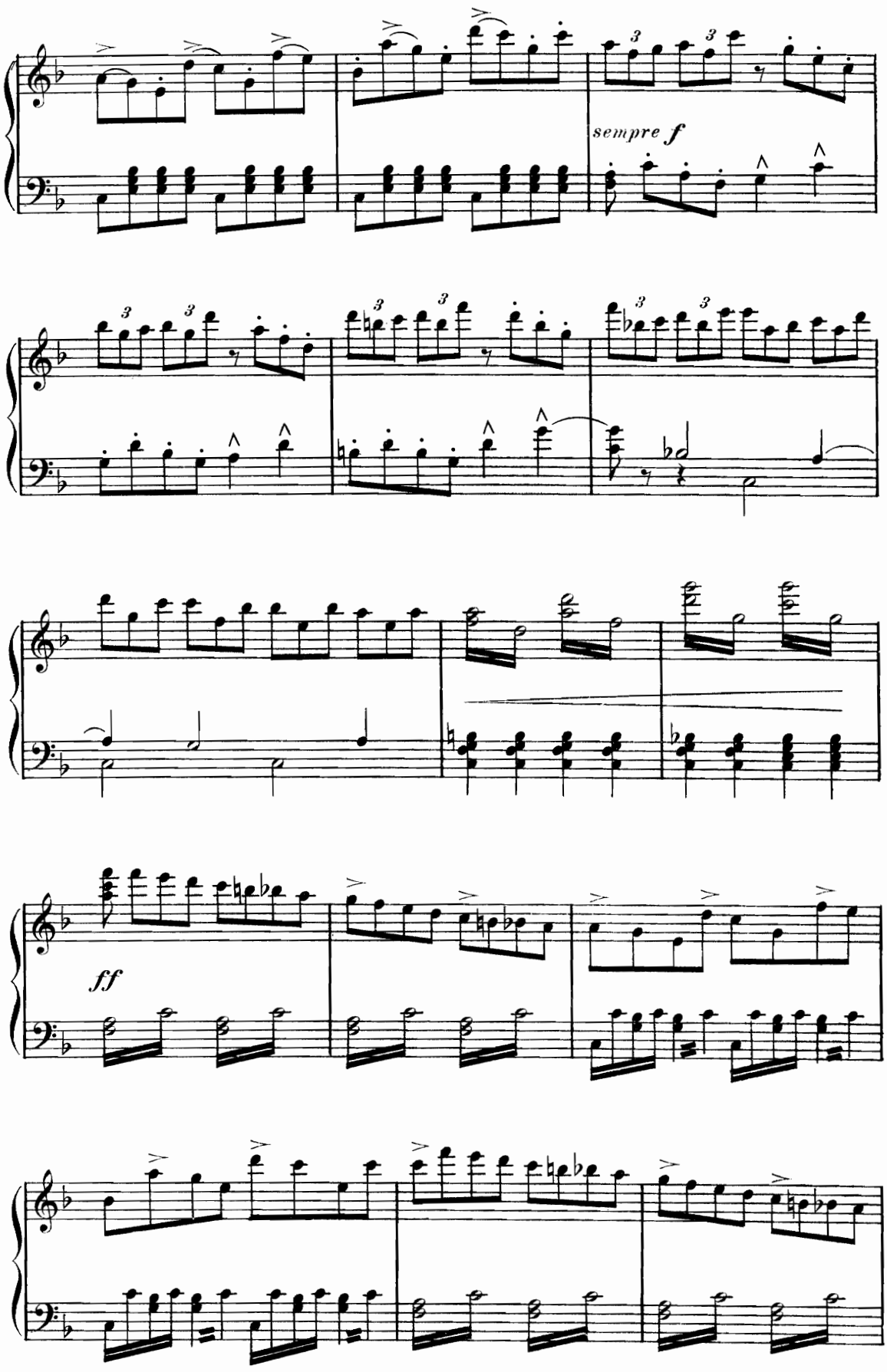
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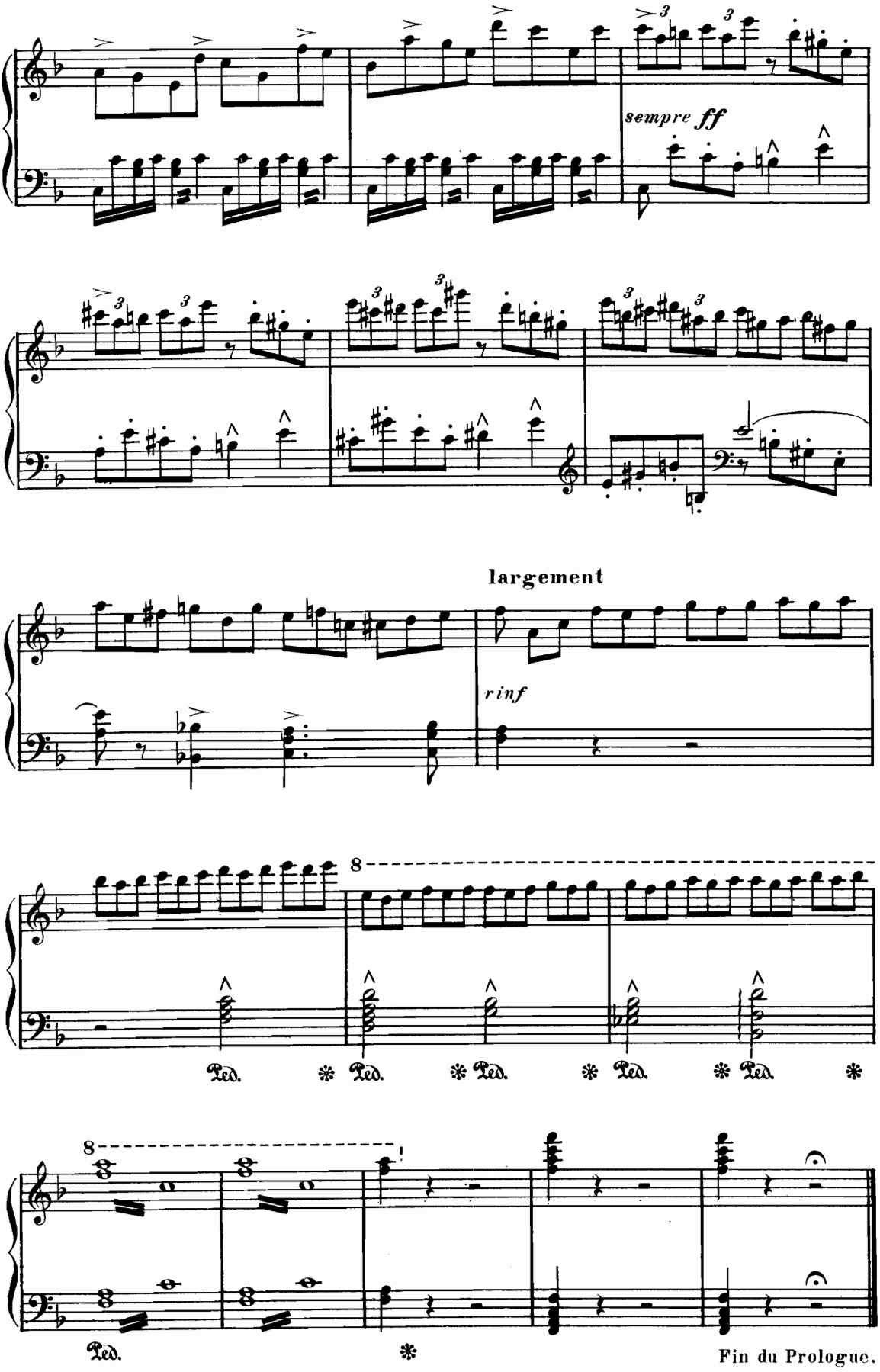
sempre ff
largement
rinf
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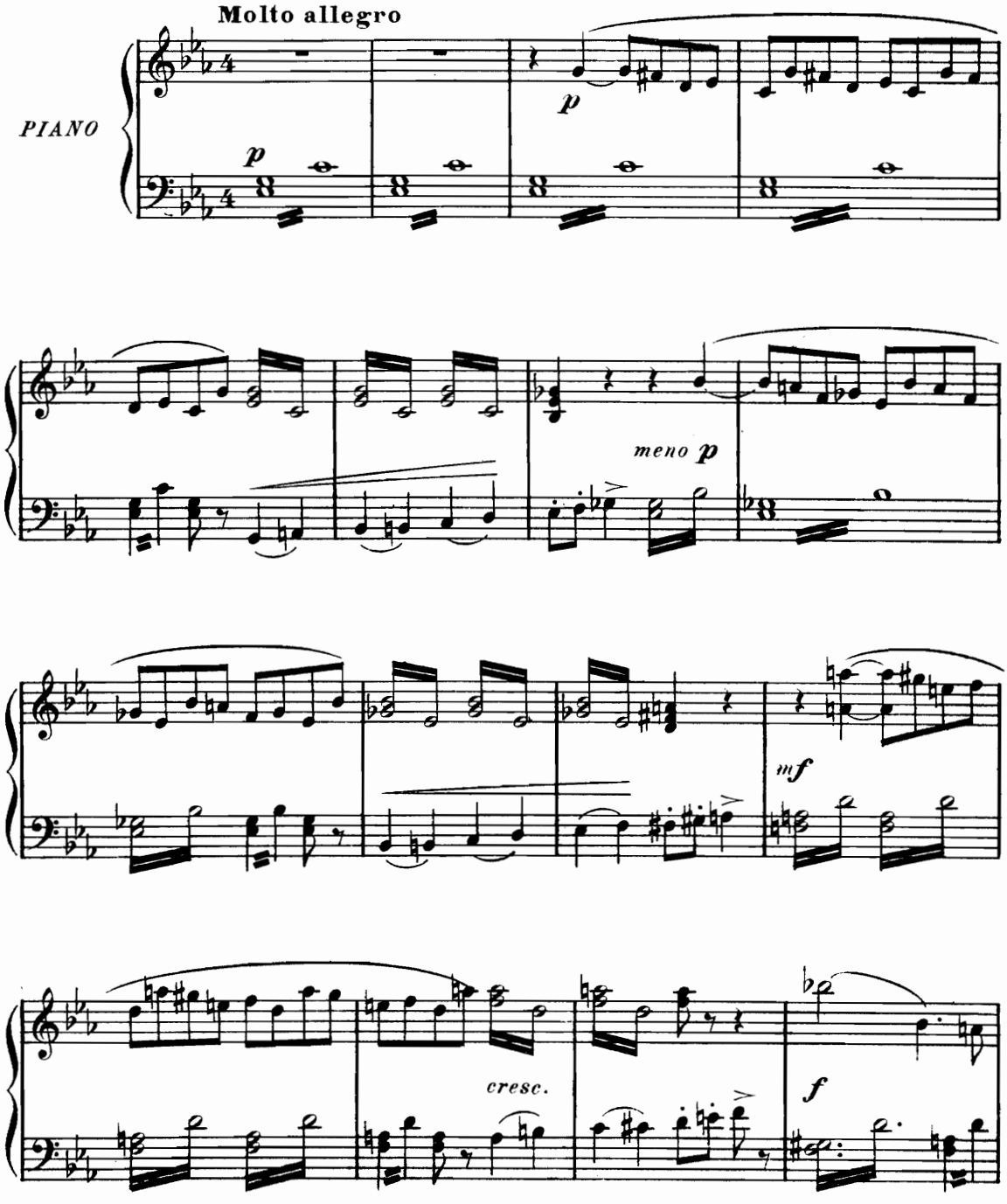
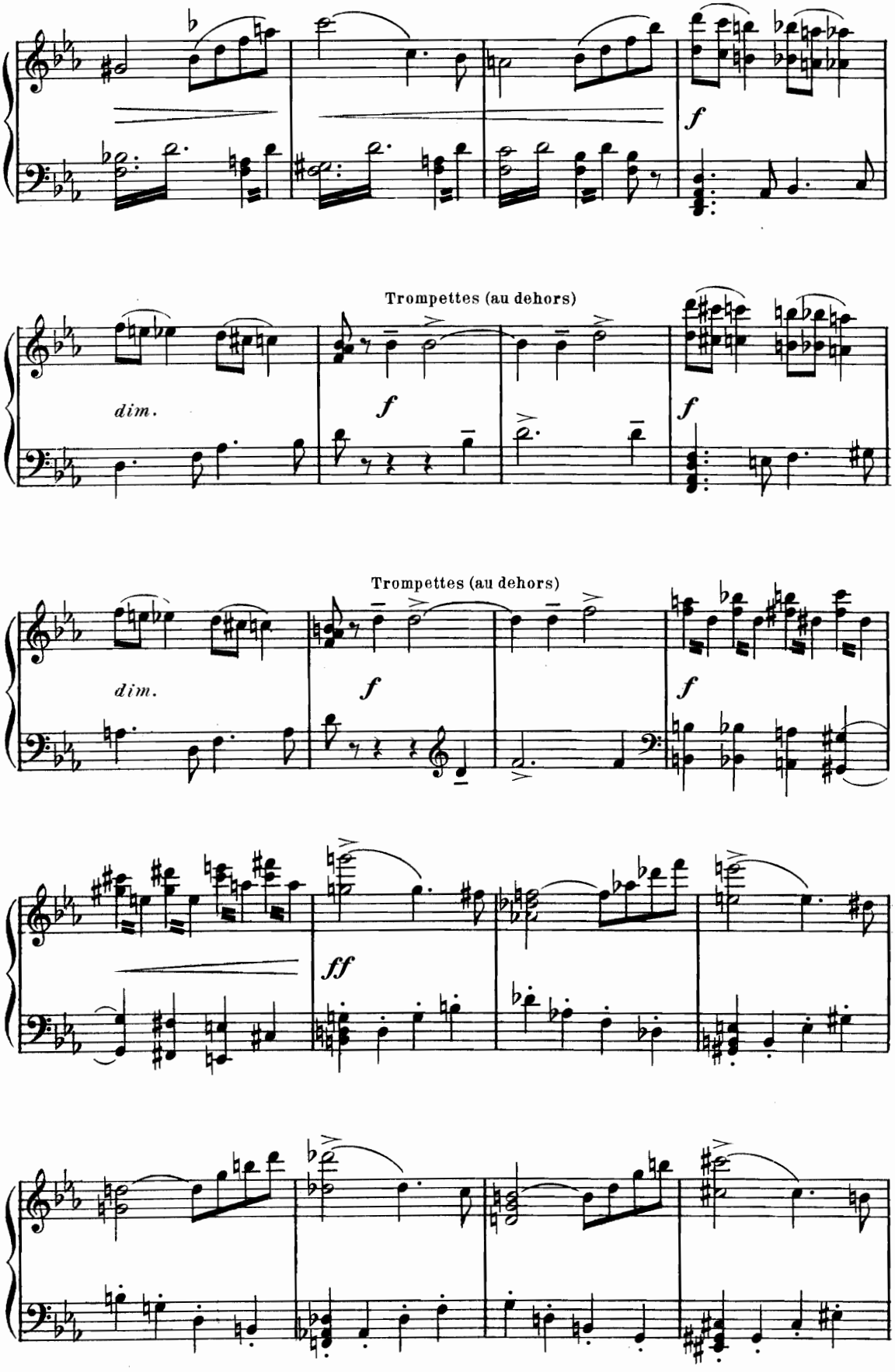
Ped.
Fin du Prologue.

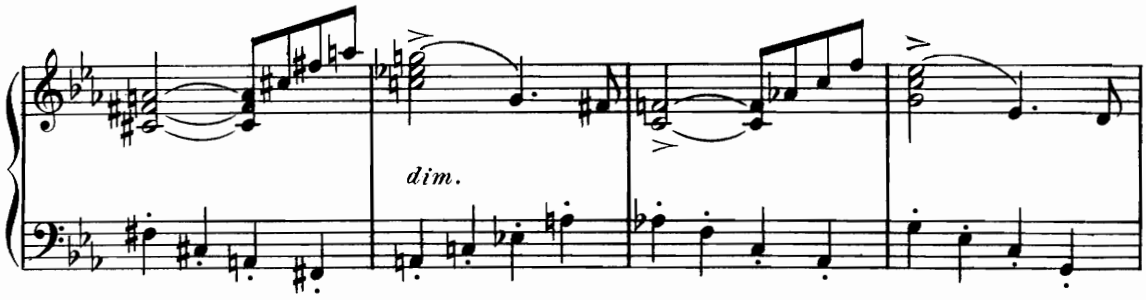
ACTE I

Dans le théâtre Romain d'Orange, au temps de l'invasion Cimbrique, un siècle avant J.C. — Autour de l'autel de Vesta, des vierges, des femmes et des enfants, accourus par groupes, viennent implorer les Dieux. — Au centre, appuyée contre l'autel lui-même, la Grande Vestale Floria, dominant les prêtresses et la foule, observe anxieusement le feu sacré, qu'elle attise parfois de ses baguettes d'or.

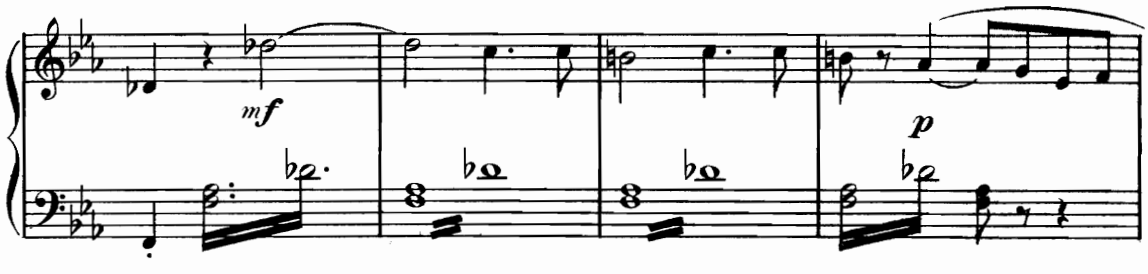
Scène I. — FLORIA, Vestales, femmes et enfants, LE VEILLEUR puis LIVIE.

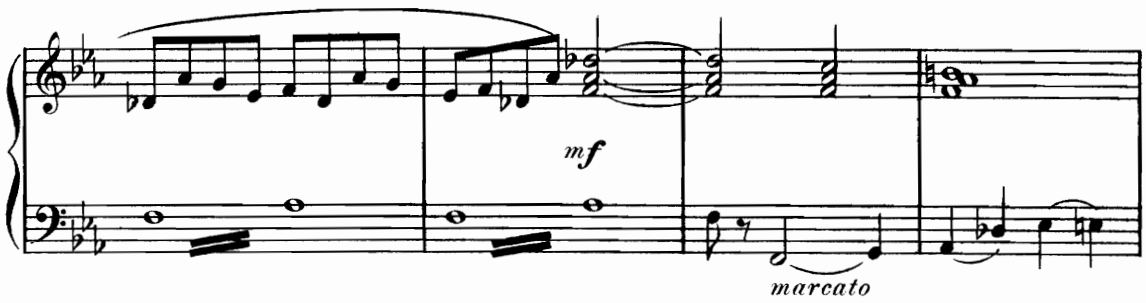


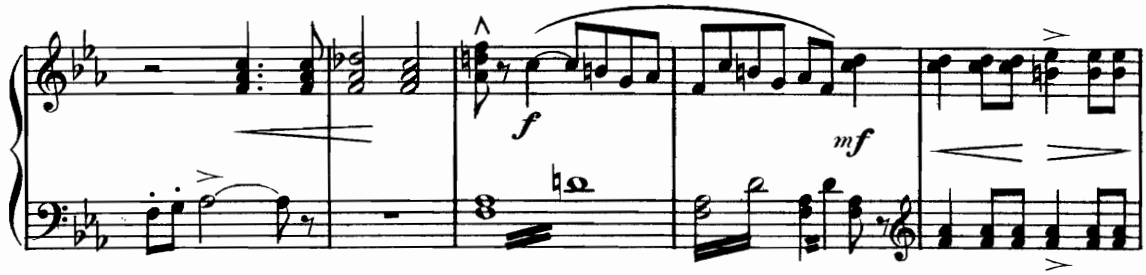

f
Trompettes (au dehors)
dim.
f
f
Trompettes (au dehors)
dim.
f
f
ff

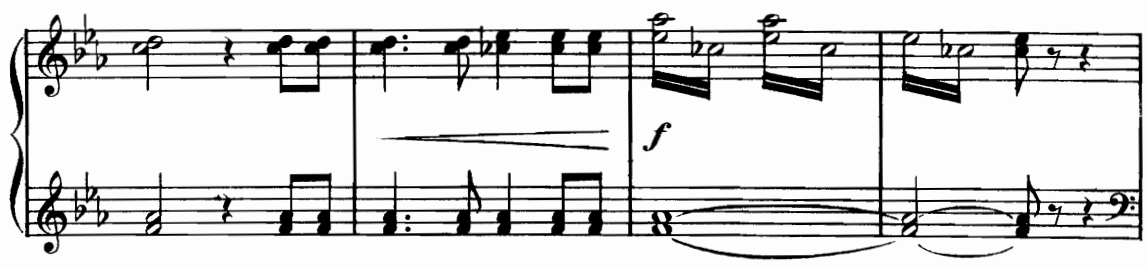


LES VESTALES "Dieux des Romains combattez pour nos frères!"





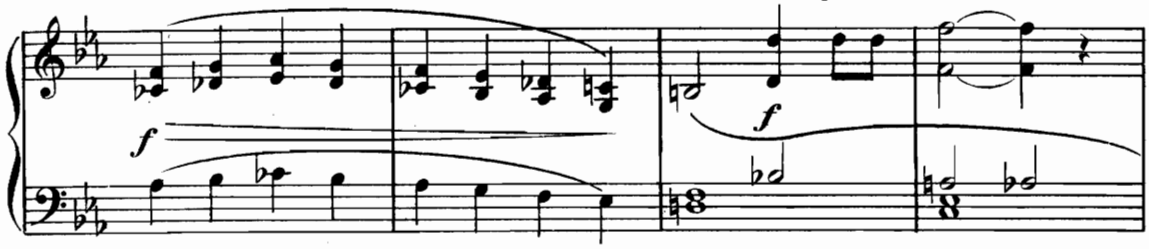




LES ROMAINS (au dehors)

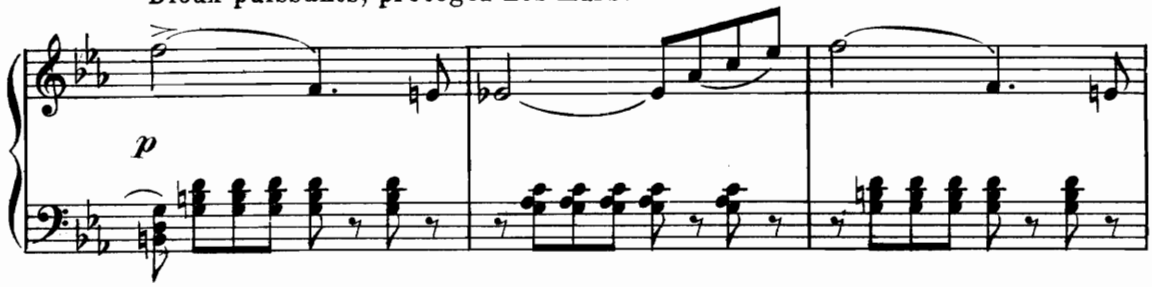
Ha! _____

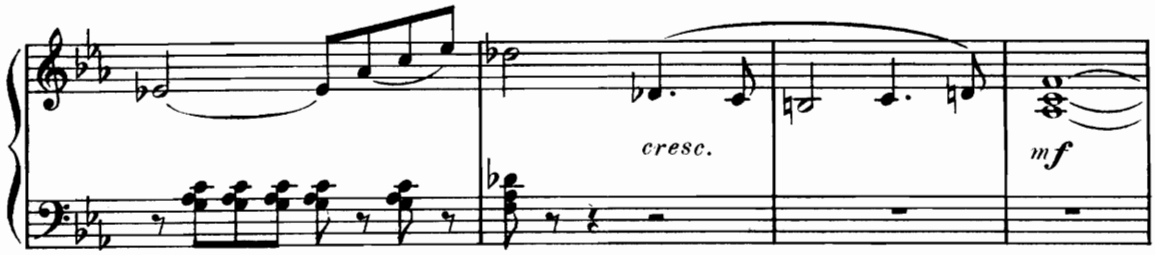
Trompettes (au dehors)



LES VESTALES

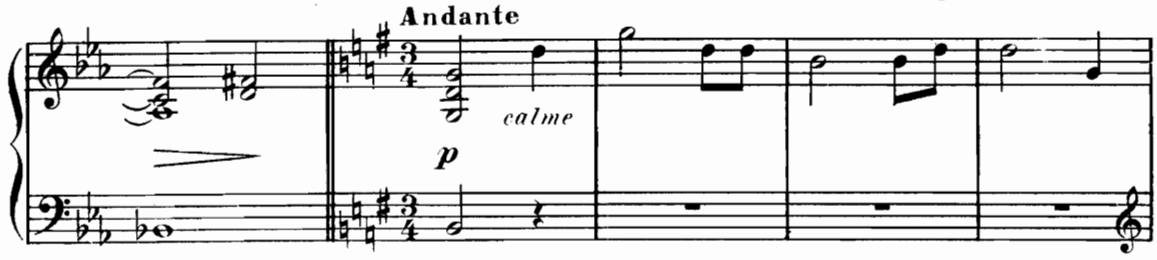
"Dieux puissants, protégez nos murs!"

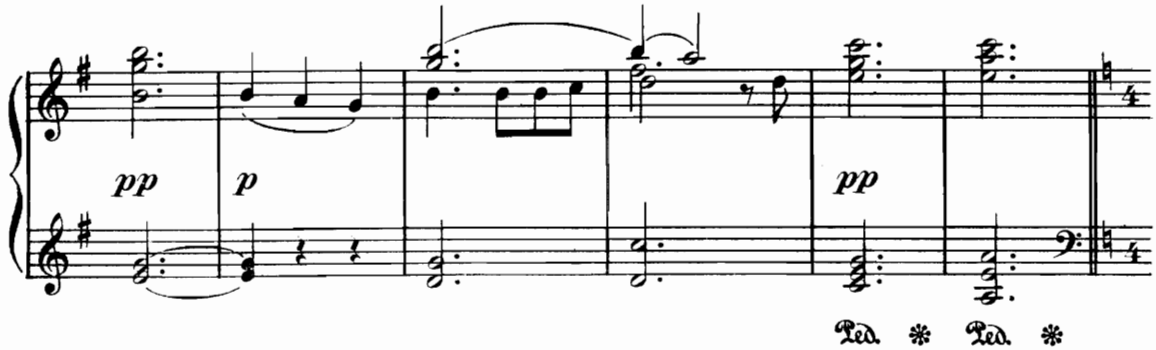




FLORIA "Vesta nous défend et nous venge!"

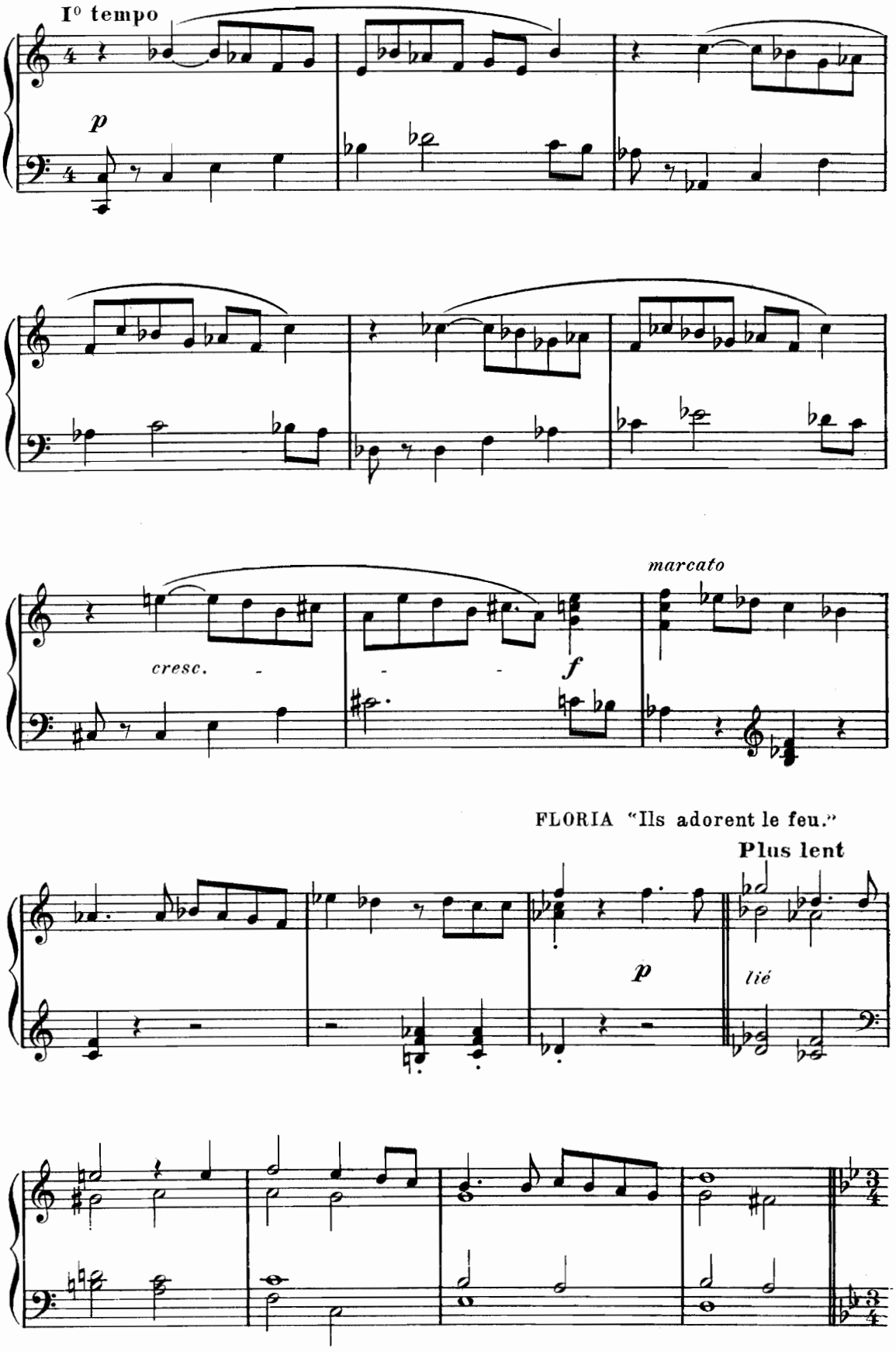
Andante



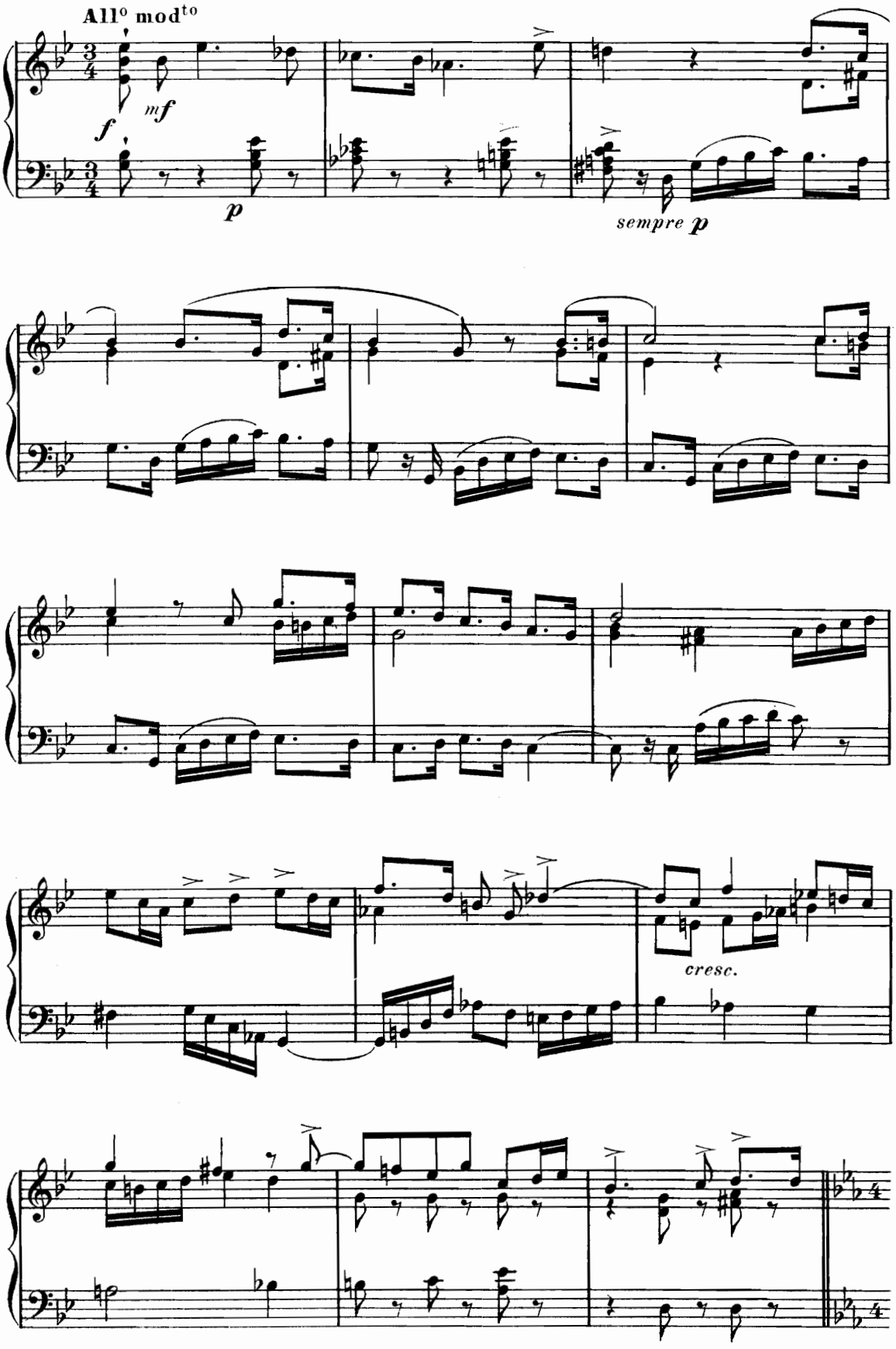


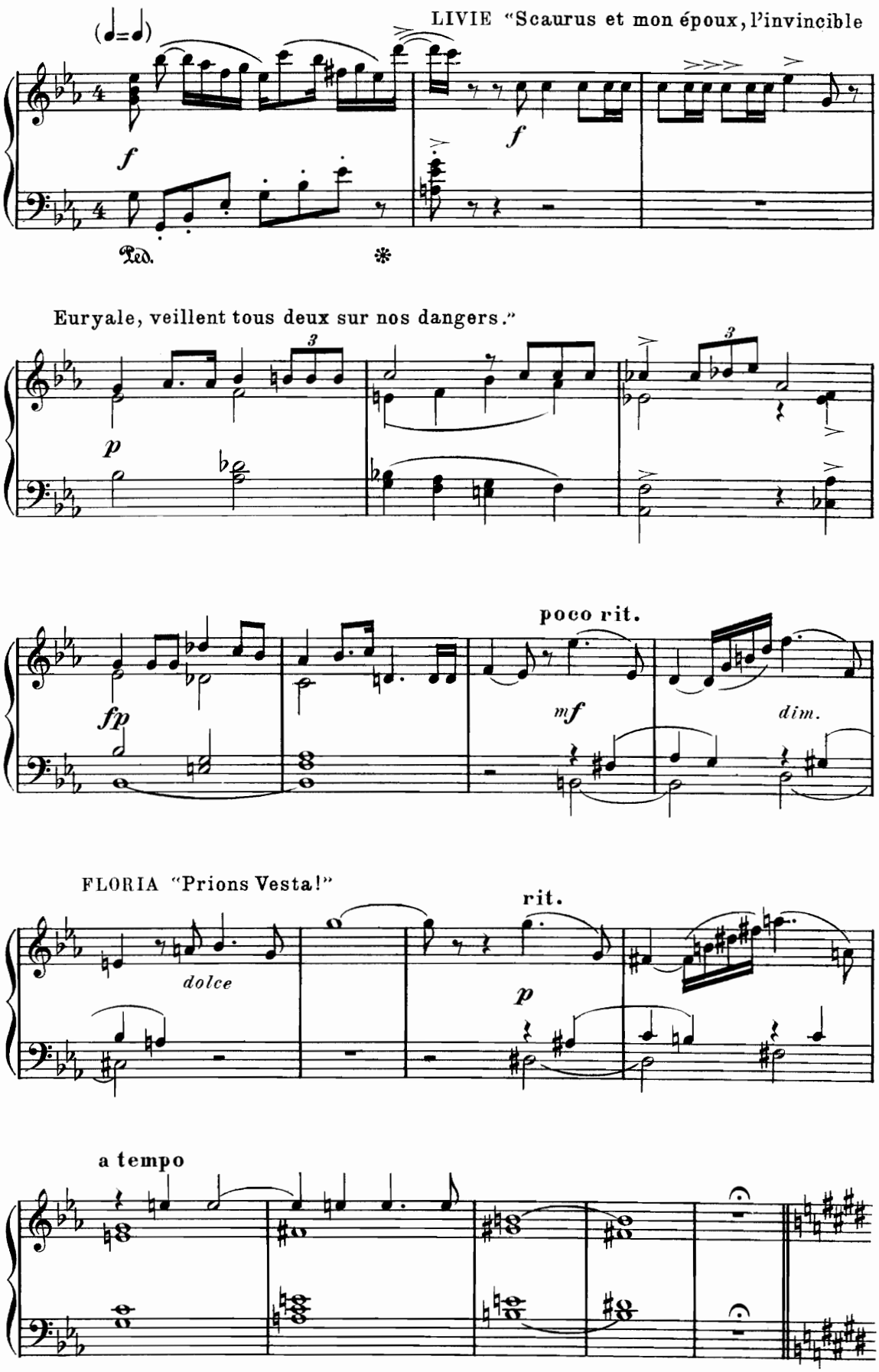
D.

LE VEILLEUR (apportant des nouvelles de la bataille)
"Hélas prêtresse! à l'abri des remparts Euryale a mené les survivants épars."



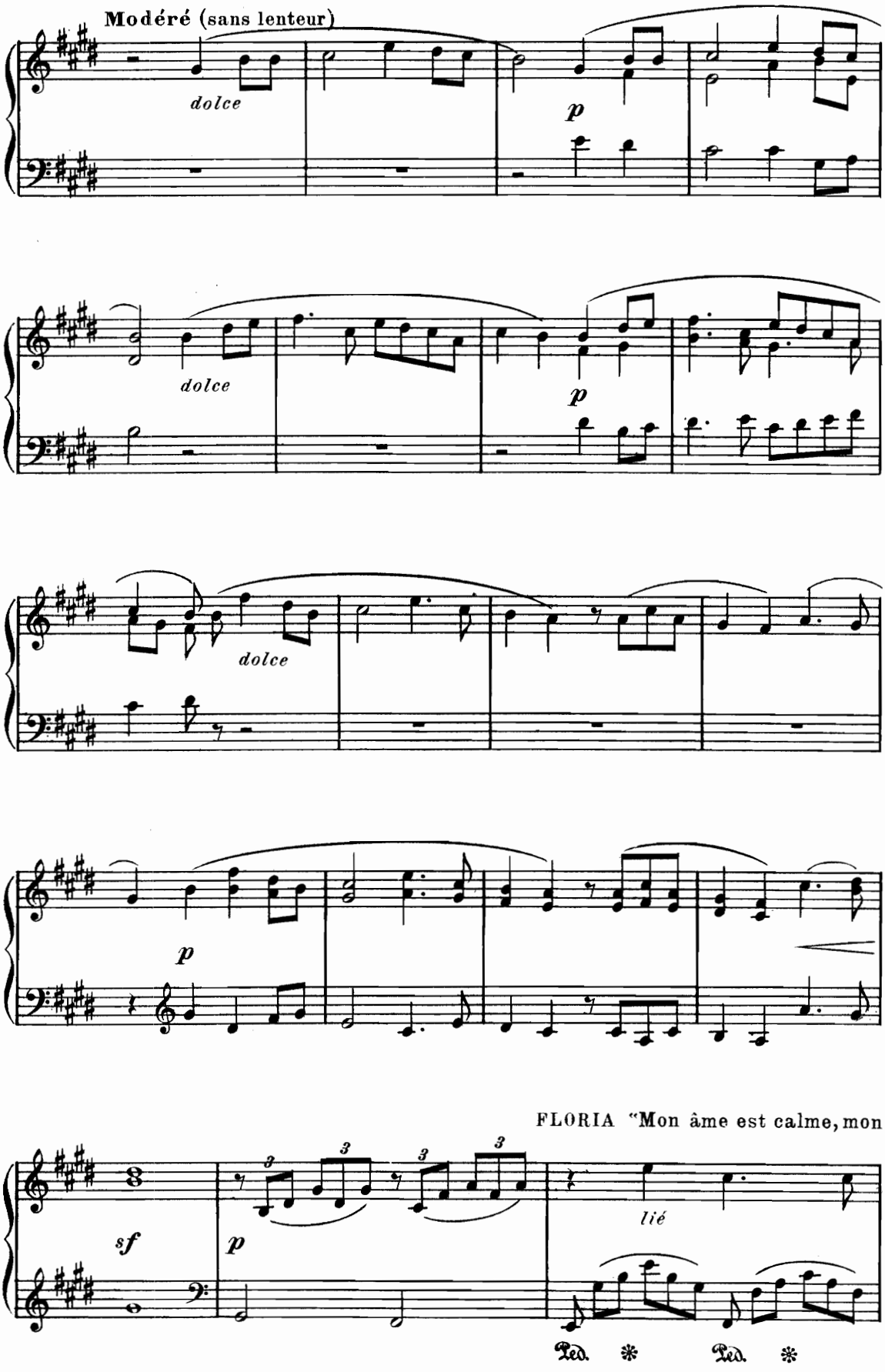
LE VEILLEUR "Ils n'ont ni loi, ni cœur, ni dieu!"



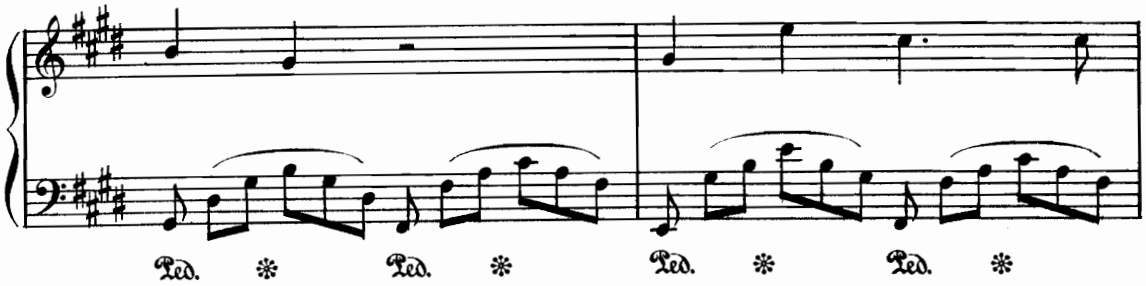

LIVIE "Scaurus et mon époux, l'invincible
Euryale, veillent tous deux sur nos dangers."
poco rit.
FLORIA "Prions Vesta!"
rit.
a tempo

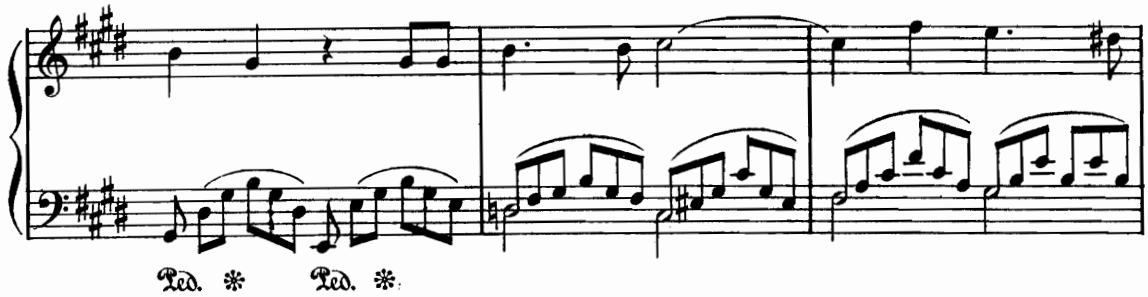
(Les Vestales accomplissent les rites sacrés)

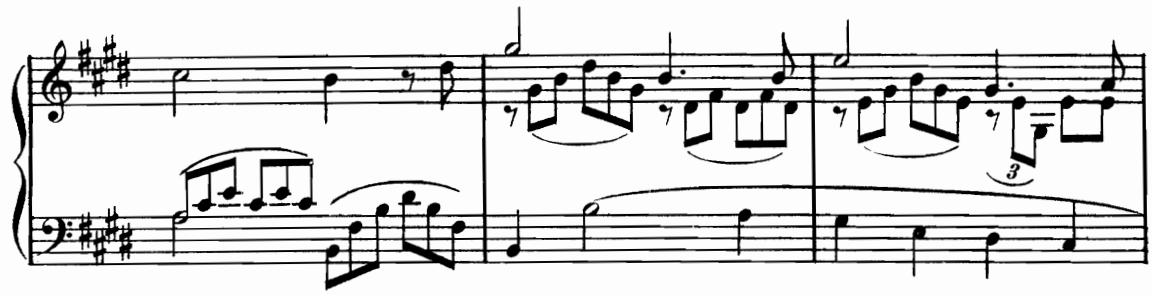
FLORIA "Sœur de Minerve et de Mithra."



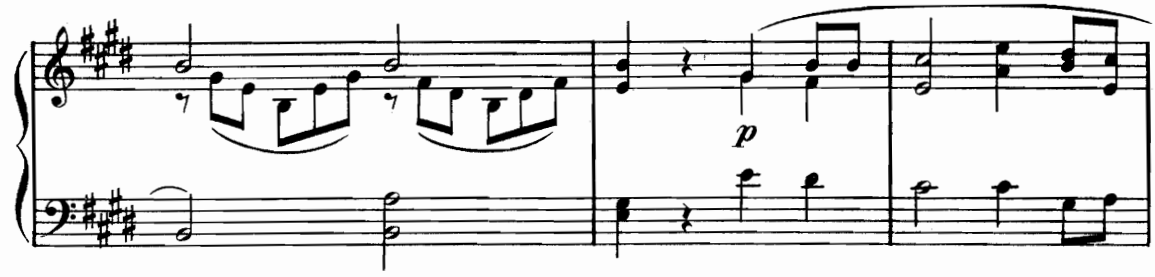
cœur bat sans trouble..."

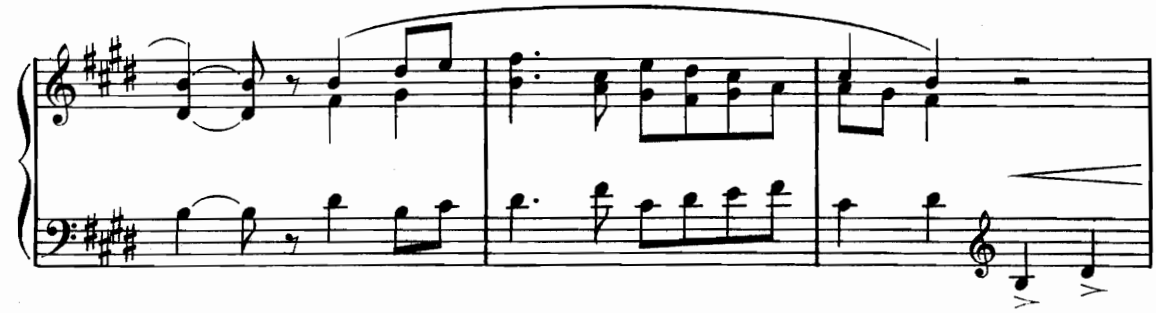


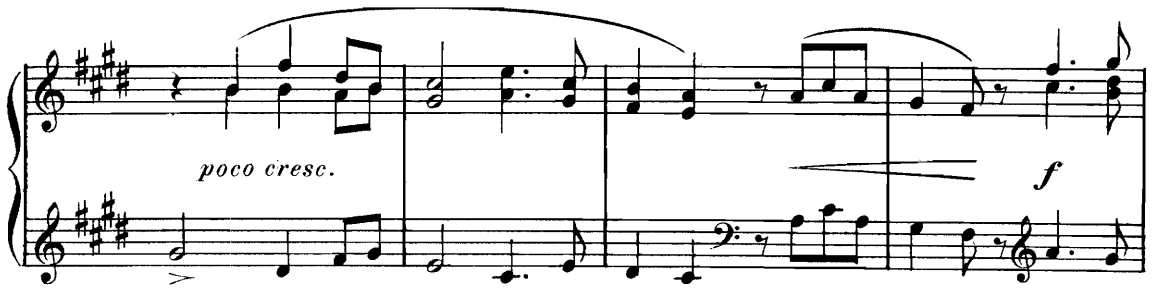




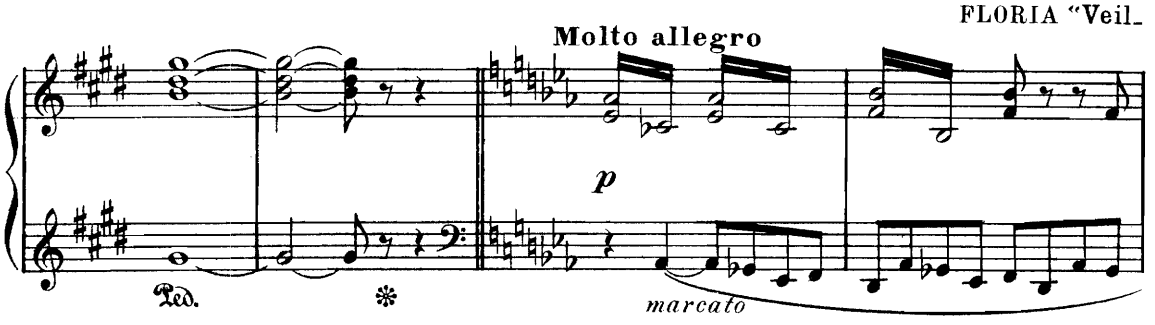
LES VESTALES "Sœur de Minerve et de Mithra."



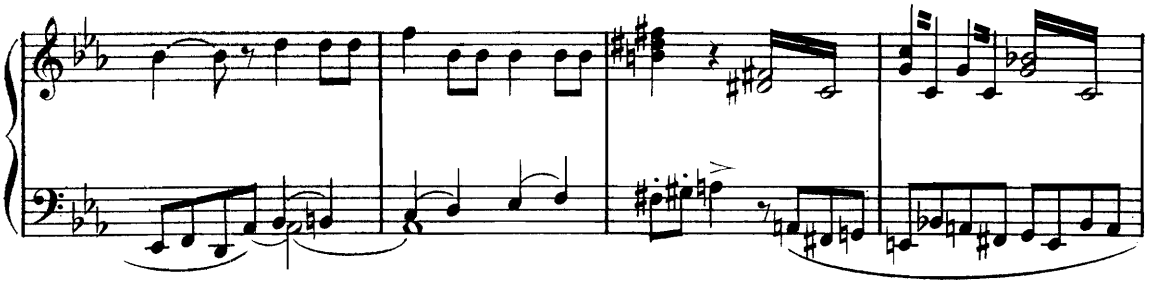


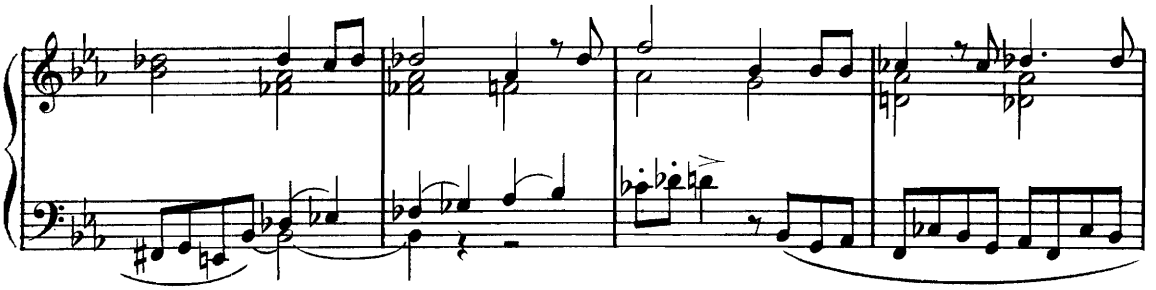


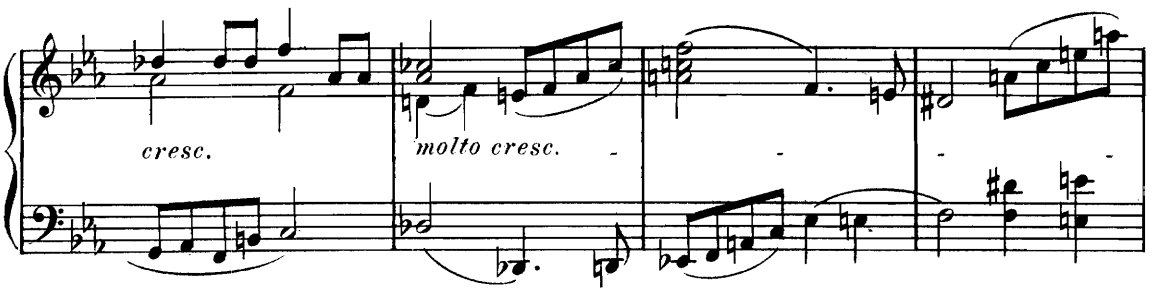
FLORIA "Veil-



leur! cours à ton poste observer le combat!"







All° mod^to

f *dim.* *f*

LIVIE "Veilleur! si la cohorte de mon époux défend toujours la porte."

f *p*

mf *f*

ff *sfz* *f*

LIVIE "Déesse tutélaire! Mon Euryale nous défend."

f

un poco rall.

FLORIA "La flamme a vacillé sous le souffle d'une

a tempo

f

aîle invisible."

LES ROMAINS (au dehors)

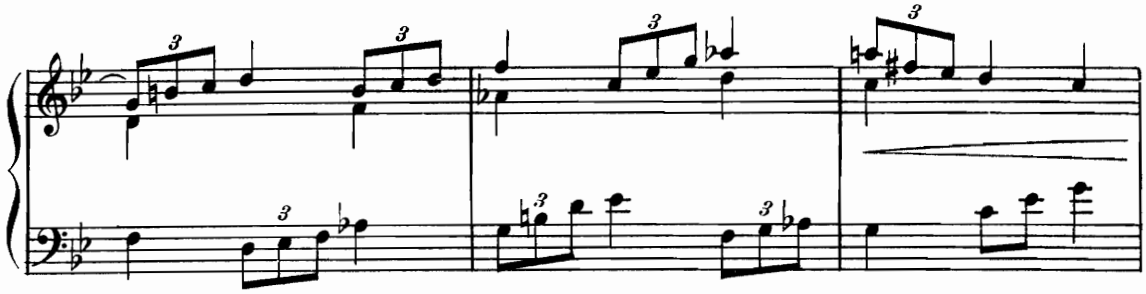
Ha!

Trompettes (au dehors)

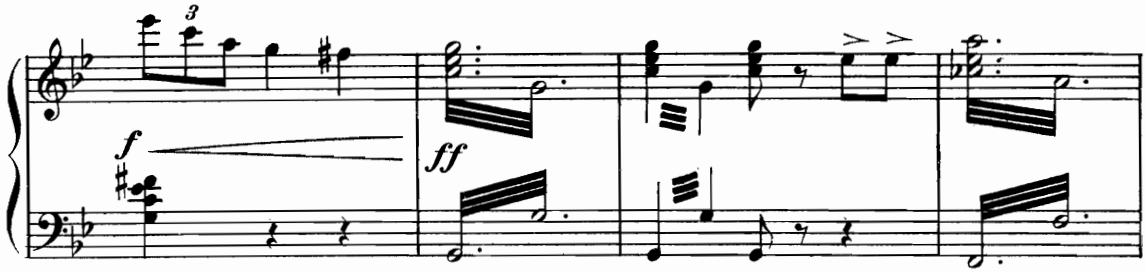
LE VEILLEUR "Dieux! le manteau de pourpre abattu!"

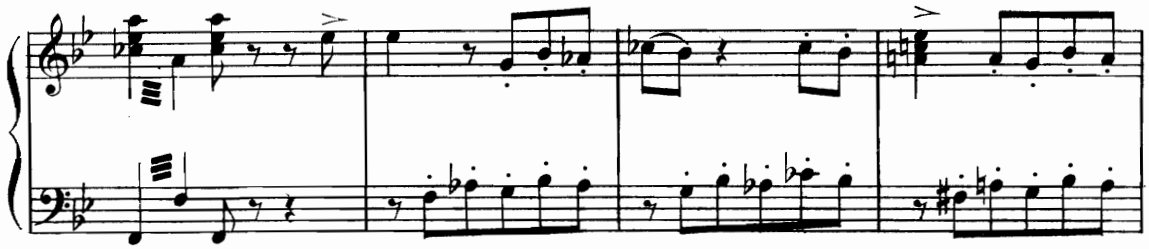
Molto allegro

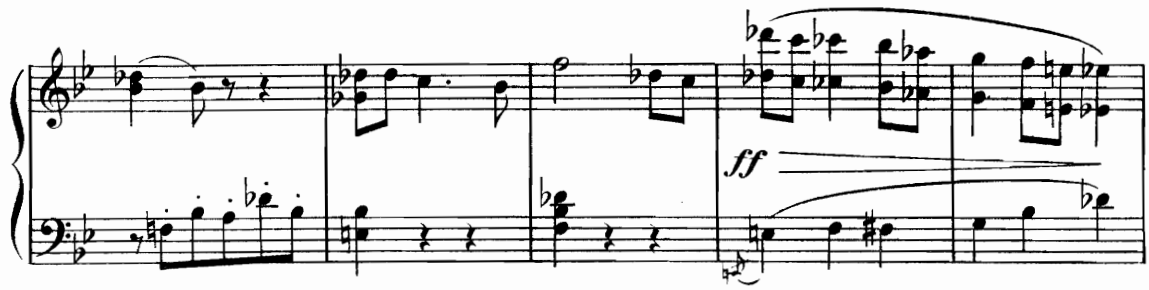
f



LIVIE "Euryale ! Euryale ! adieu ! Je vais moi-même aux côtés du héros"

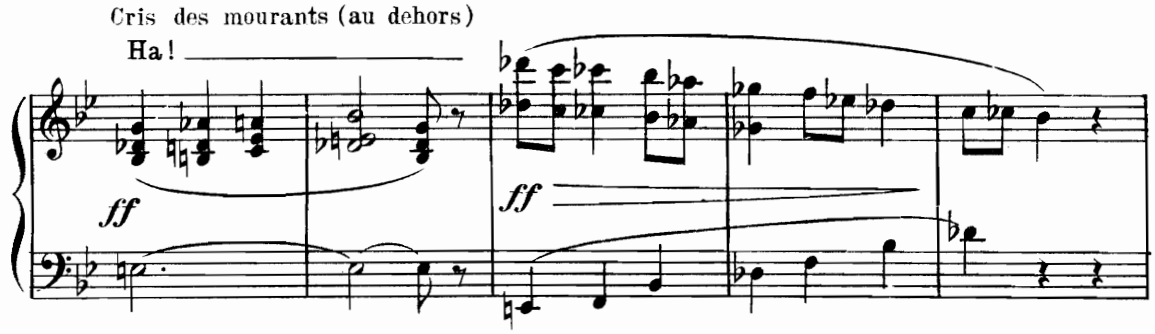






Cris des mourants (au dehors)

Ha !



FLORIA

"Tu ne sortiras pas !"

f *ff* *ff*

Trompettes (au dehors)

ff

Scène II. – Les précédents, SCAURUS et ses guerriers.

Scaurus paraît sur le seuil du théâtre, derrière lui, un groupe de soldats rapporte le corps d'Euryale enveloppé dans son manteau de pourpre.

Molto moderato

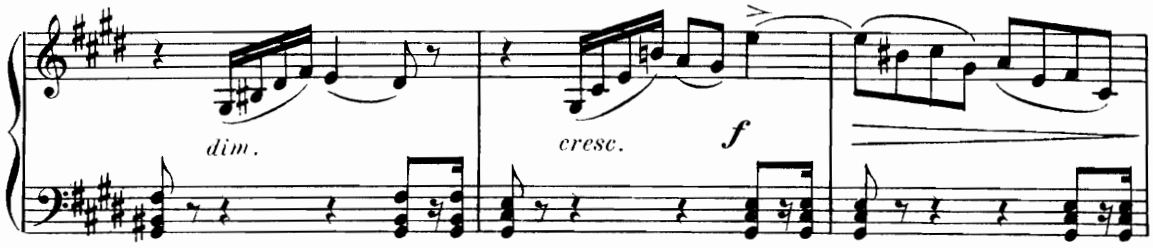
ff

SCAURUS (aux femmes qui se pressent autour de lui)

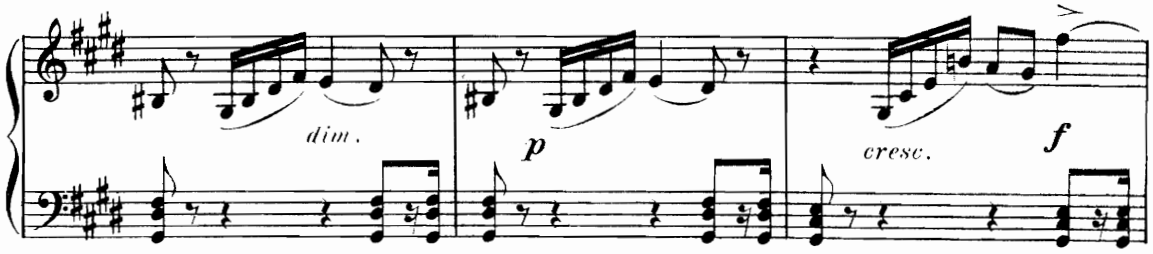
Fuyez !

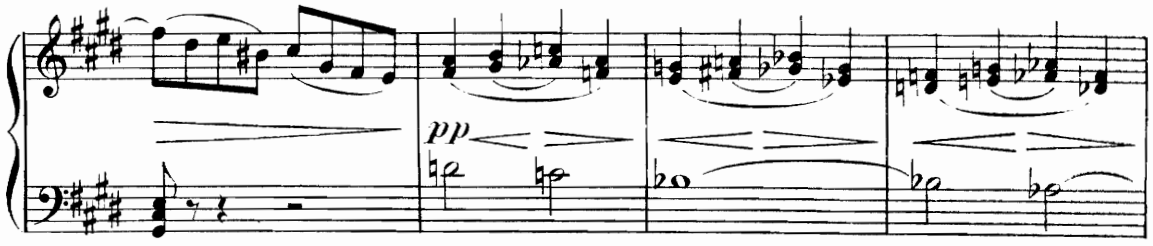
f *p* *f*

SCAURUS « O douloureuse épreuve ! »

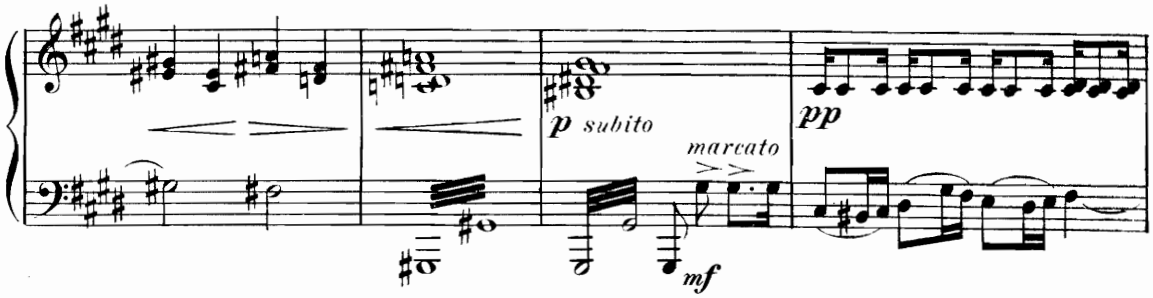


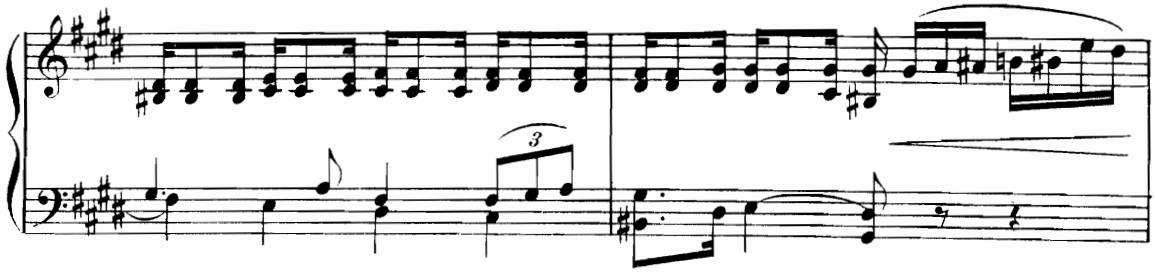
Rendez son corps tout sanglant à sa veuve ! (on apporte le corps d'Euryale.)

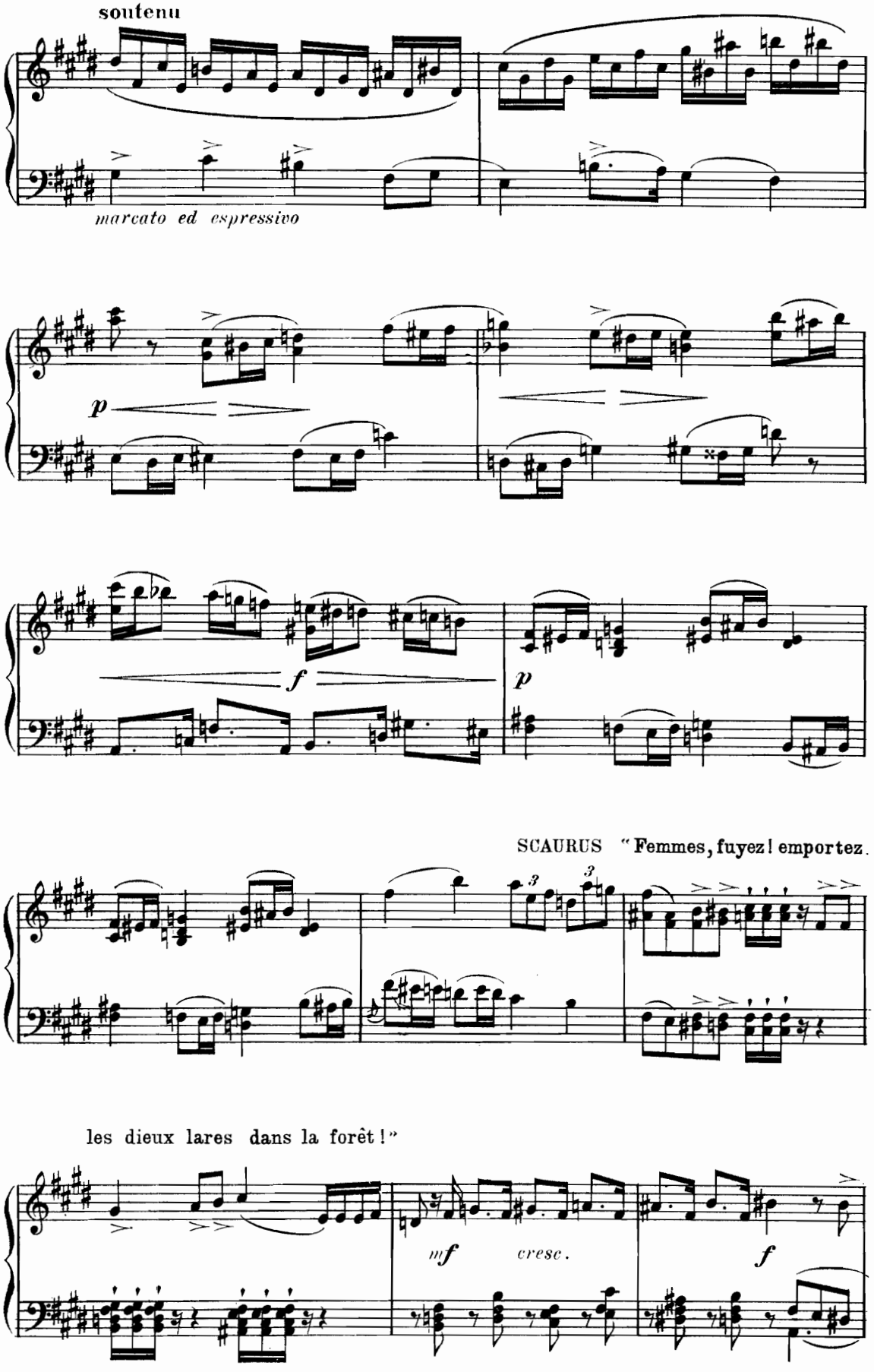


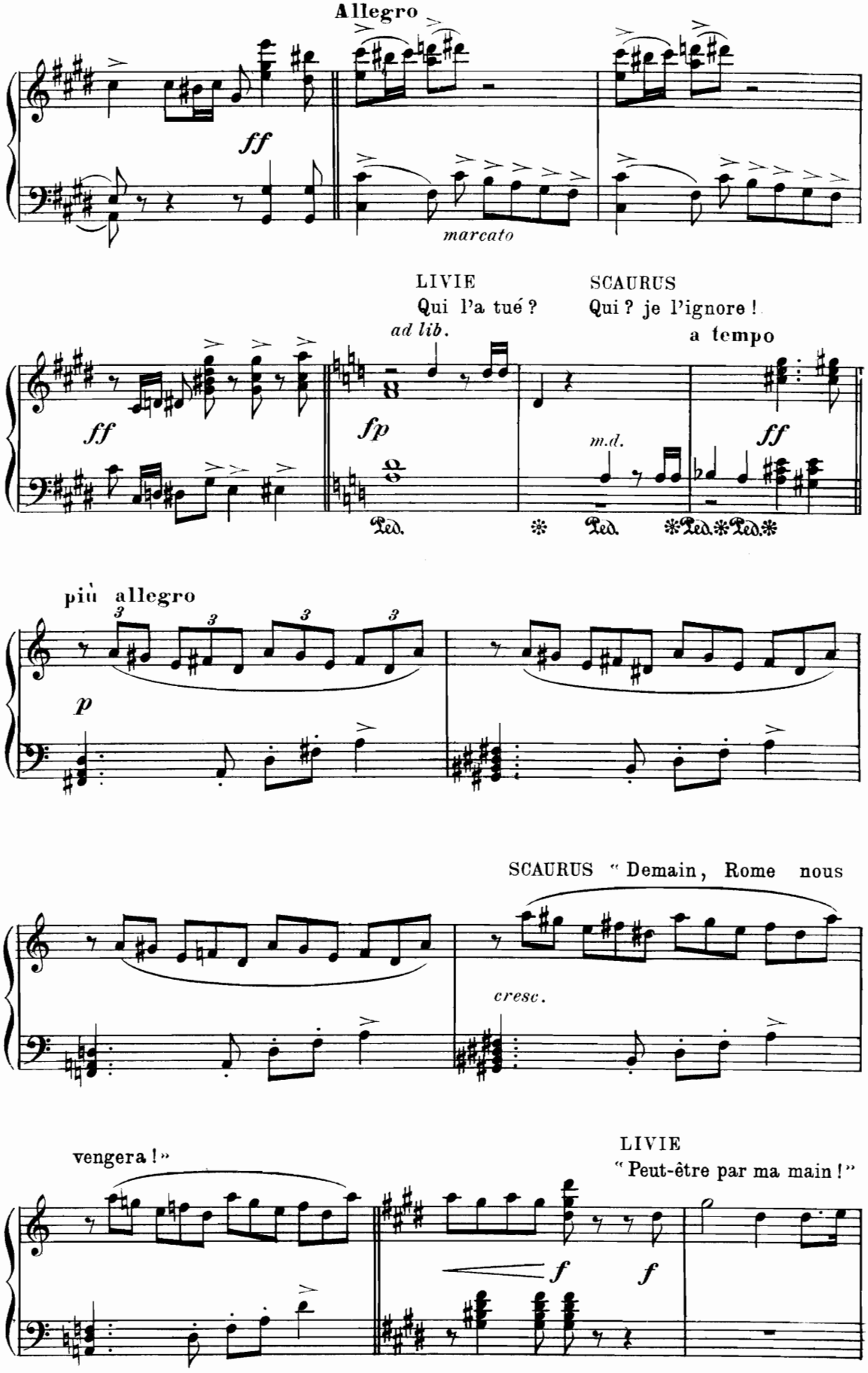


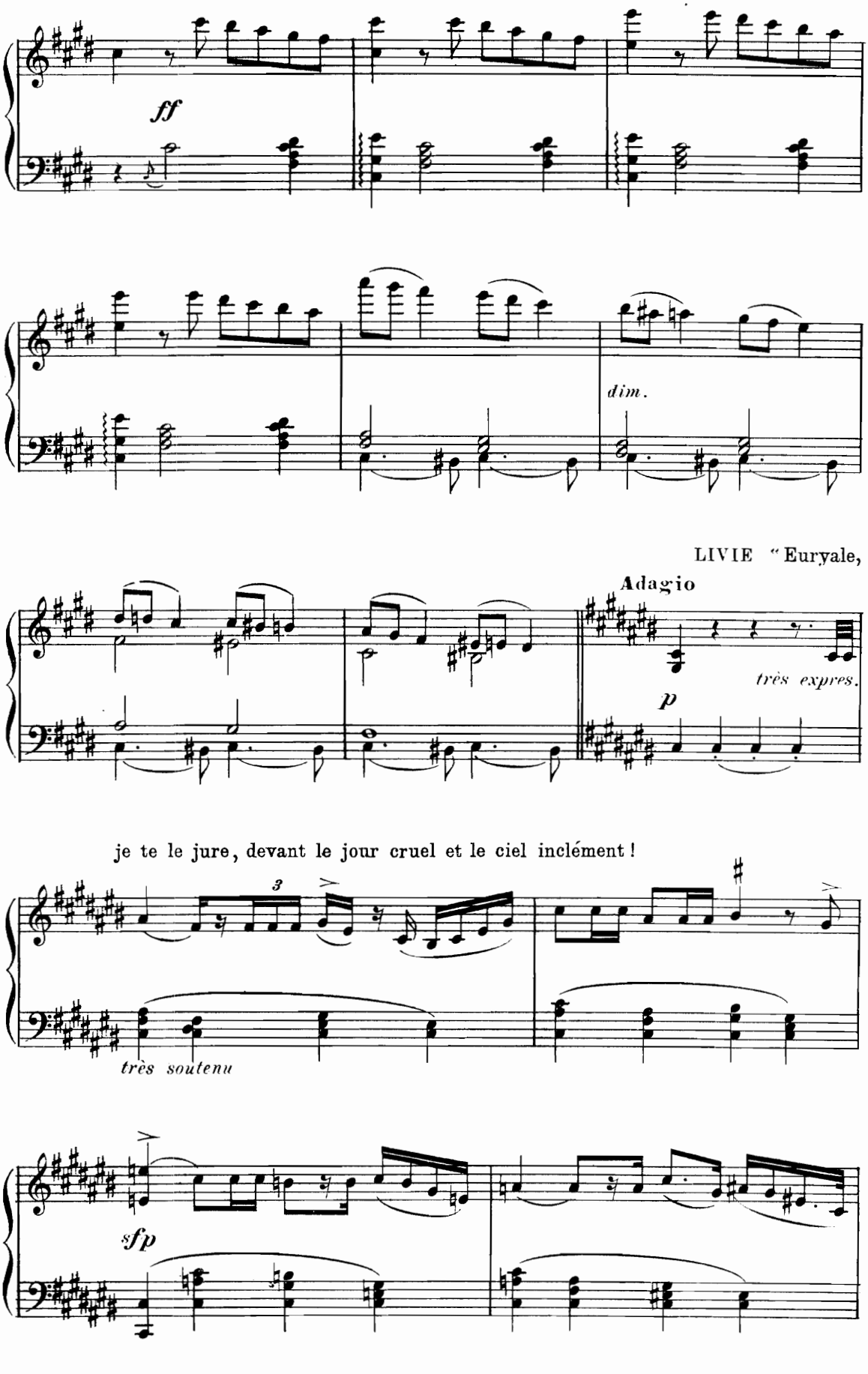
SCAURUS « Mon bras n'a pu le sauver aujourd'hui ! »

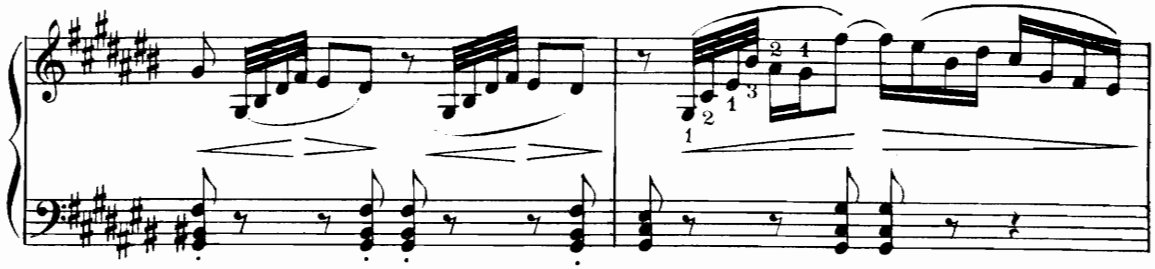




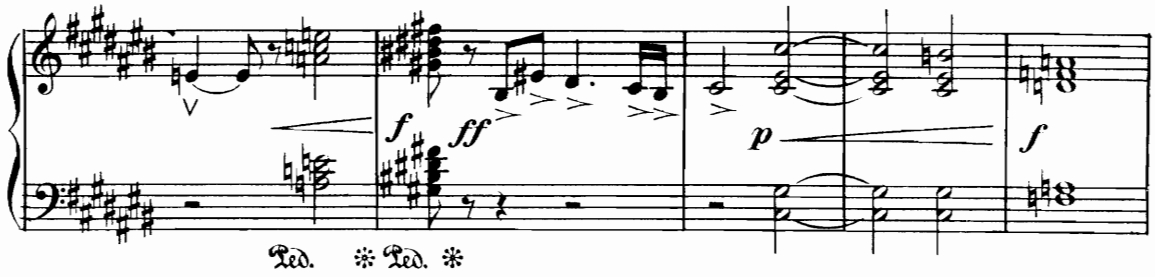

soutenu
marcato ed espressivo
p
f
p
SCAURUS "Femmes, fuyez! emportez
les dieux lares dans la forêt!"
mf
cresc.
f


Allegro
ff
marcato
LIVIE
Qui l'a tué ?
SCAURUS
Qui ? je l'ignore !
ad lib.
a tempo
ff
fp
m.d.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
più allegro
p
SCAURUS " Demain, Rome nous
cresc.
vengera ! »
LIVIE
" Peut-être par ma main ! "
f
f

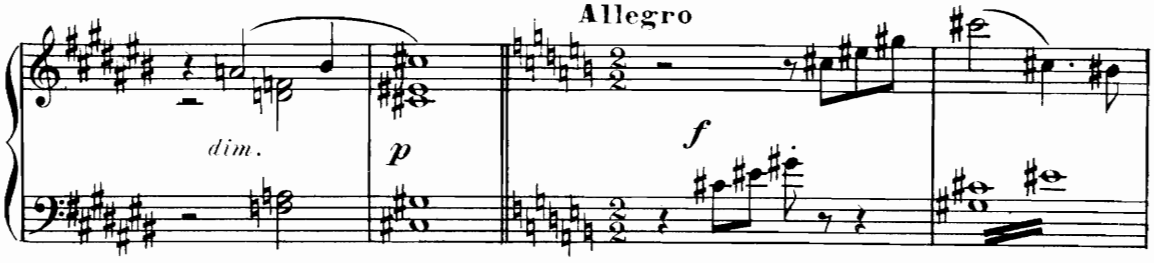

ff
dim.
LIVIE "Euryale,
Adagio
très expres.
p
je te le jure, devant le jour cruel et le ciel inclément !
3
très soutenu
sfp



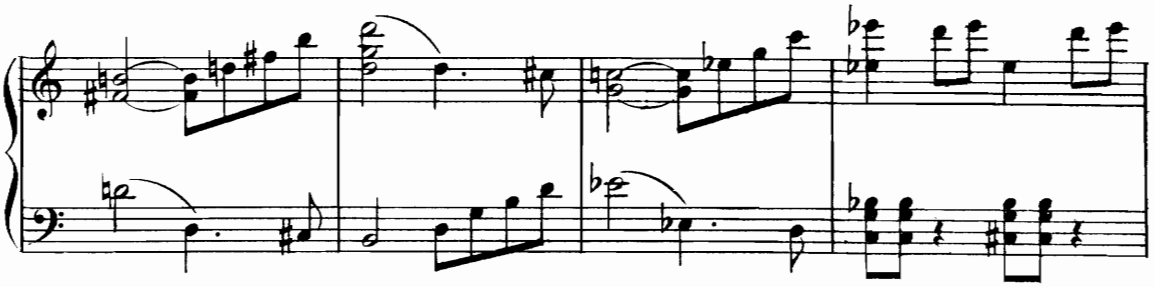
LIVIE « Je t'en fais le serment ! » (On emporte le corps d'Euryale)



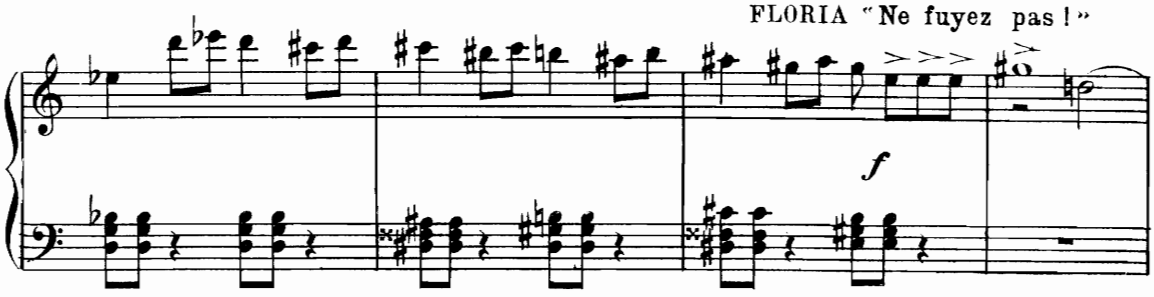
(Les femmes s'emparent des dieux Lares et



se disposent à fuir)



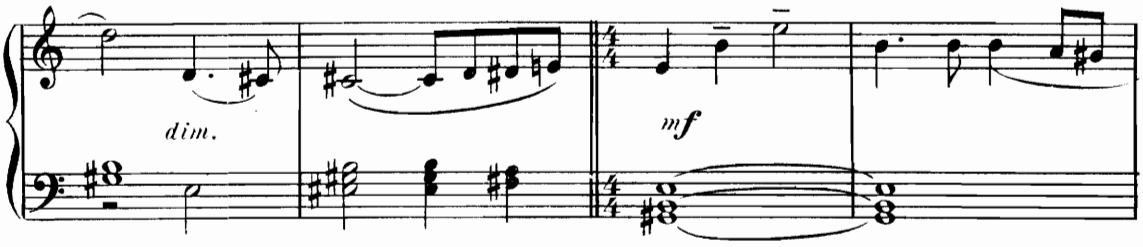
FLORIA « Ne fuyez pas ! »



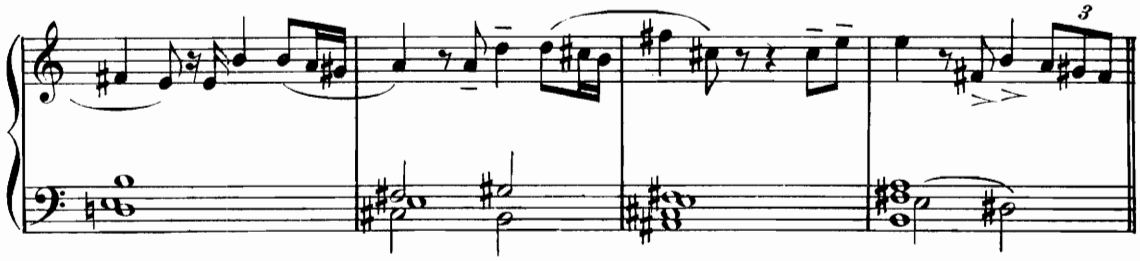
(Les femmes s'arrêtent)

FLORIA "Vesta gardera de l'offense les

Moderato (♩ = ♩)

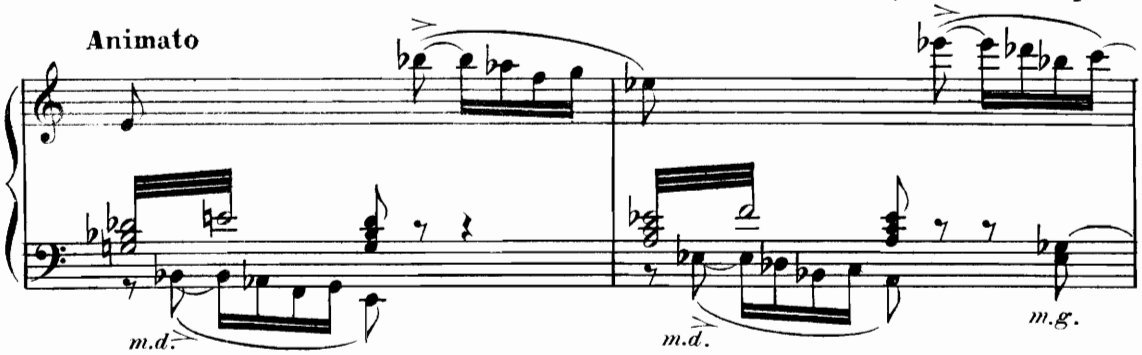


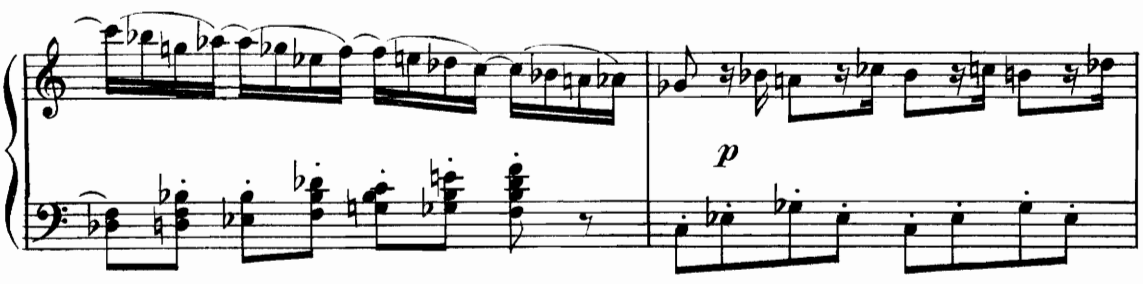
femmes, et les enfants."

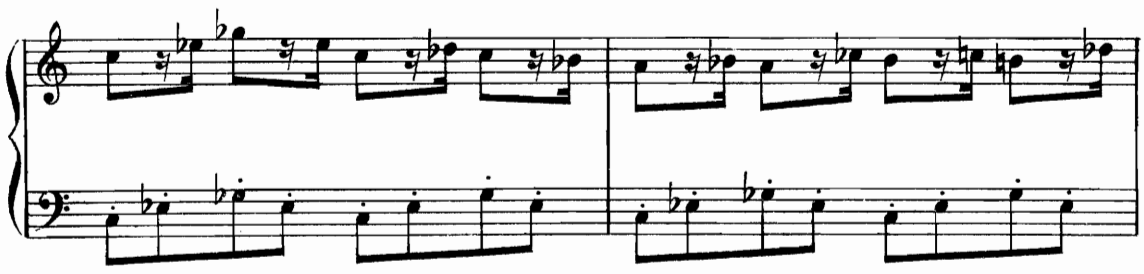


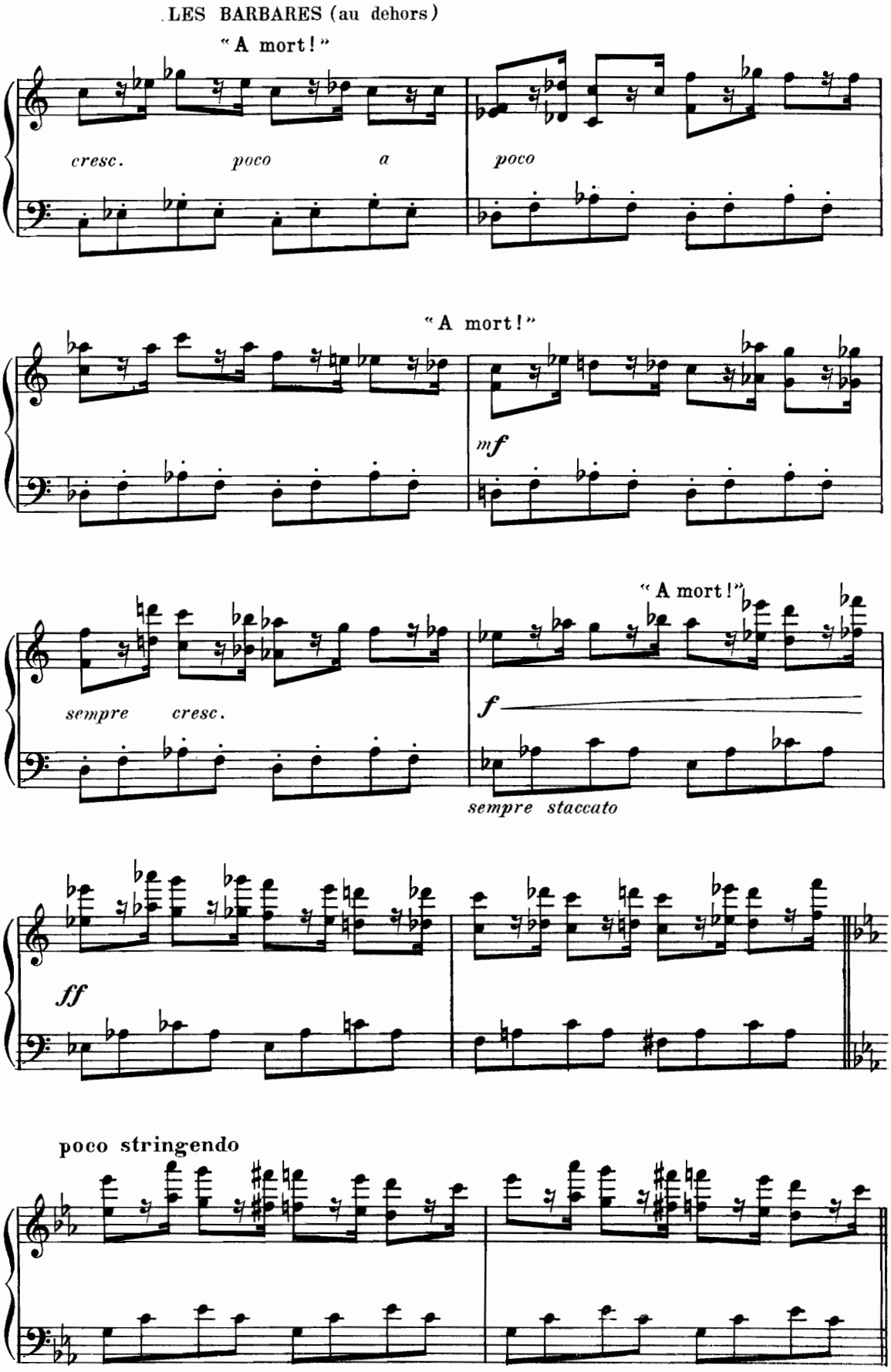
LE VEILLEUR "Malheur sur nous ! Par le nombre accablé, Scaurus a disparu !"

Animato

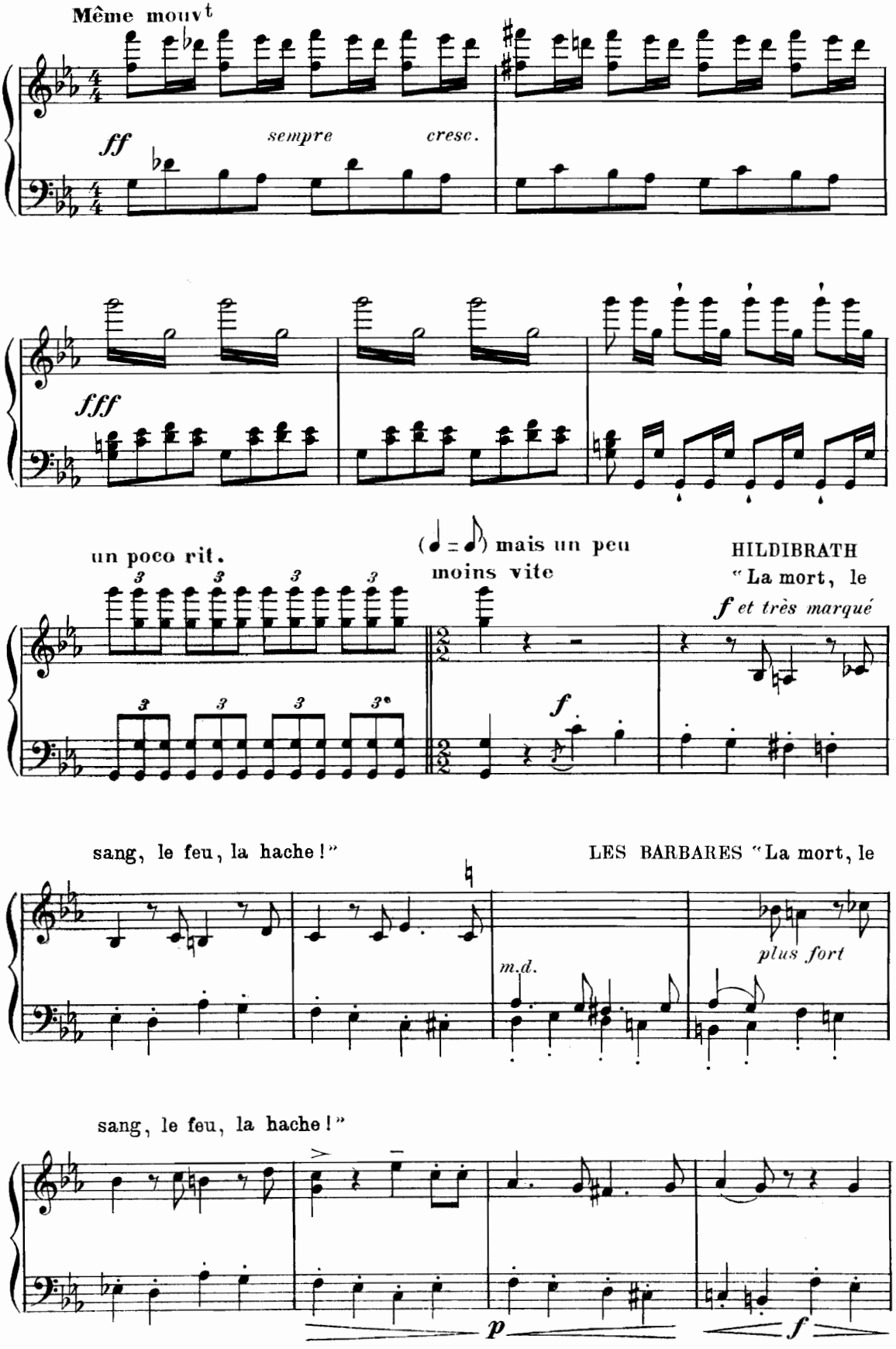


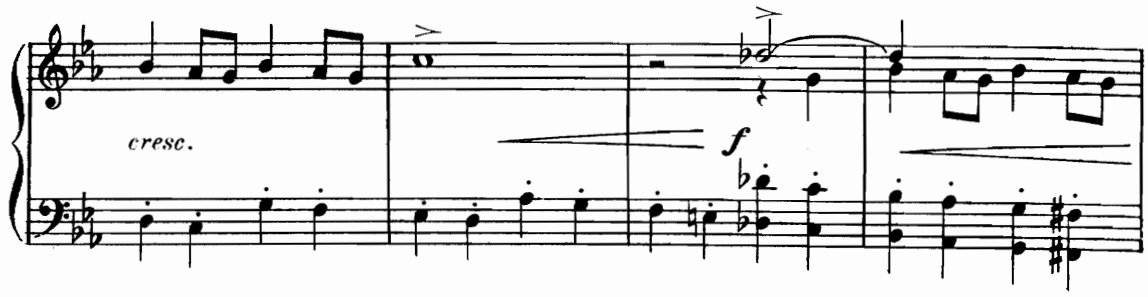




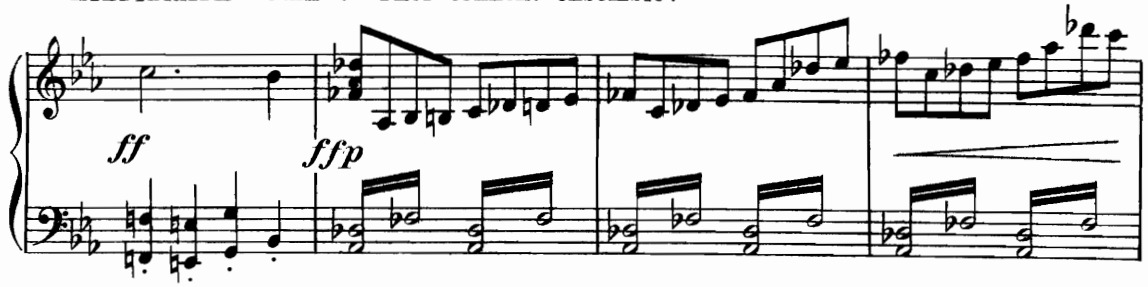

LES BARBARES (au dehors)
"A mort!"
cresc.
poco
a
poco
"A mort!"
mf
"A mort!"
sempre
cresc.
f
sempre staccato
ff
poco stringendo

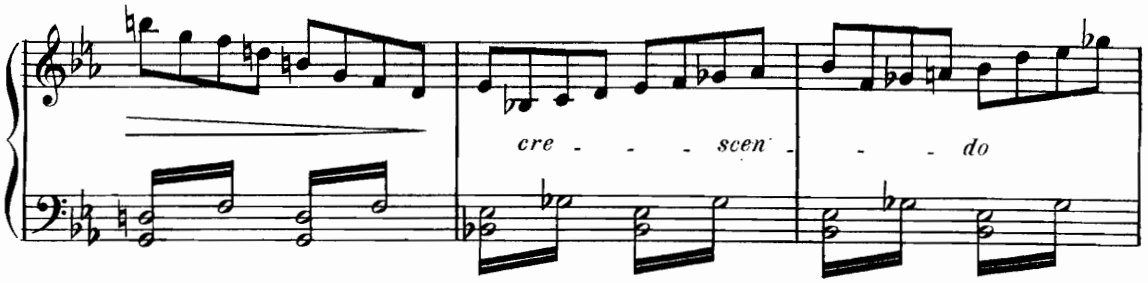
Scène III.—Les précédents moins SCAURUS et LIVIE, HILDIBRATH et les Barbares, puis MARCOMIR (Hildibrath et ses guerriers font irruption, les armes à la main.)



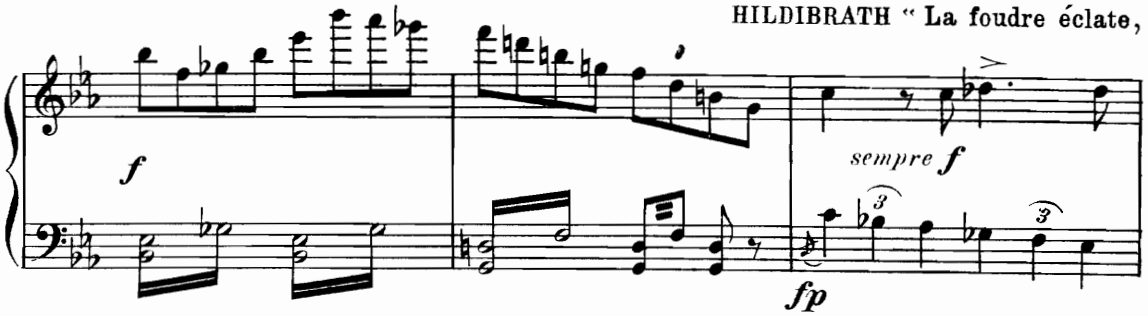


HILDIBRATH « Odin et Thor tonnent ensemble ! »

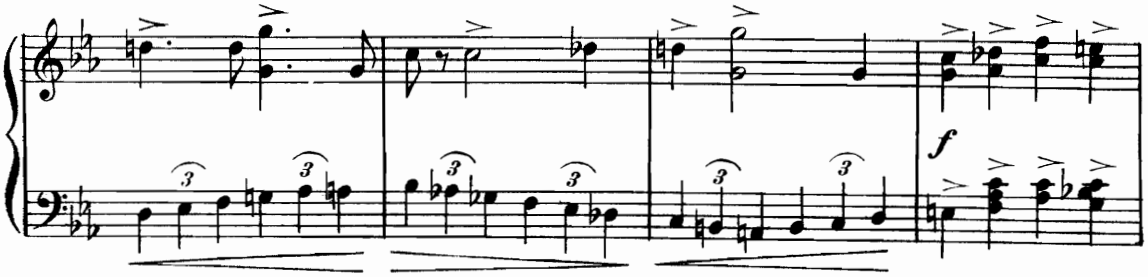




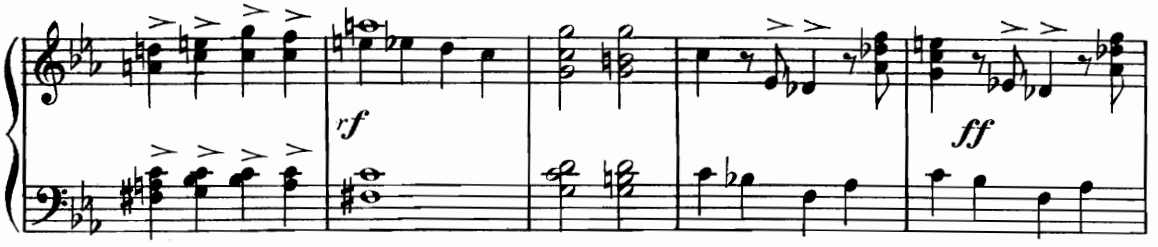
HILDIBRATH « La foudre éclate,



Rome tremble ! »

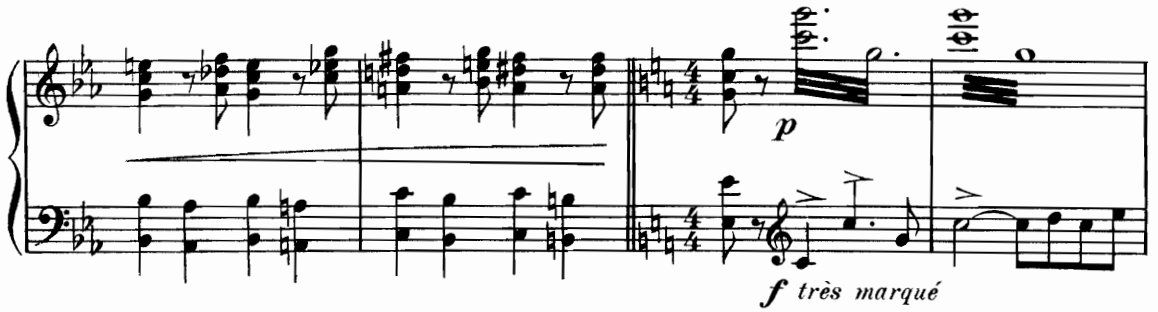


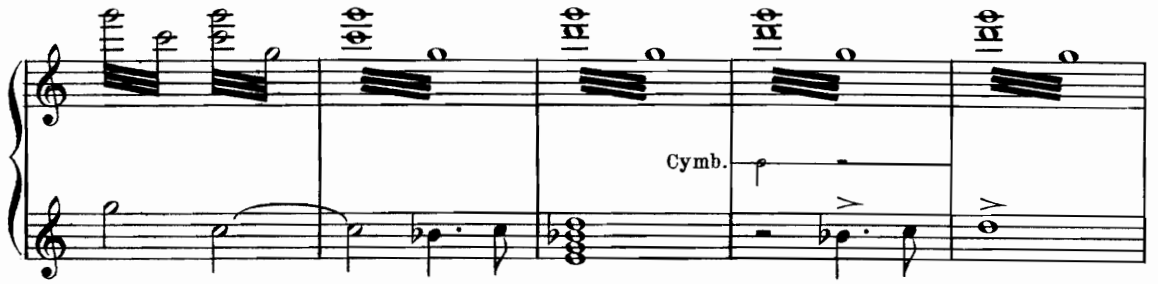
HILDIBRATH "Tuez ! Tuez !"



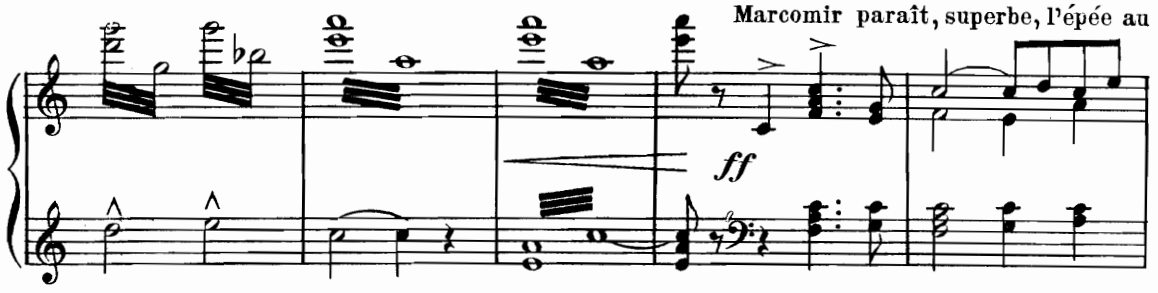
(Hildibrath lance ses guerriers contre les femmes frémissantes ; au même instant des fanfares annoncent l'arrivée du Chef Teuton)

Le double plus lent

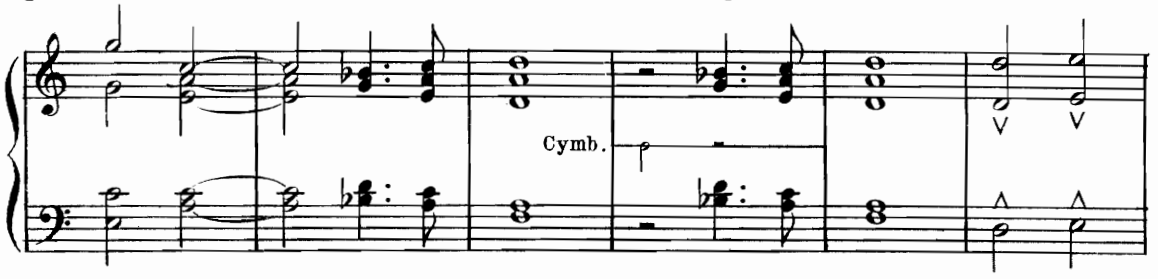


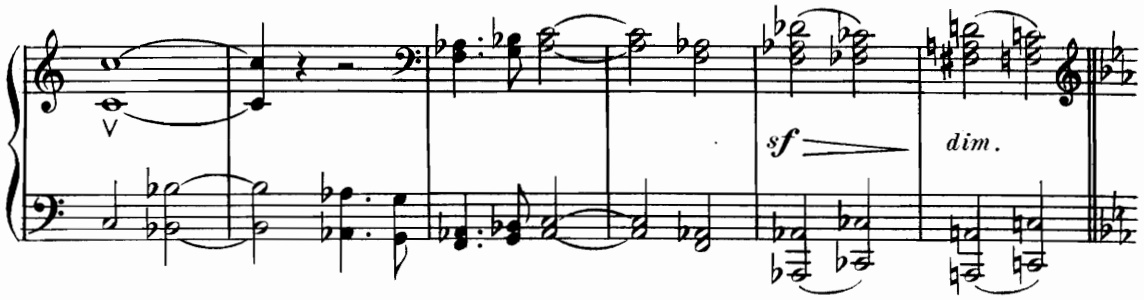


Marcomir paraît, superbe, l'épée au

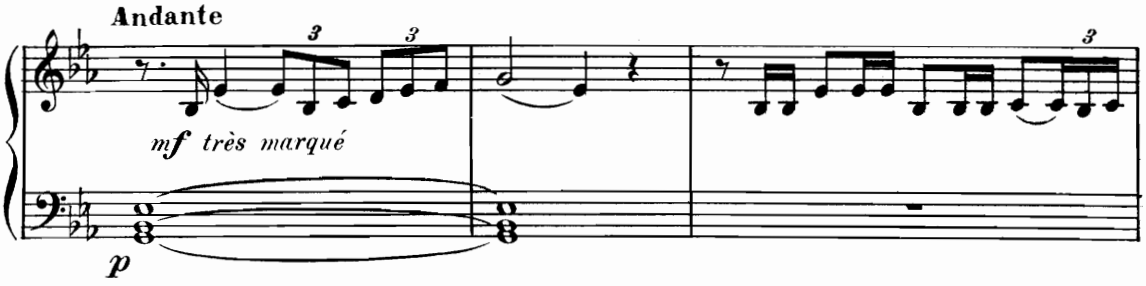


poing. Salué des siens, il les courbe sous son souverain regard.)



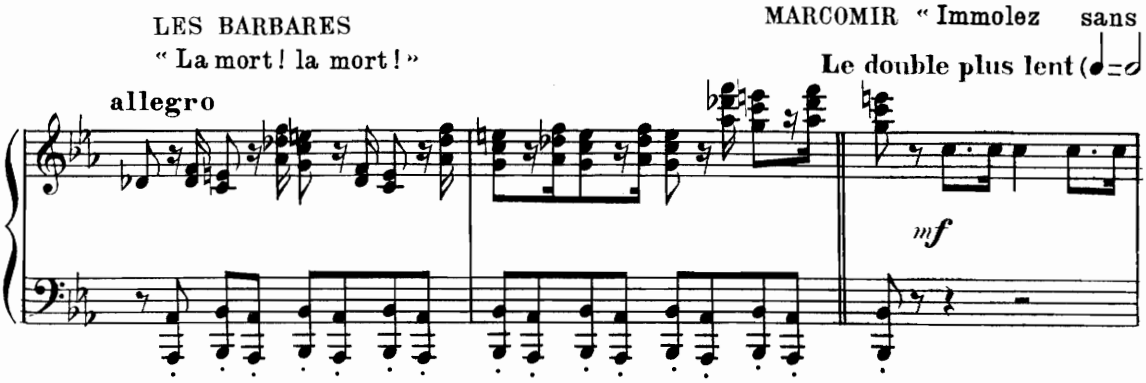


MARCOMIR
« Guerriers, je vous livre ces femmes ! »

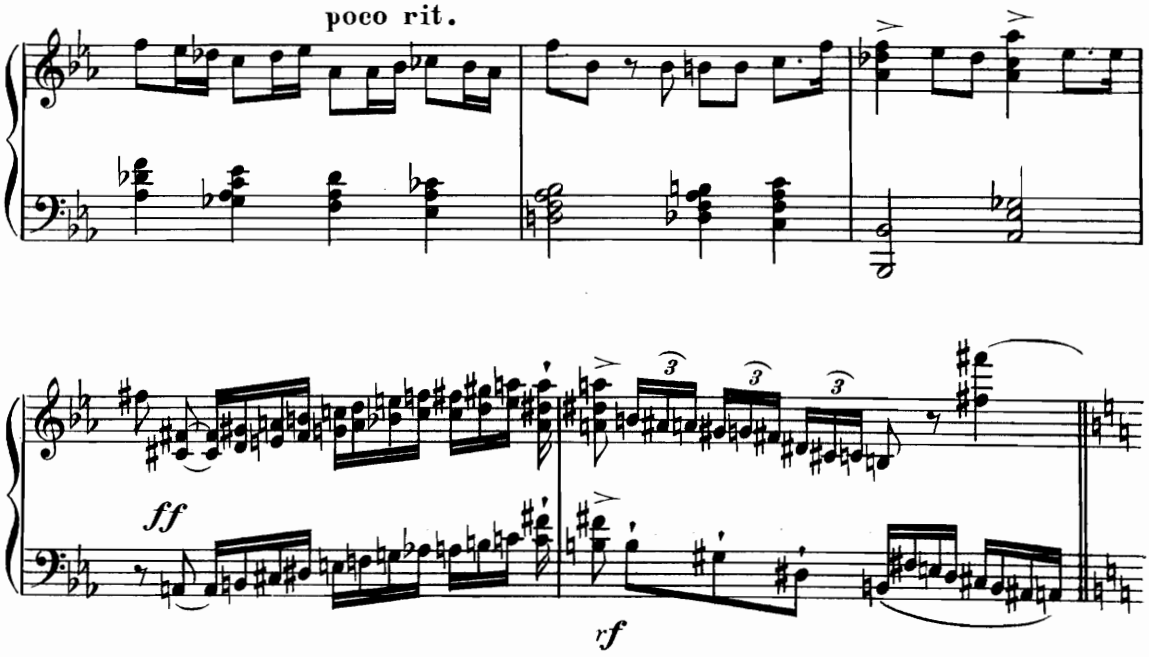


LES BARBARES
« La mort ! la mort ! »

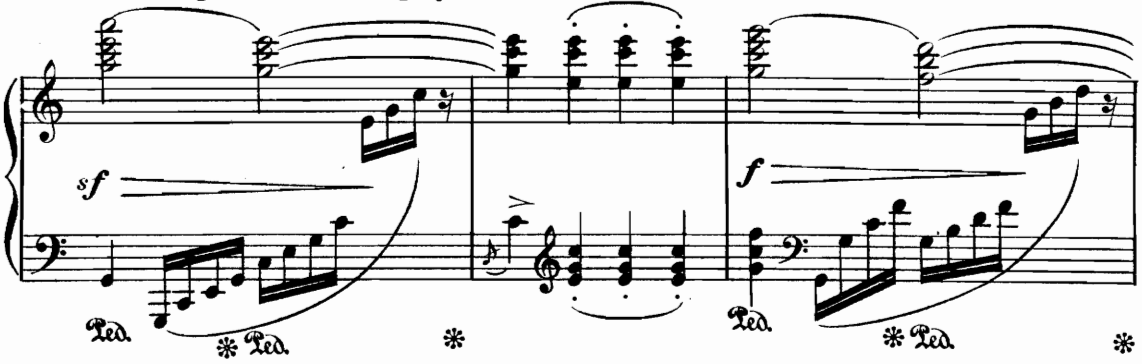
MARCOMIR « Immolez sans retard à nos dieux irrités ces Romaines infâmes !

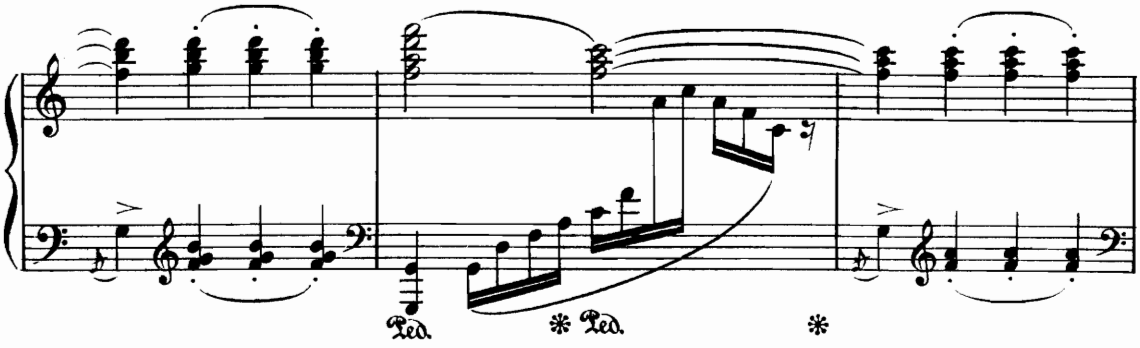


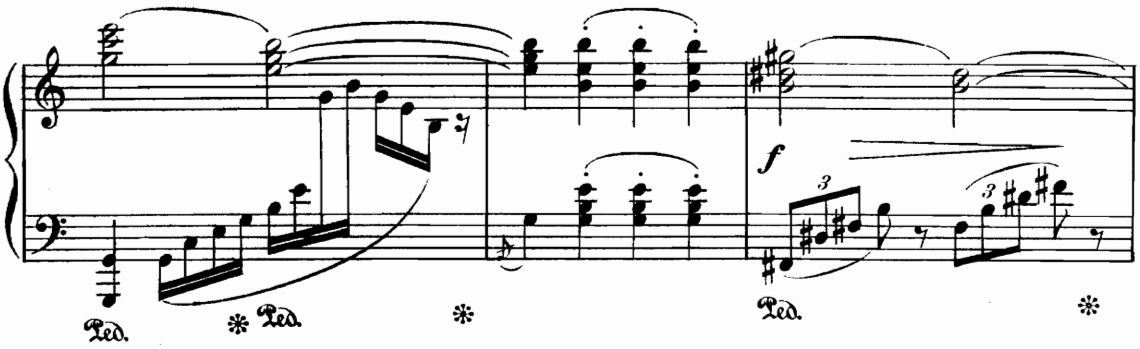
poco rit.



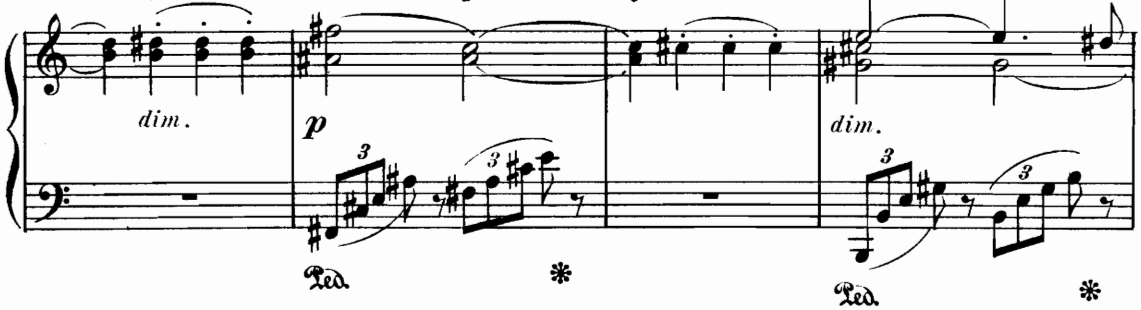
(Floria fait un geste vers le feu qui jaillit en haute flamme) (Deuxième flamme sur l'autel)

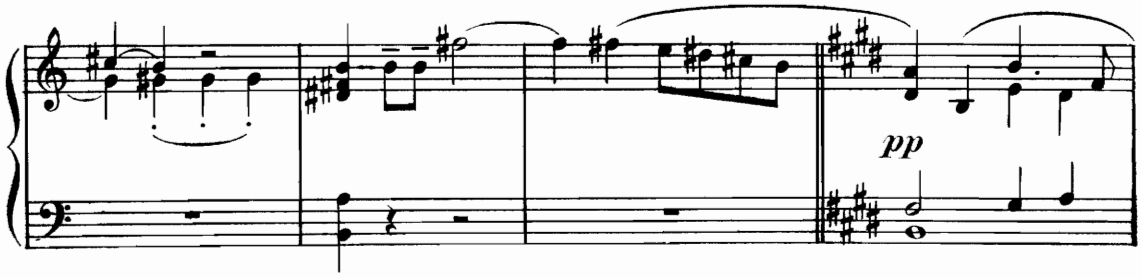


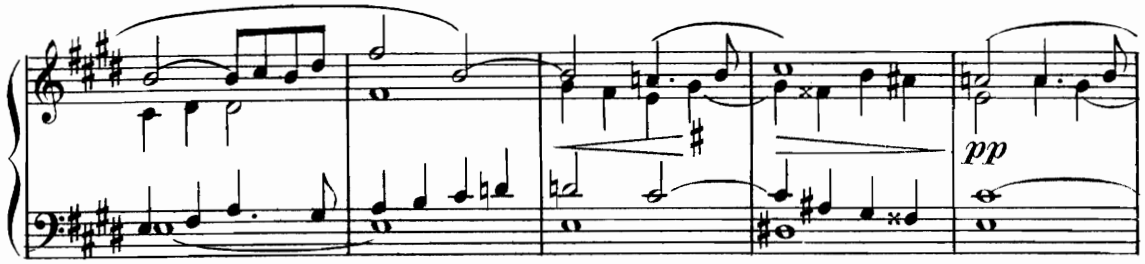


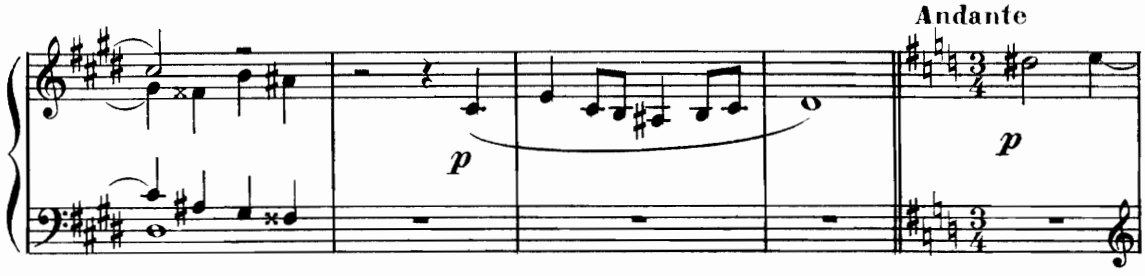


MARCOMIR
"Qui donc es-tu? femme impassible aux yeux de flamme?"



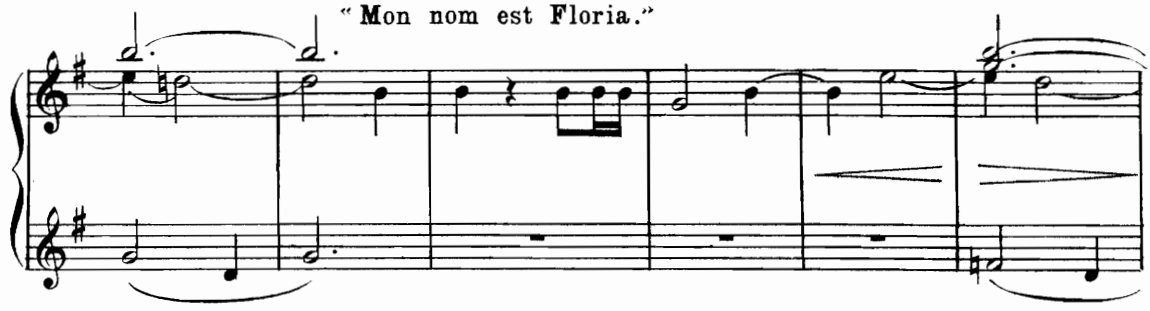




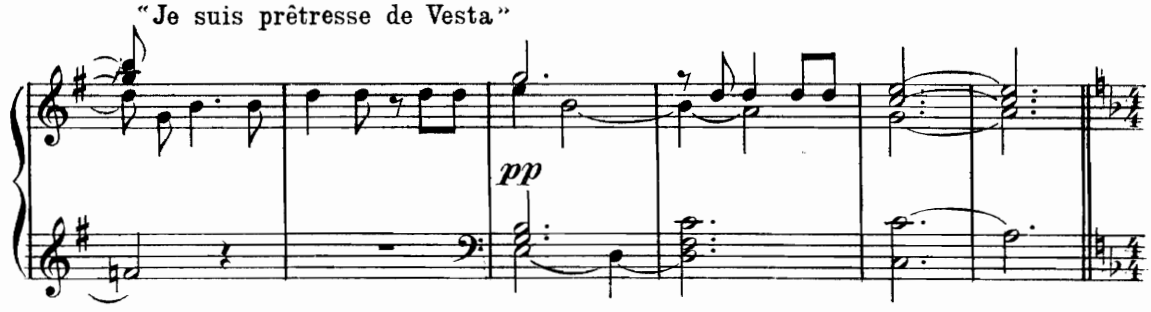


FLORIA

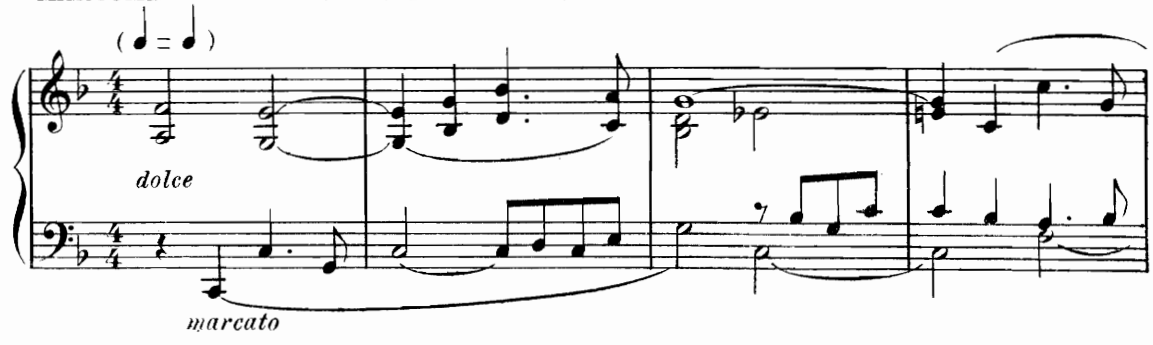
"Mon nom est Floria."

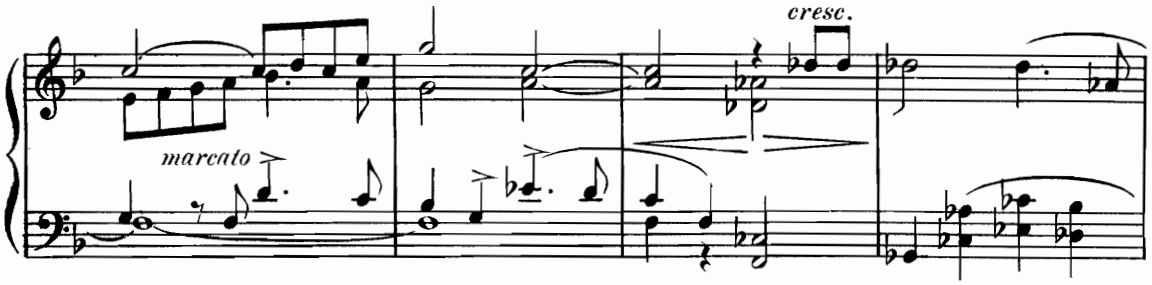


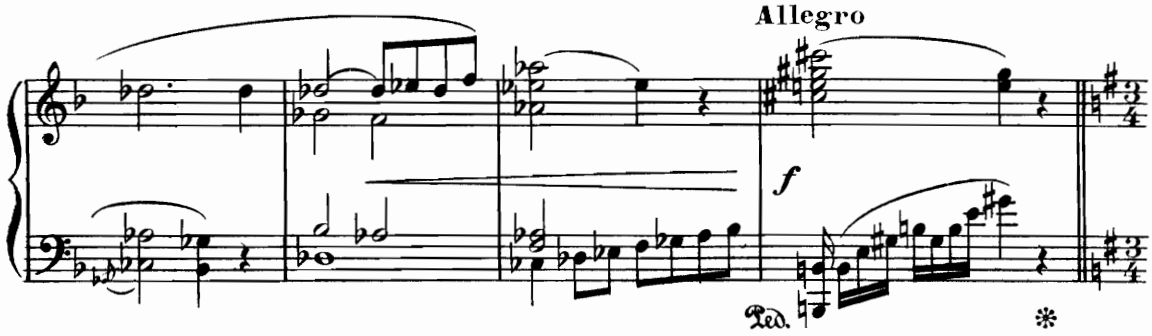
"Je suis prêtresse de Vesta"



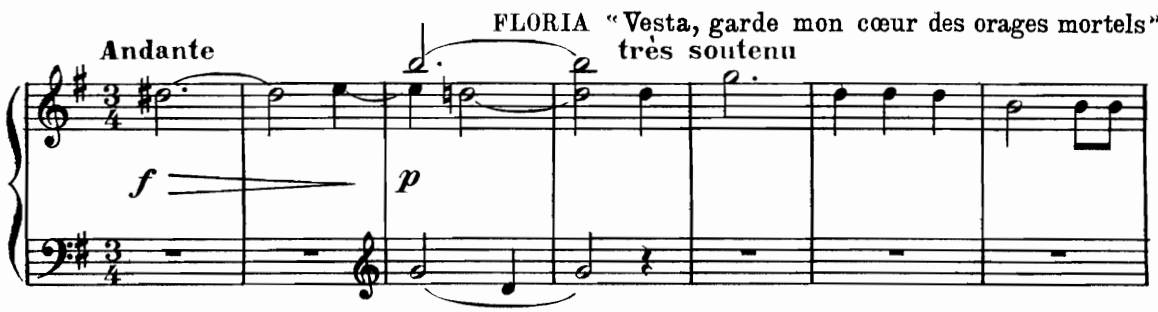
MARCOMIR "Ta voix est comme une caresse"

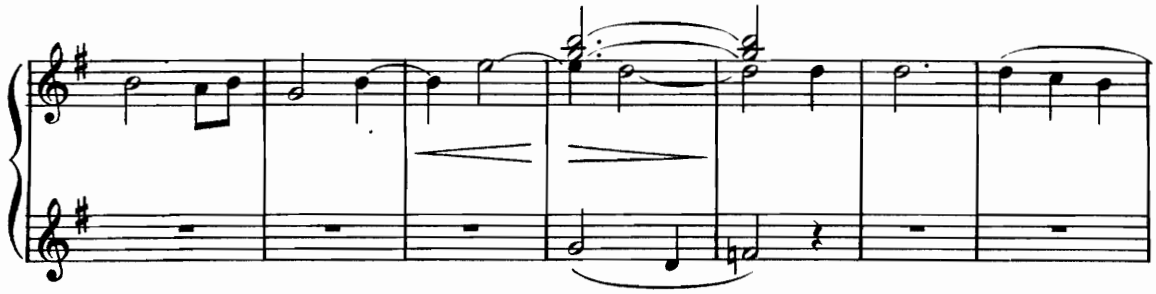


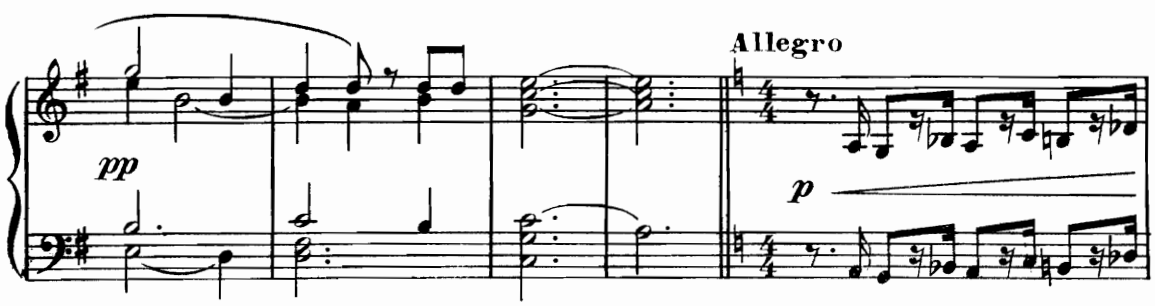




FLORIA "Vesta, garde mon cœur des orages mortels"

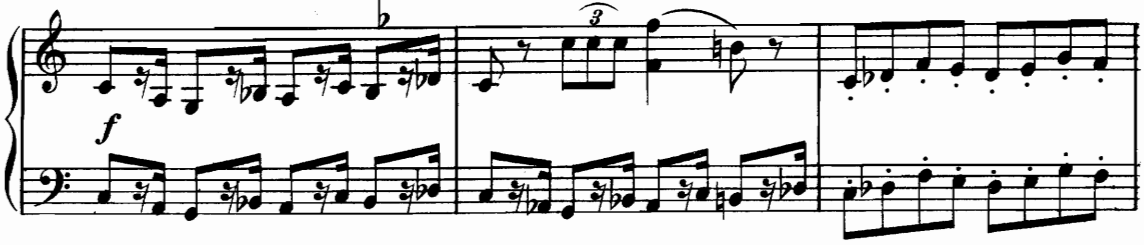




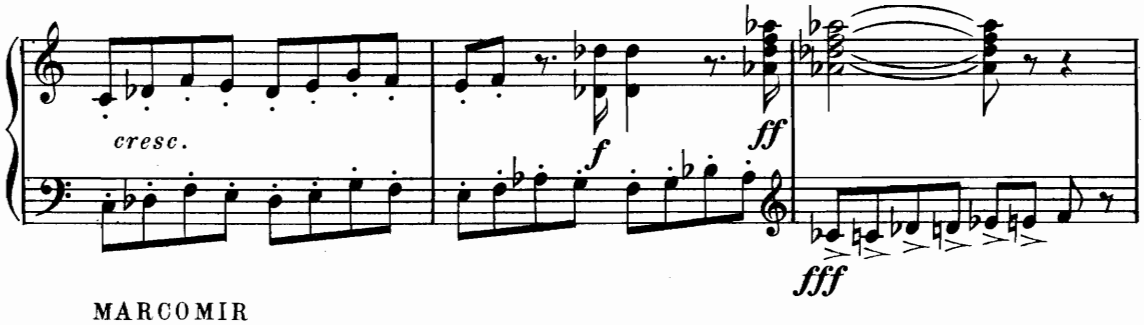


LES BARBARES

"A mort, l'impie!"

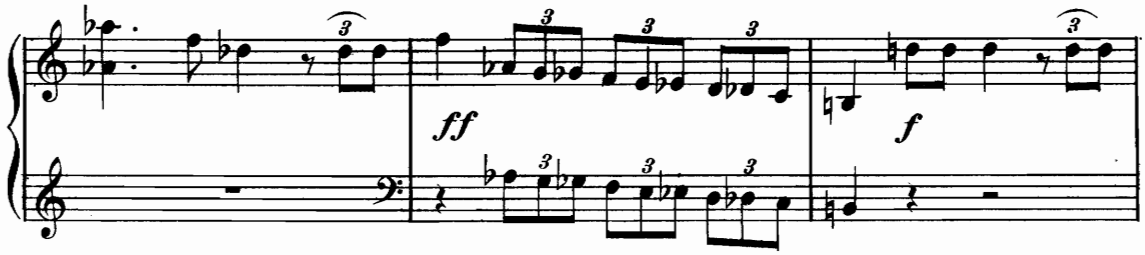


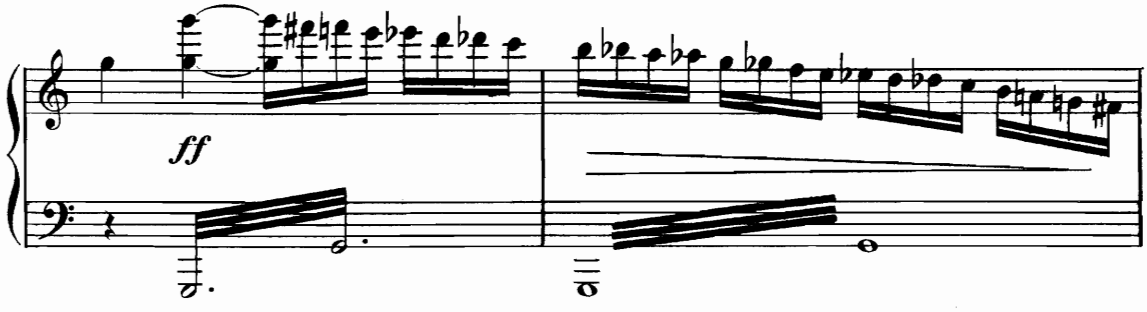
"A mort! à mort!"

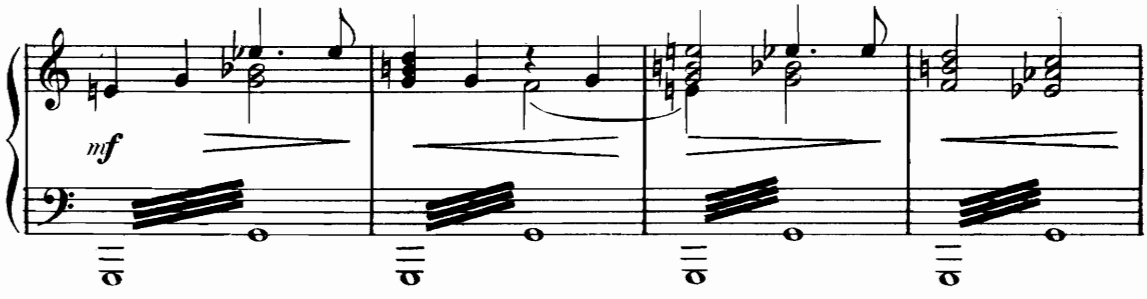


MARCOMIR

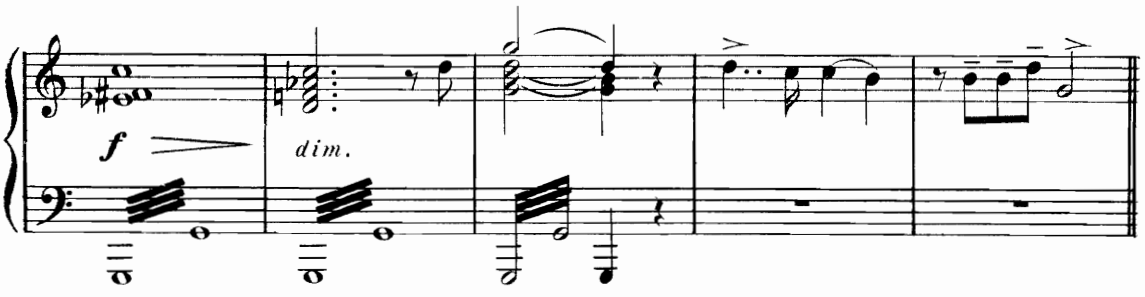
"Hors d'ici, tous les miens!"



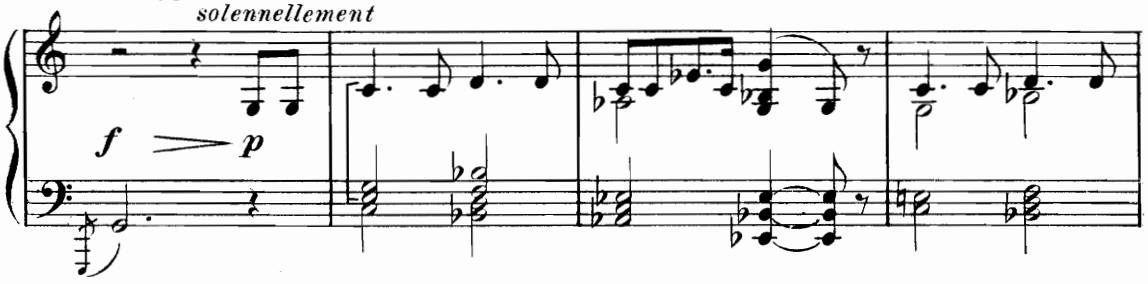


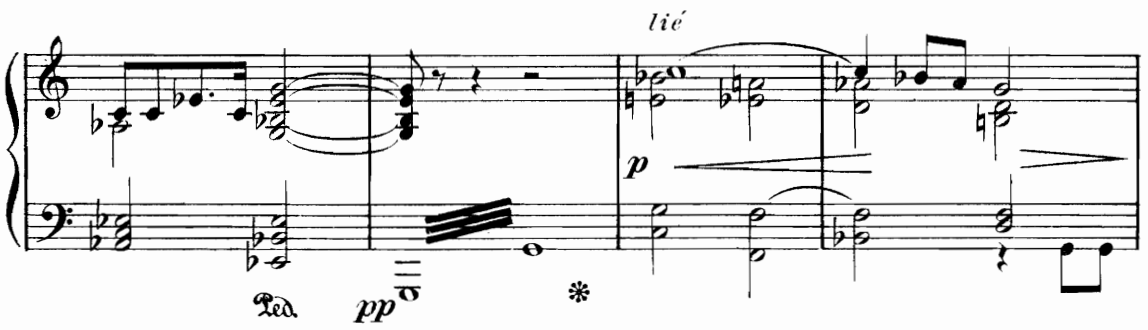


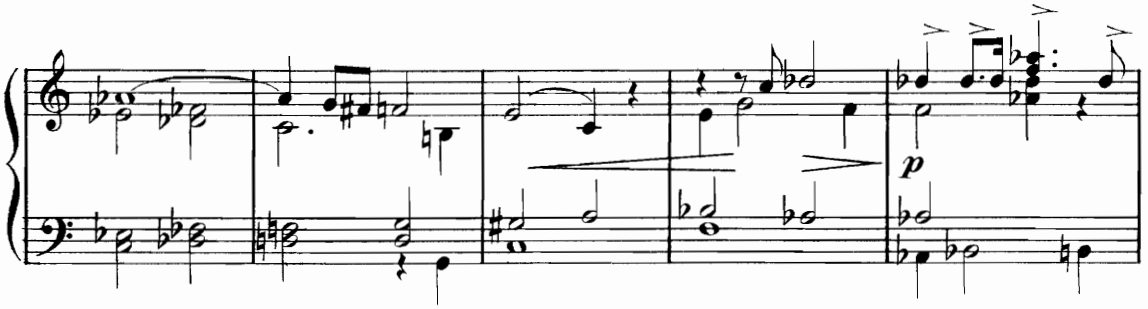
MARCOMIR "Arrière, chiens avides et fils de chiens!"



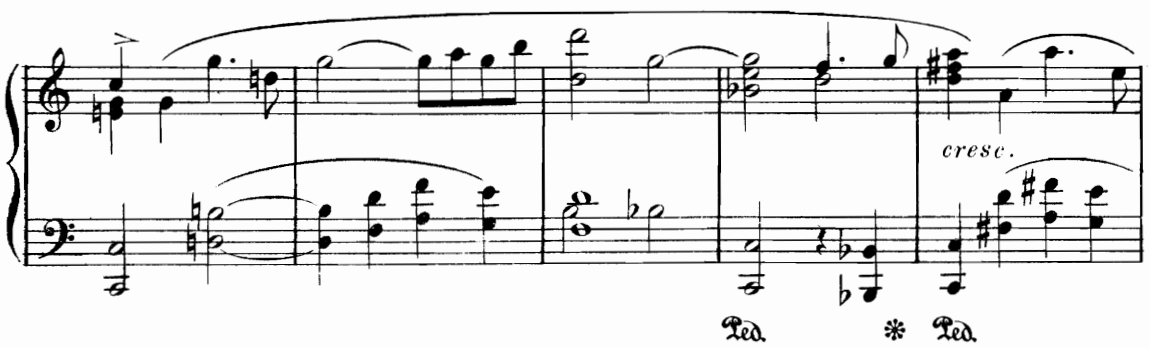
Moderato "Dans ce lieu vénéré que je proclame asile."



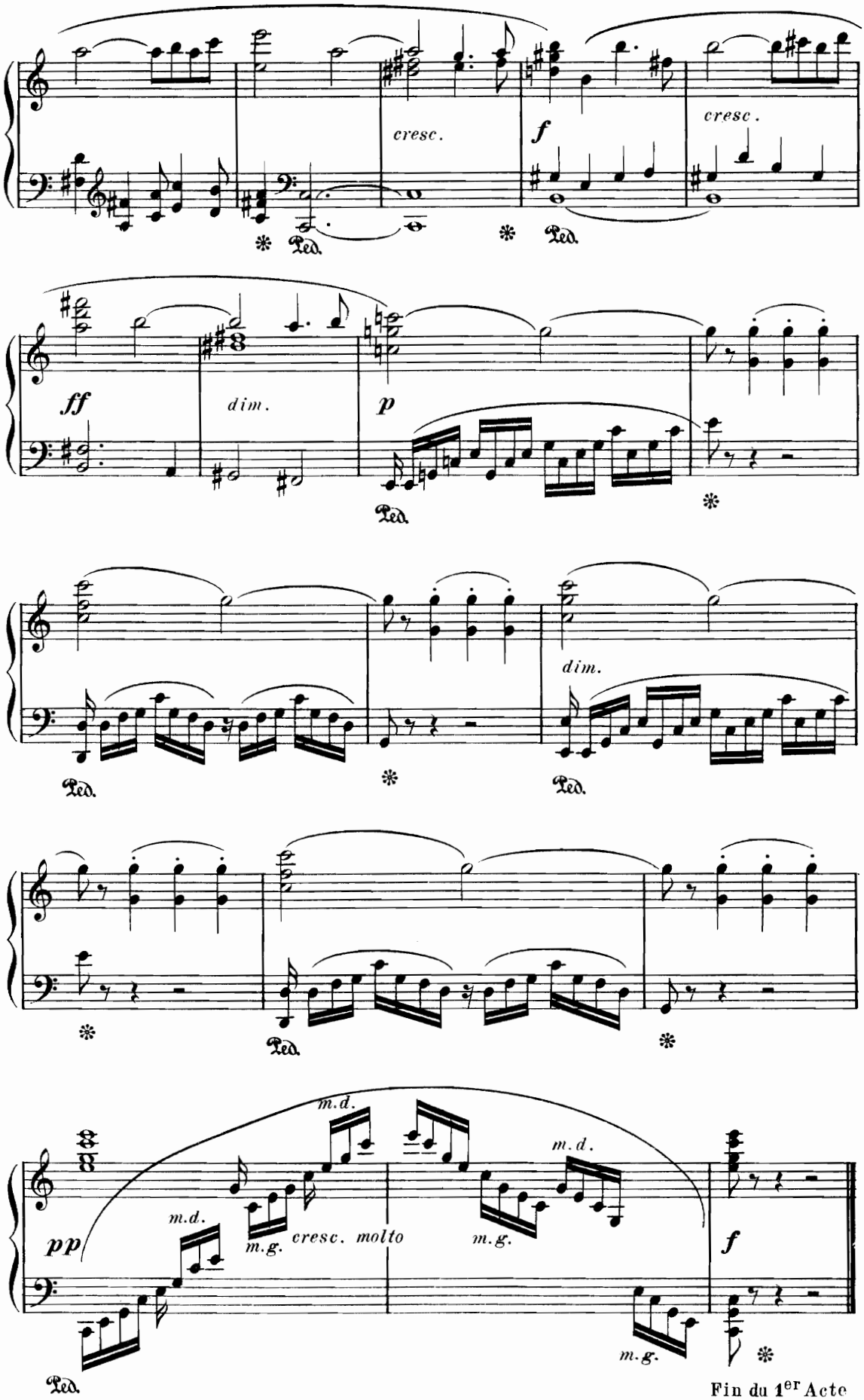




(Sur un geste de Marcomir, Hildibrath et les Teutons se retirent, Marcomir



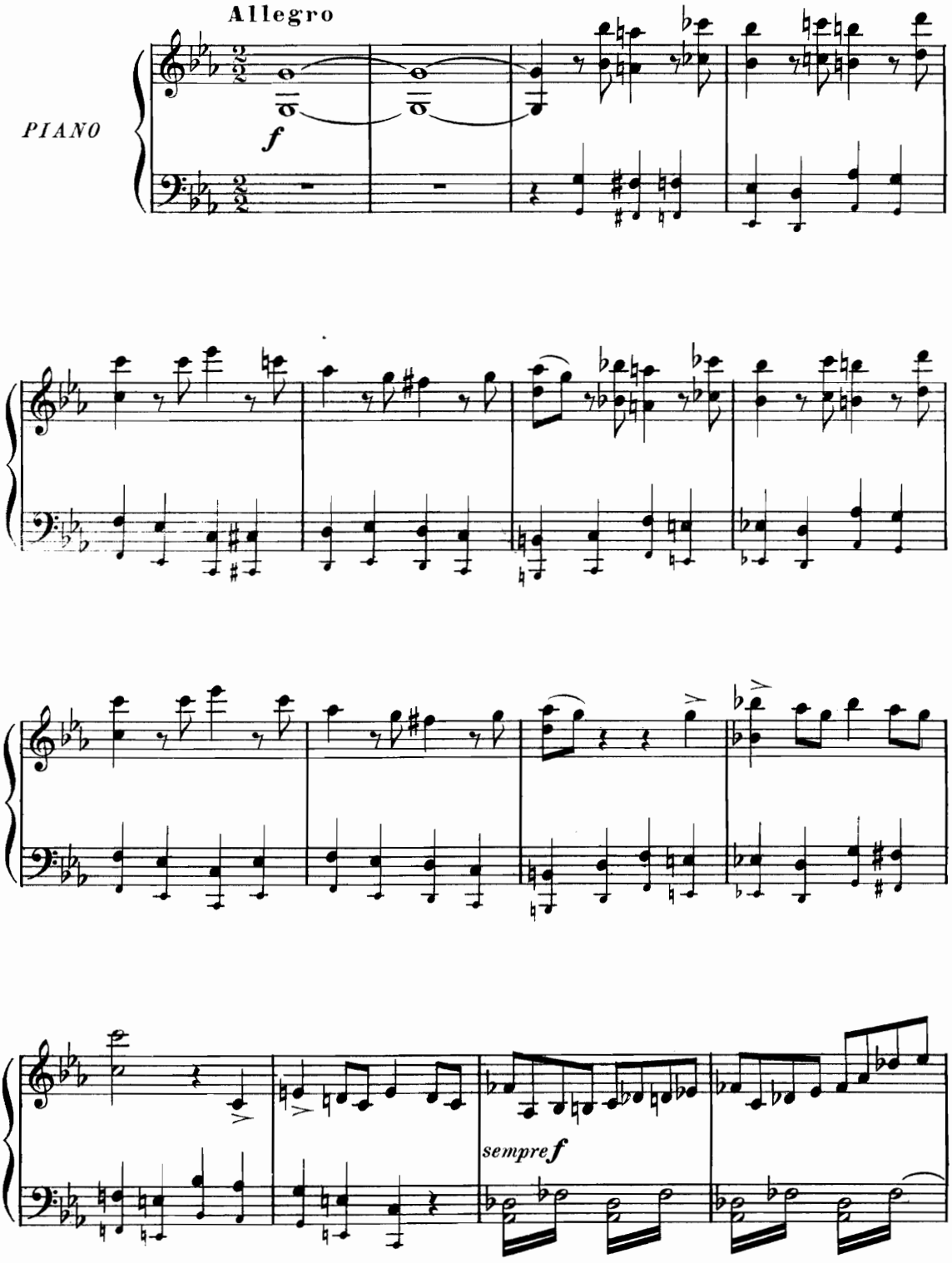
reste, fasciné par la beauté de Floria qui s'oublie à le regarder aussi.)

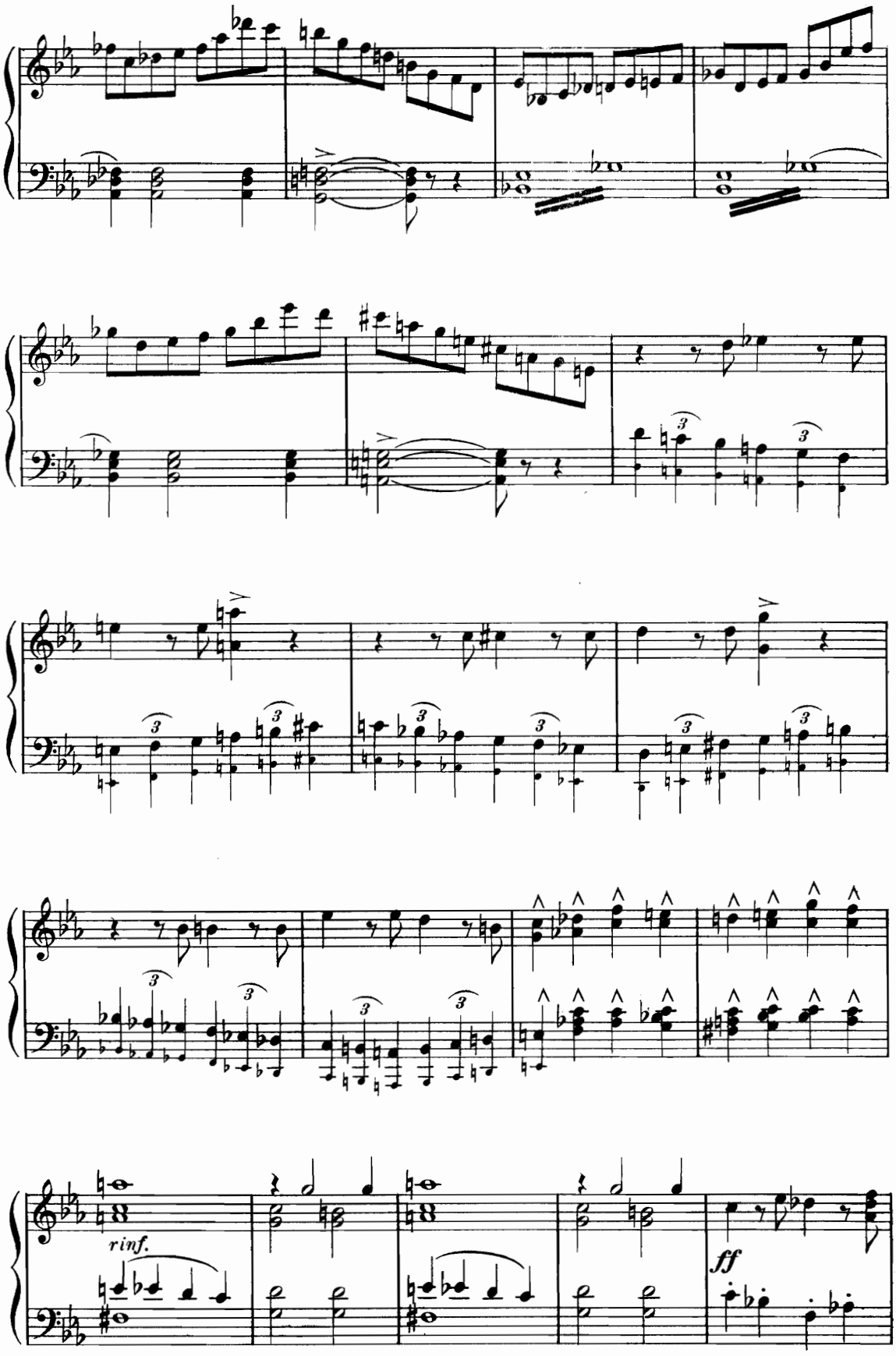


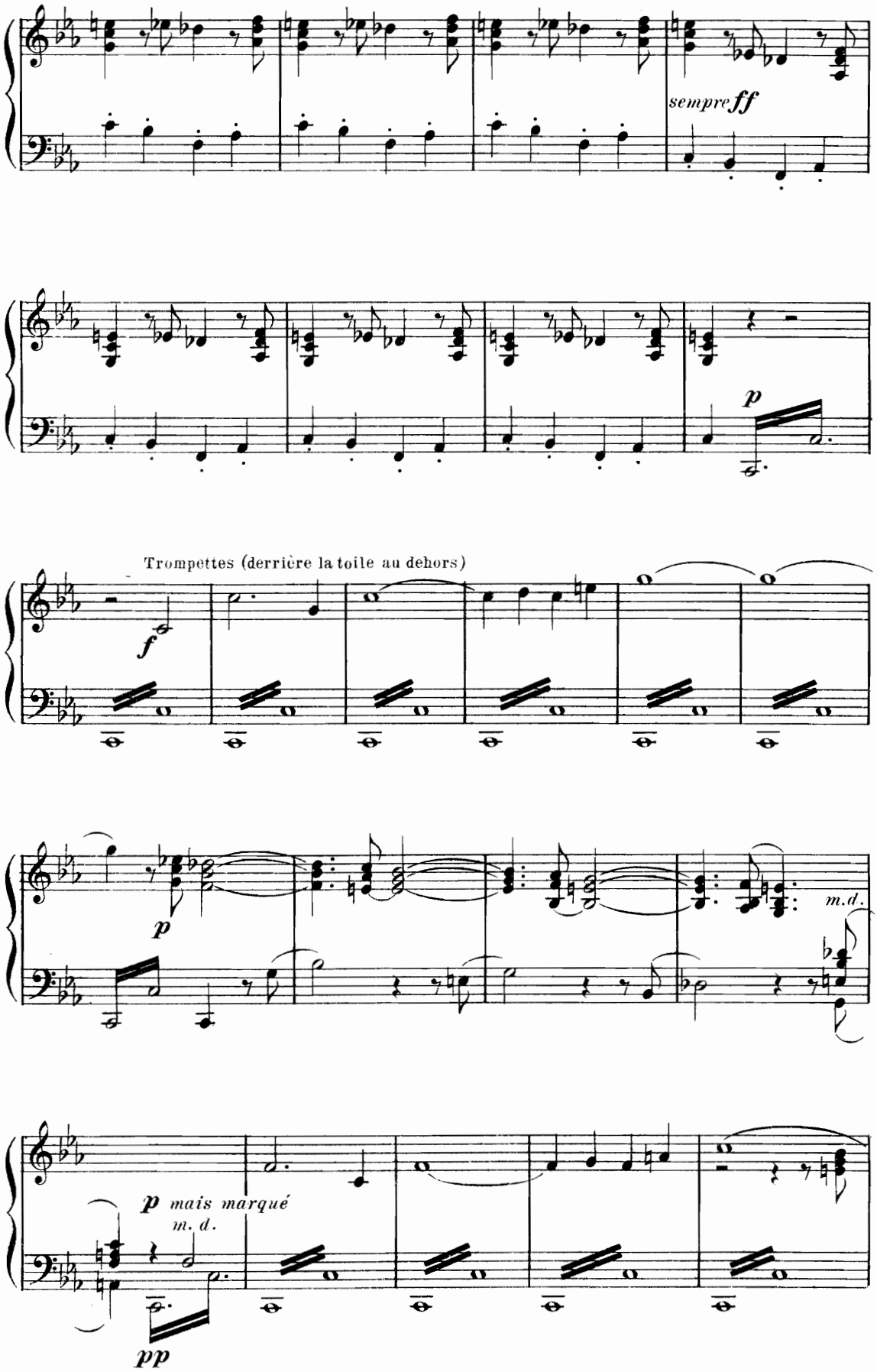
Fin du 1er Acte

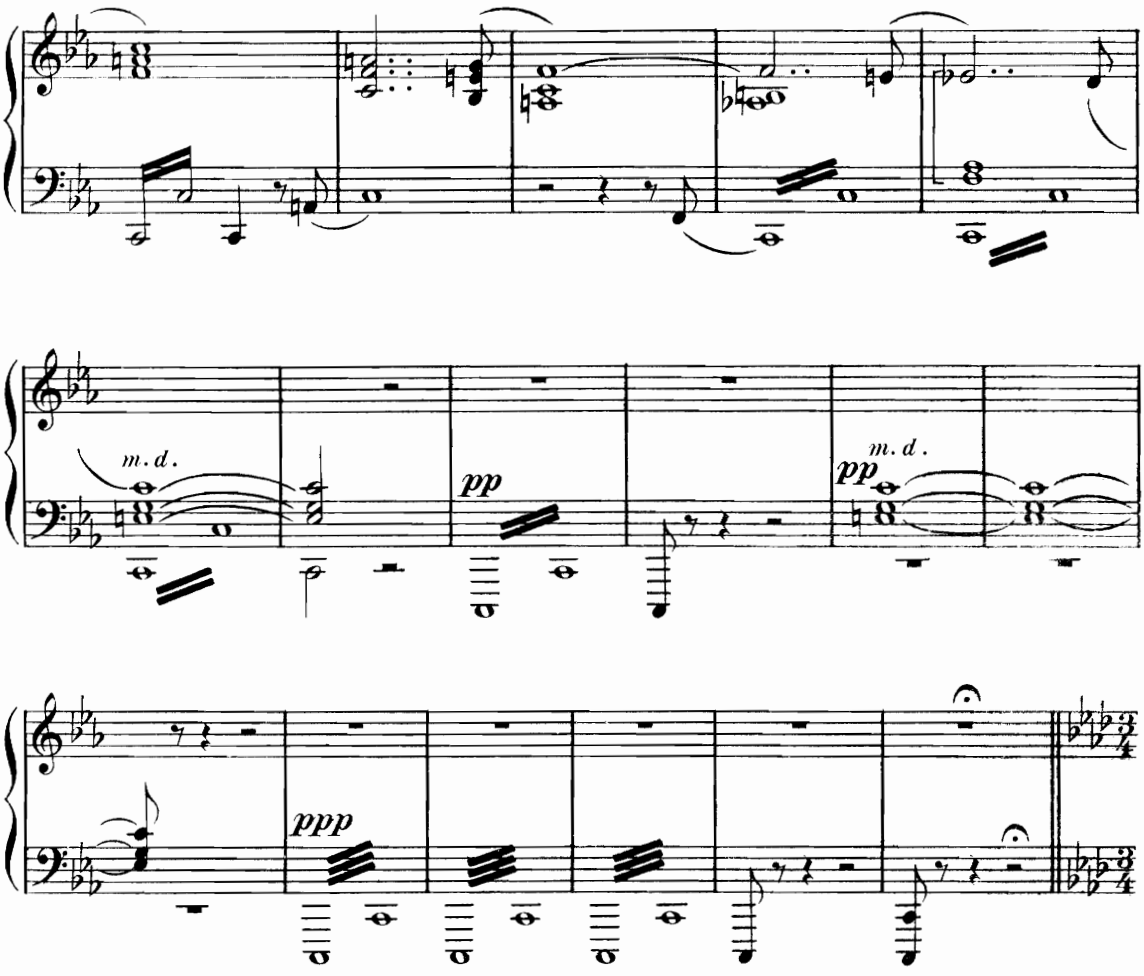
ACTE II

Prélude



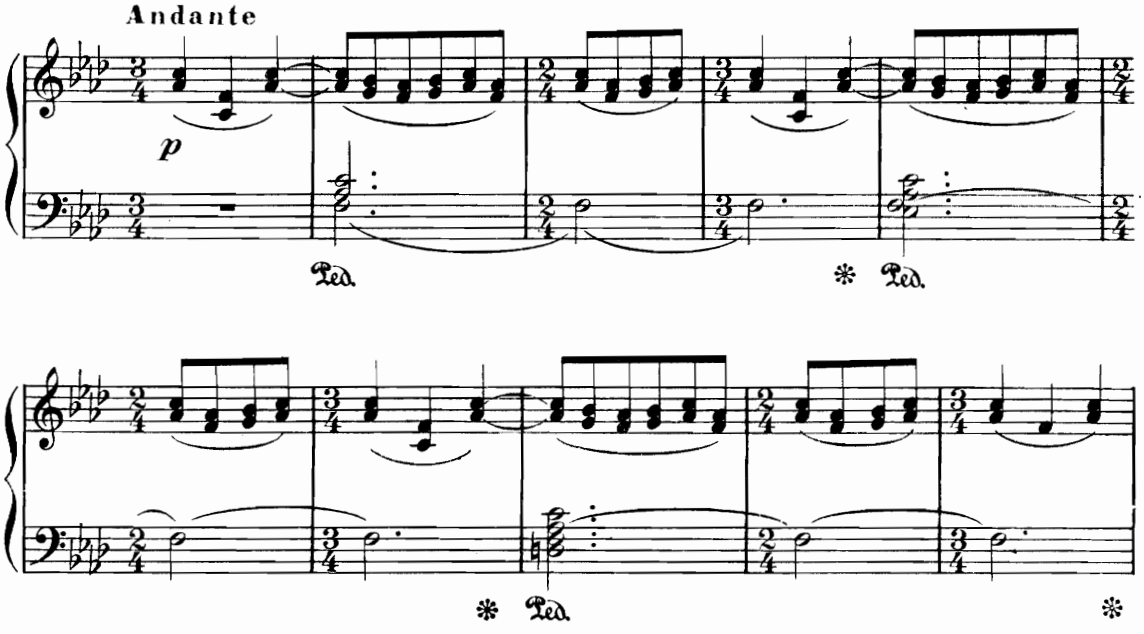

rinf.
ff

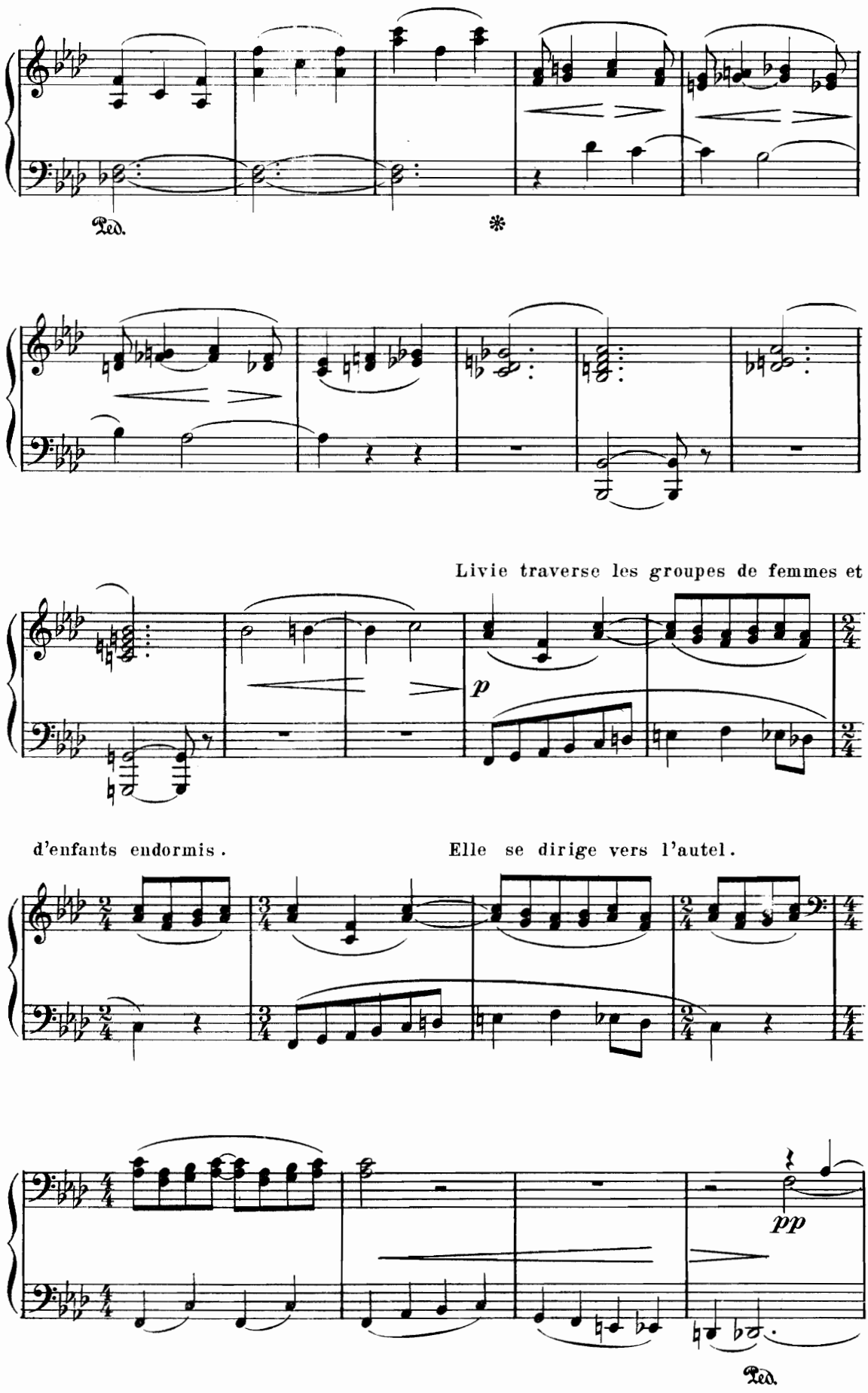

sempre ff
p
Trompettes (derrière la toile au dehors)
f
p
m.d.
p mais marqué
m. d.
pp



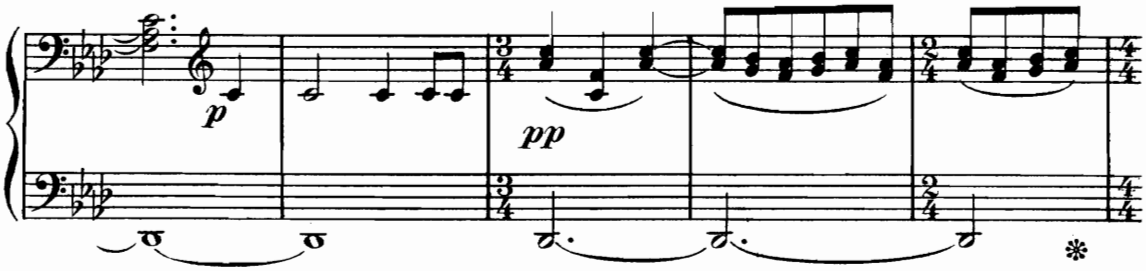
Le décor représente le même Théâtre Romain d'Orange, vu de côté. Au fond, les gradins déserts et une partie du vaste hémicycle de pierre. – Les dernières lueurs d'un crépuscule de sang et d'écarlate éclairent la scène. – Pans d'ombre.

Scène I. – LIVIE, puis FLORIA, Femmes et enfants endormis.

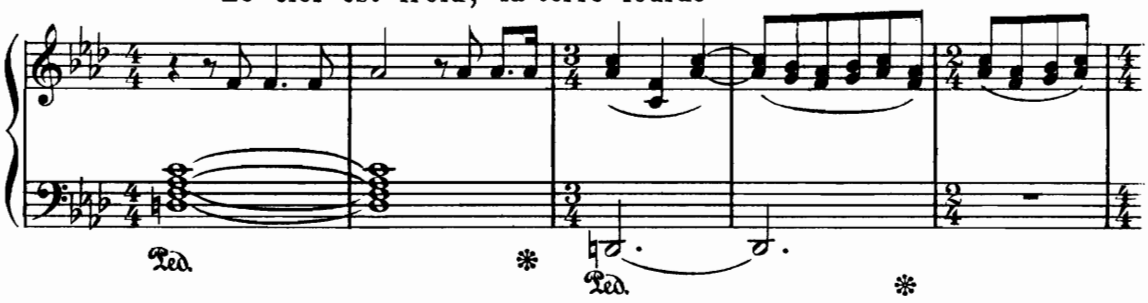


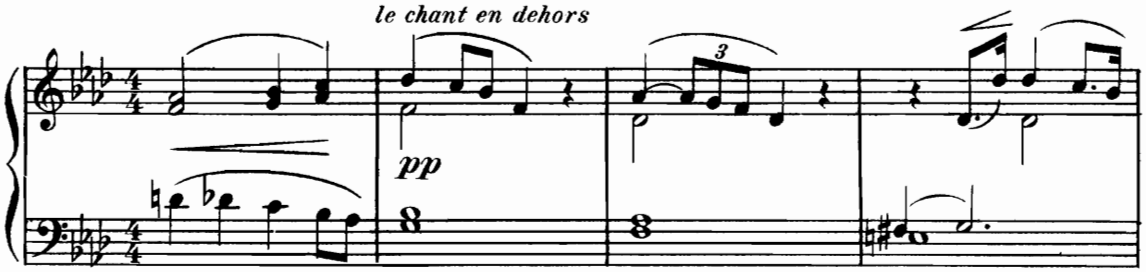

Ped.
*
Livie traverse les groupes de femmes et
p
d'enfants endormis.
Elle se dirige vers l'autel.
pp
Ped.

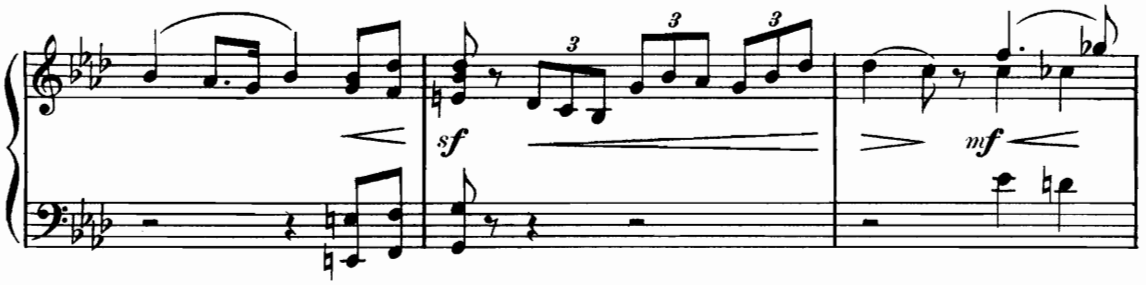
LIVIE "Tout dort dans la nuit lourde;"

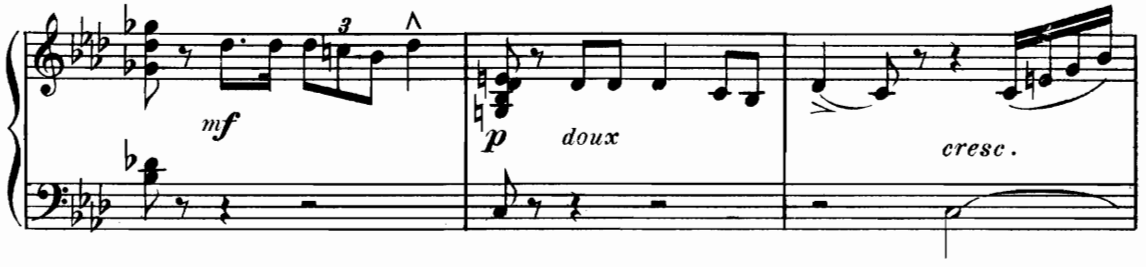


"Le ciel est froid, la terre lourde"

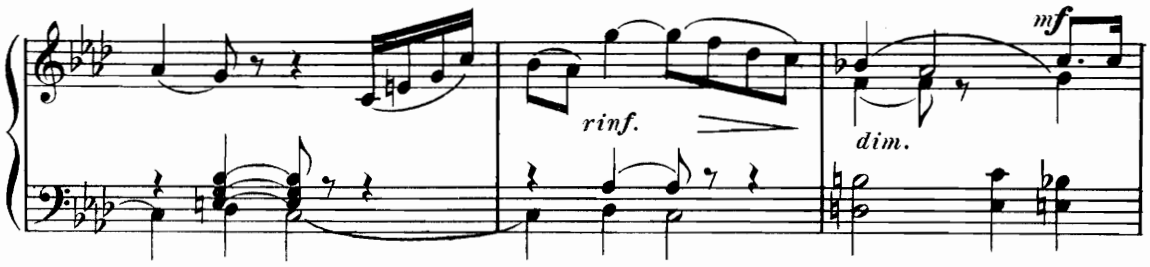




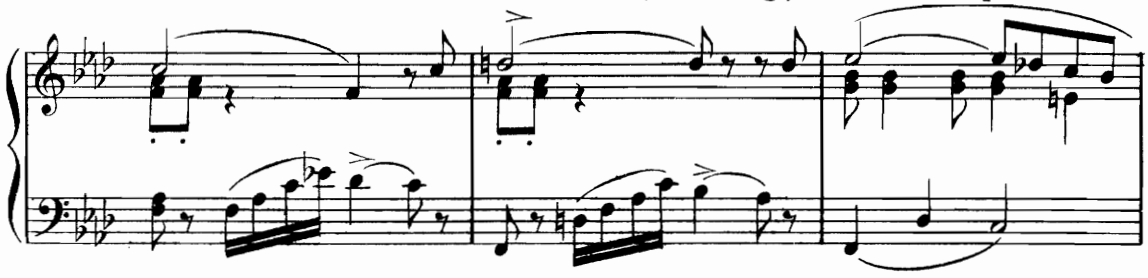


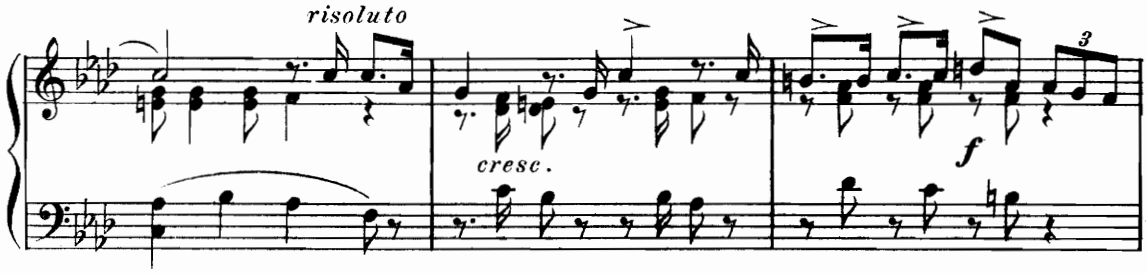


LIVIE « Euryale,

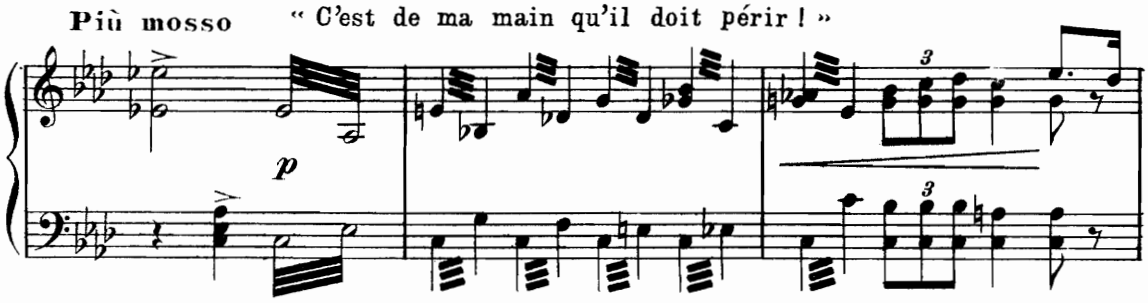


reviens nous secourir ! Dis-moi le nom, le rang, de ton vainqueur ! »



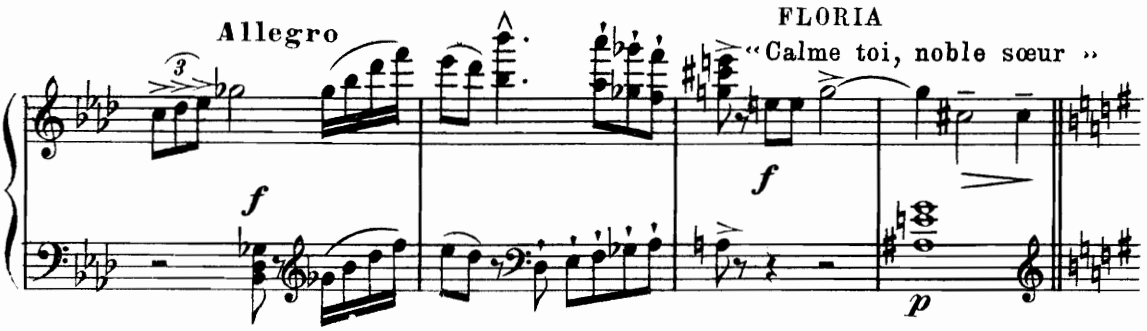


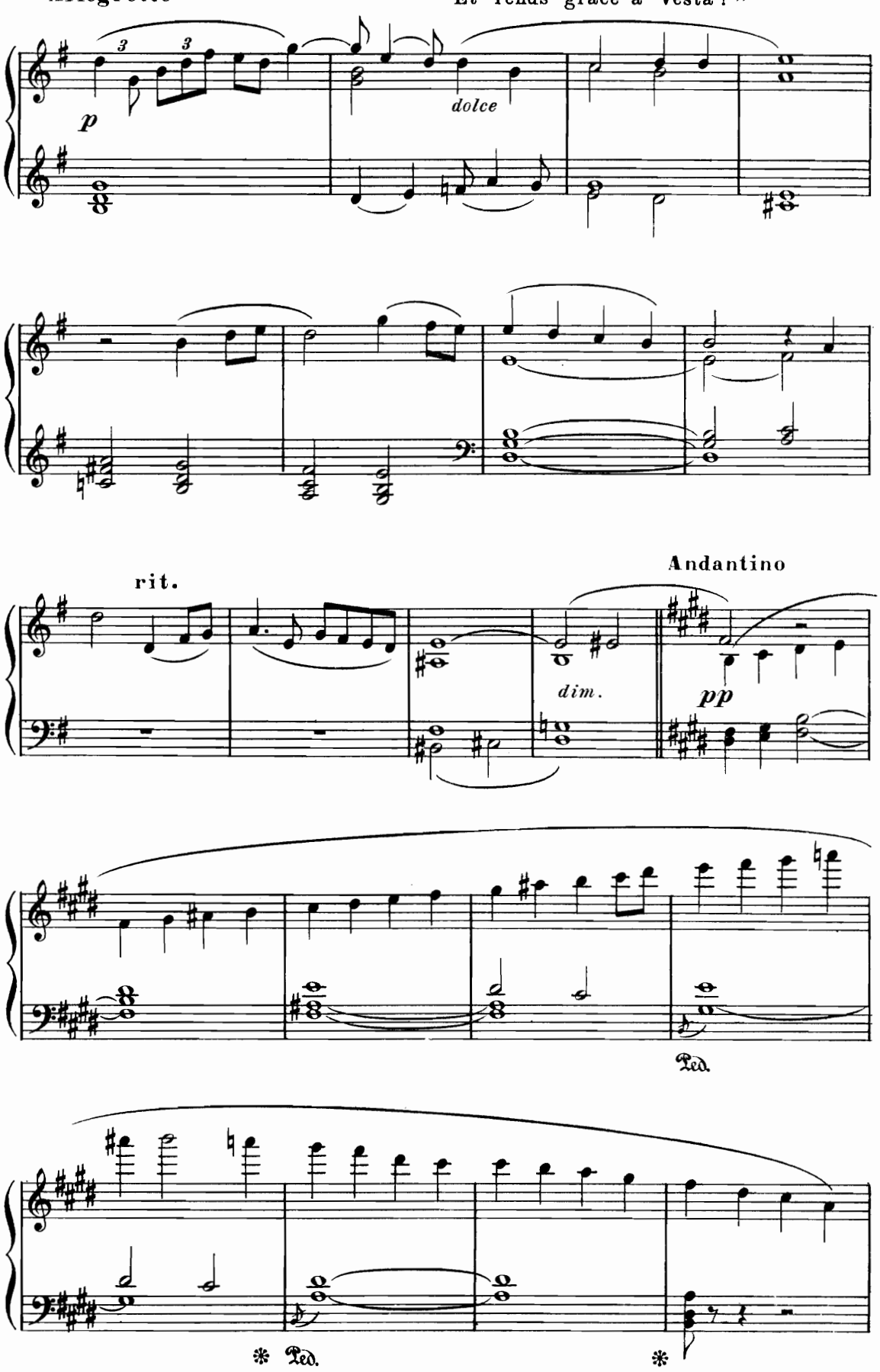
Più mosso « C'est de ma main qu'il doit périr ! »



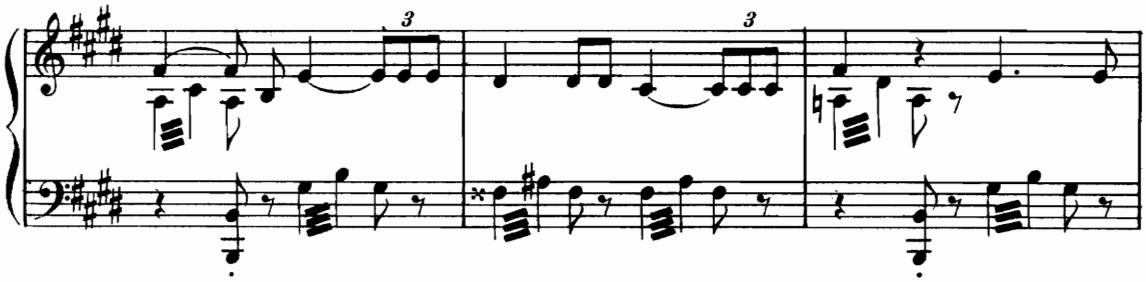
(Floria s'est éveillée aux cris de Livie et la contemple depuis quelques instants)

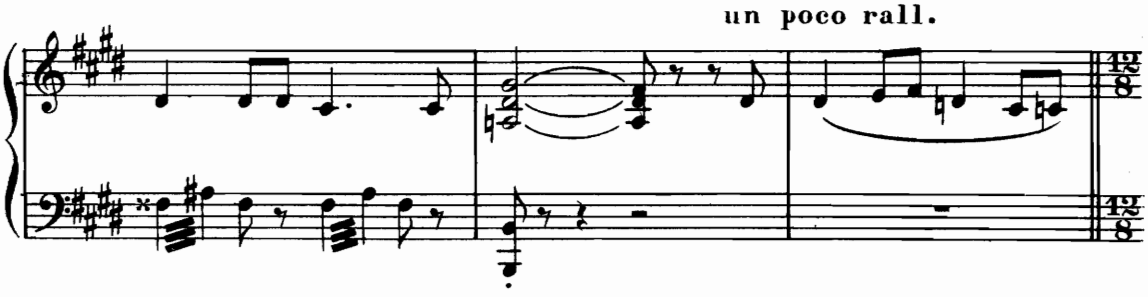
Allegro FLORIA « Calme toi, noble sœur »




Allegretto
« Et rends grâce à Vesta ! »
p
dolce
rit.
Andantino
dim.
pp
Ped.
* Ped.
*

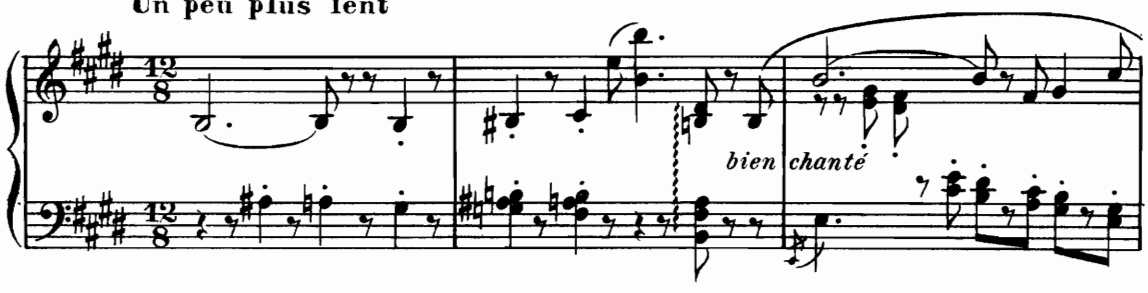
LIVIE " Par elle, Marcomir, désarmé devant toi; "



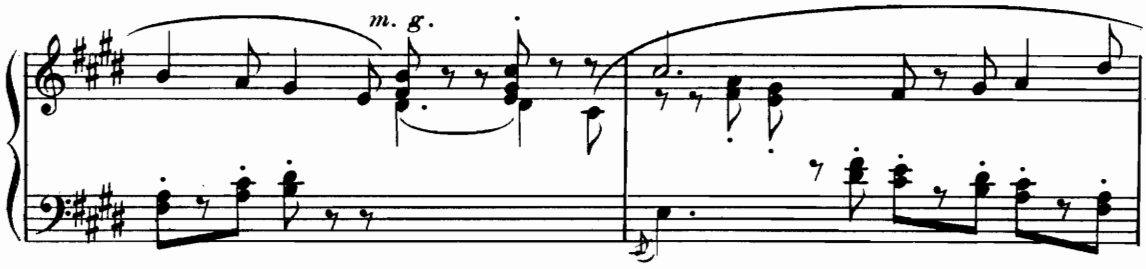


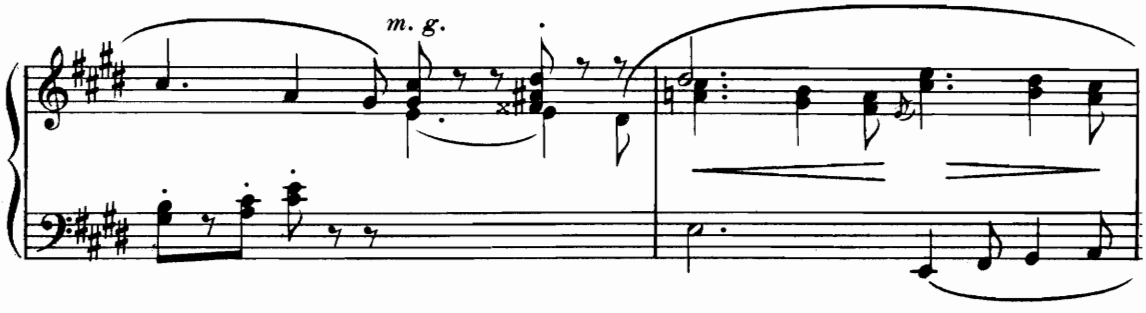
Un peu plus lent

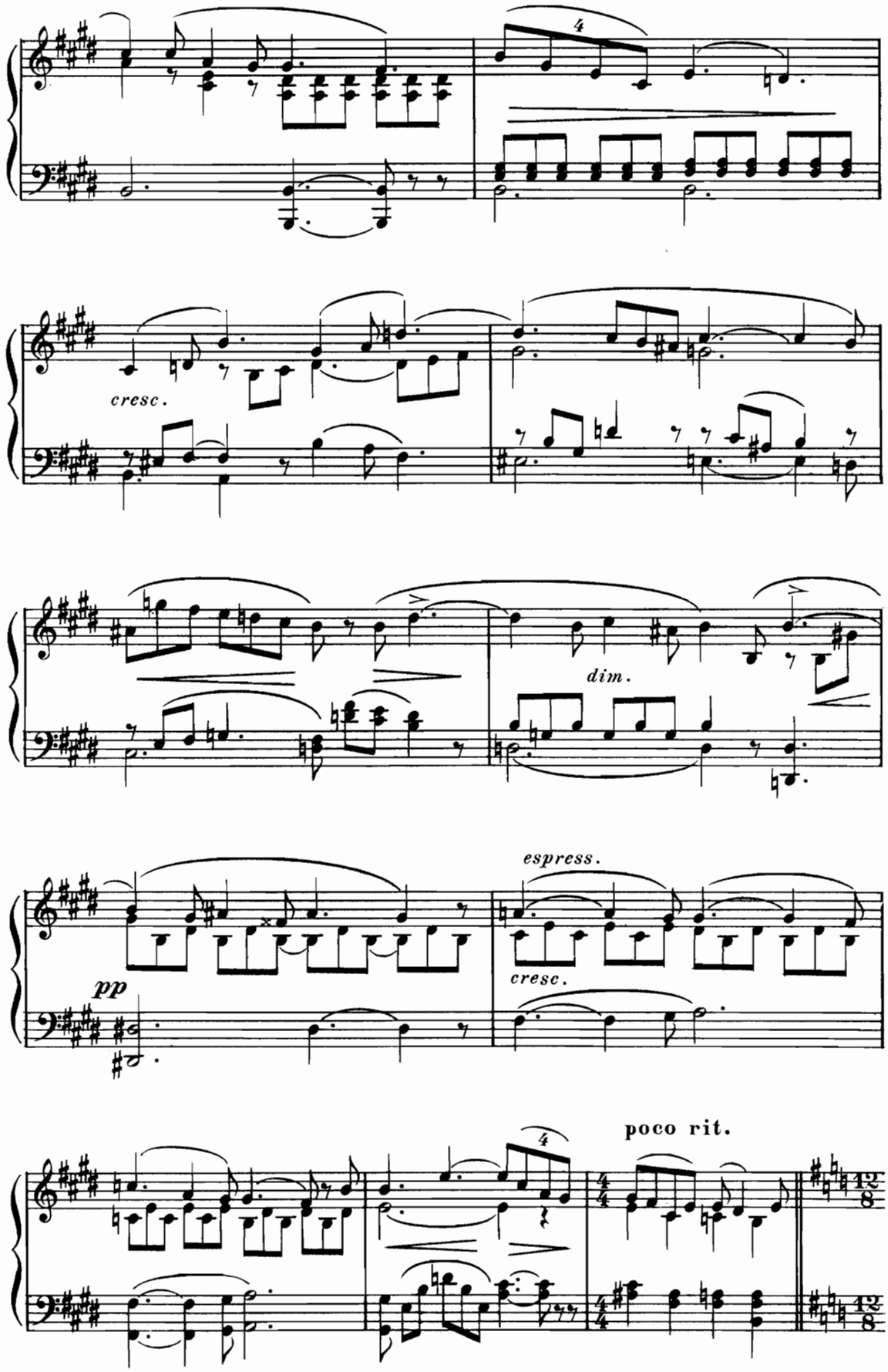
LIVIE " Vénus qui peut briser comme



un roseau la force, la volonté, la vertu, la fierté; "

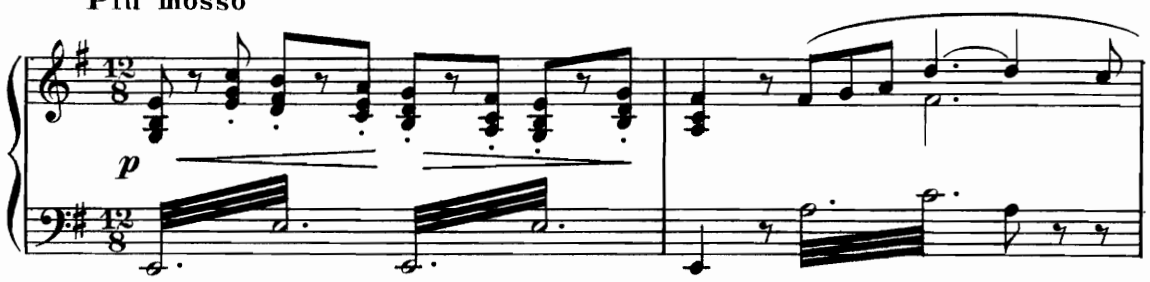


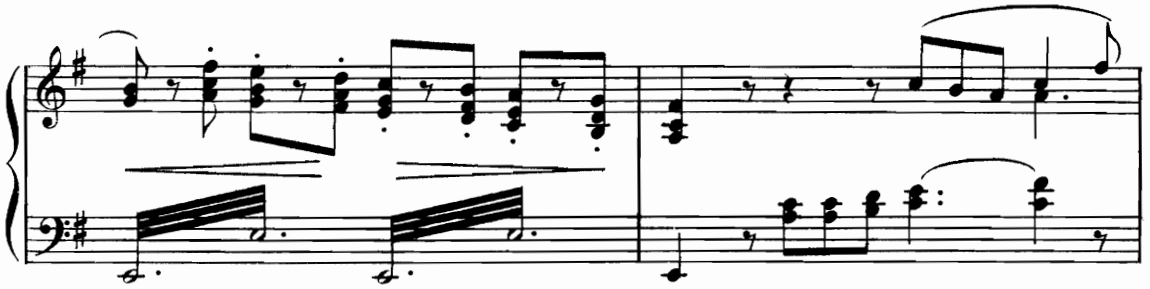


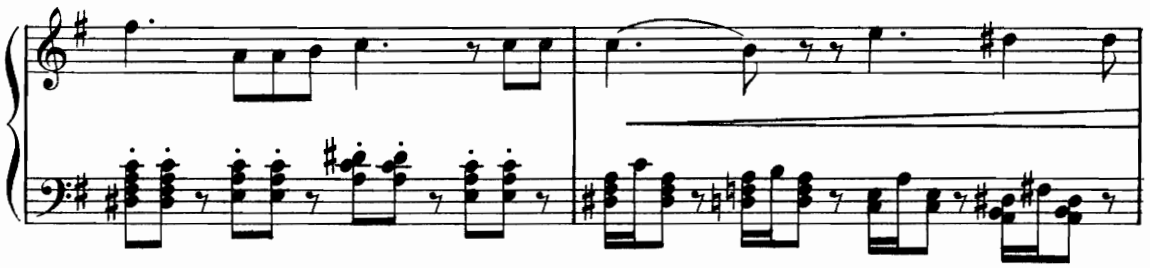

4
cresc.
dim.
espress.
cresc.
pp
4
poco rit.

Più mosso

FLORIA " Vénus est redoutée ici "

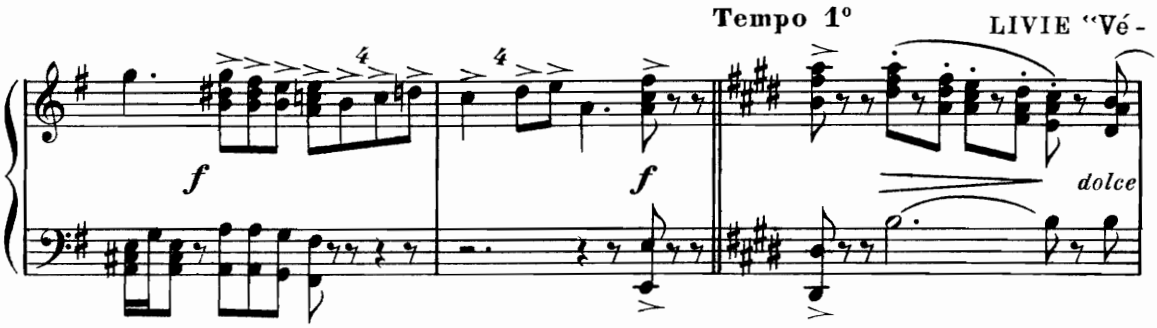




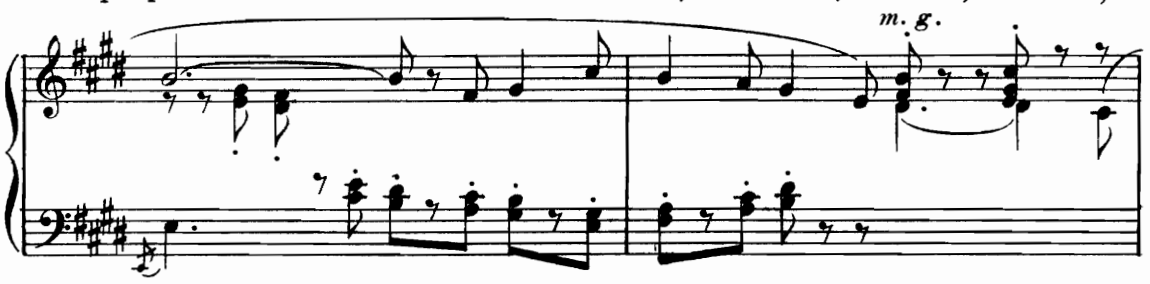


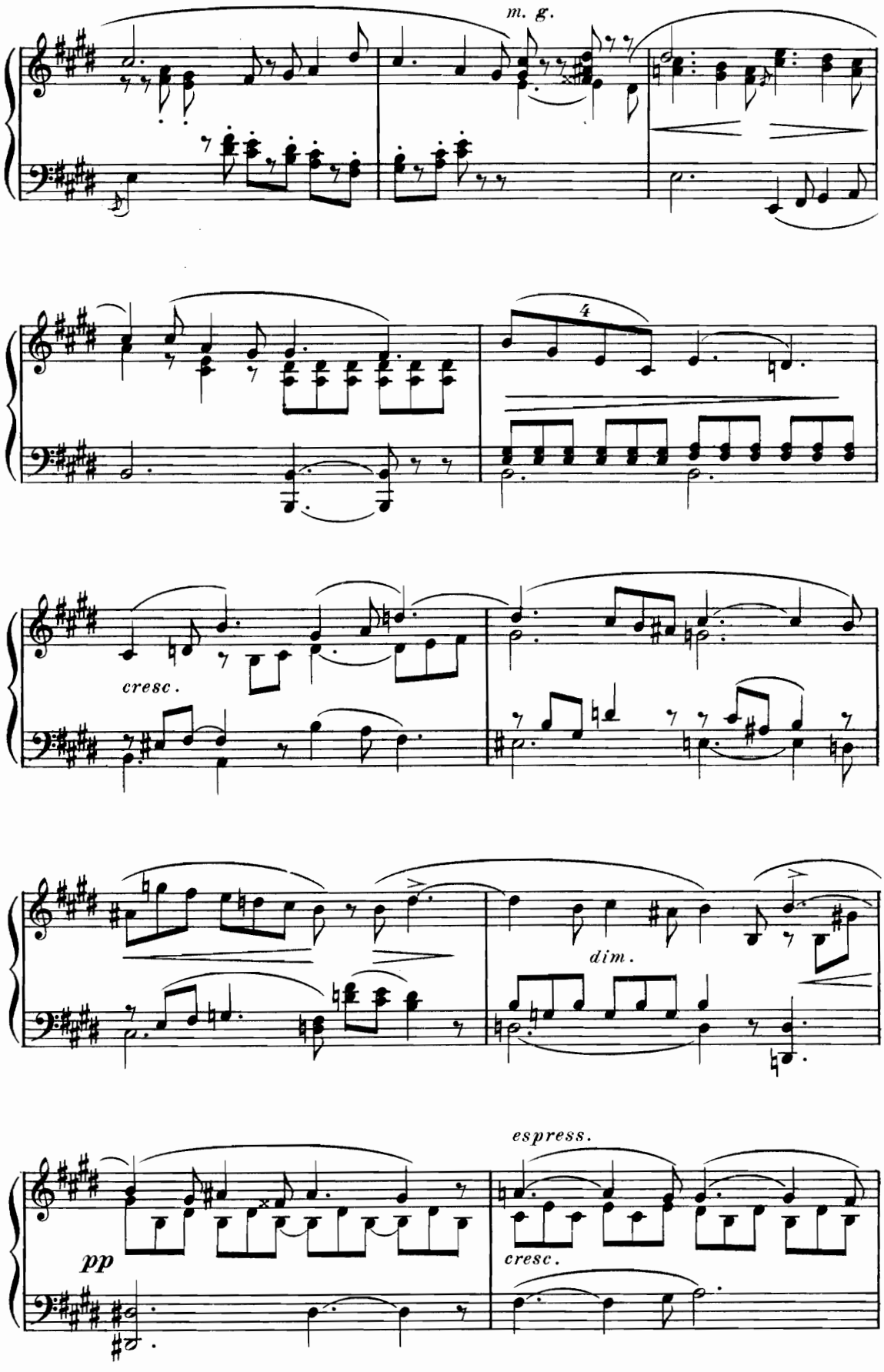
Tempo 1°

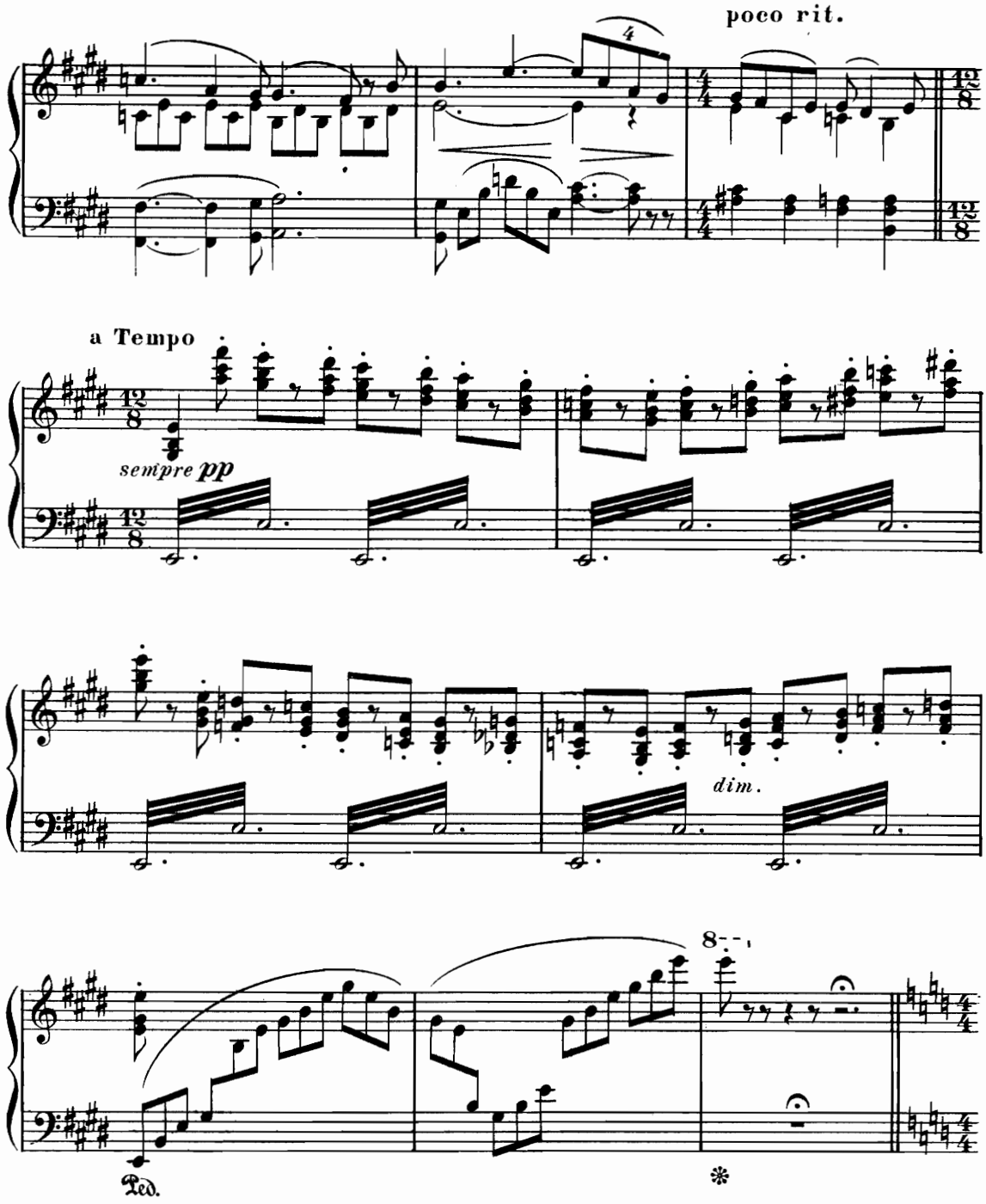
LIVIE "Vé-



-nus qui peut briser comme un roseau la force, la volonté, la vertu, la fierté; "

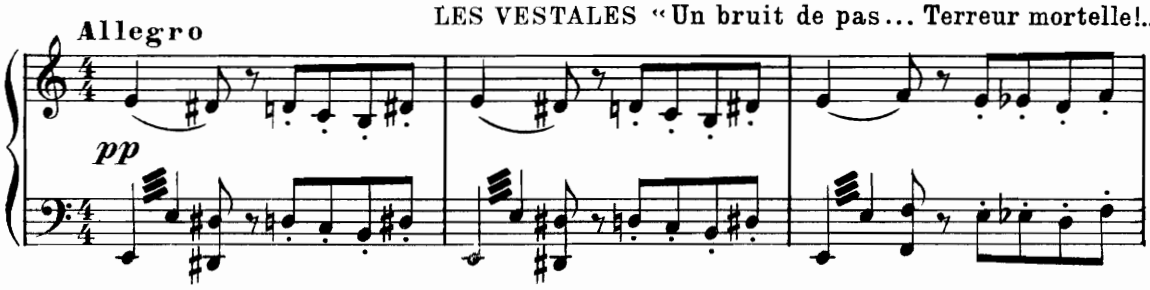



m. g.
4
cresc.
dim.
espress.
pp
cresc.



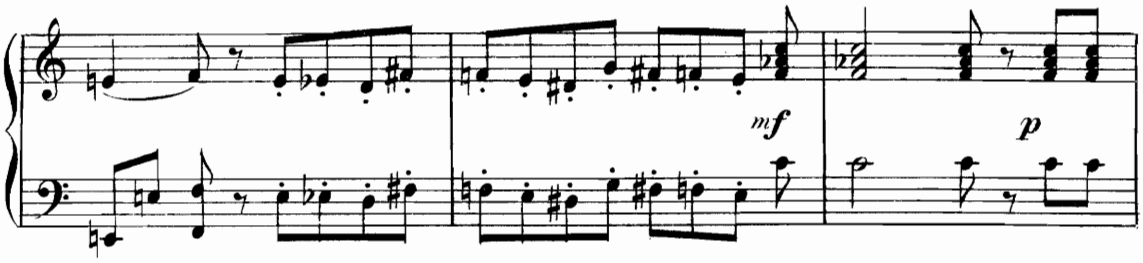
Scène II. — Les précédents, SCAURUS puis LE VEILLEUR.

LES VESTALES "Un bruit de pas... Terreur mortelle!.."

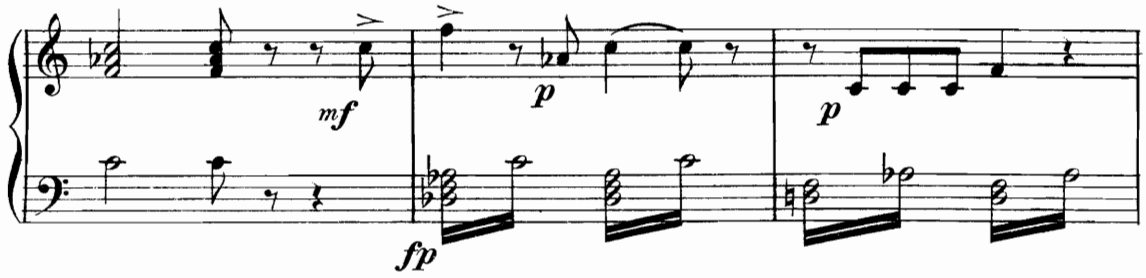


(Scaurus qui s'est glissé dans l'ombre apparaît tout à coup)

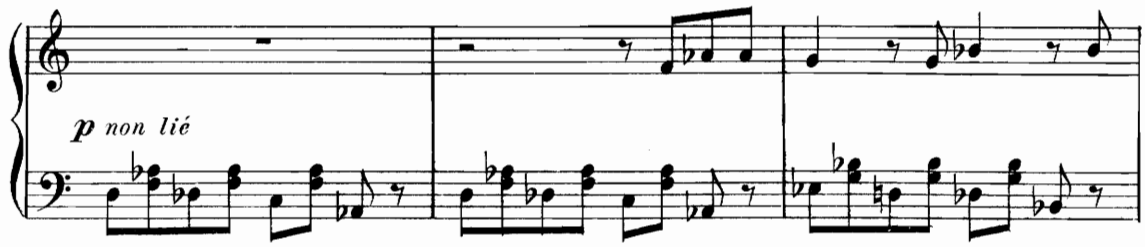
LES VESTALES "Cette ombre, quelle est-elle?"



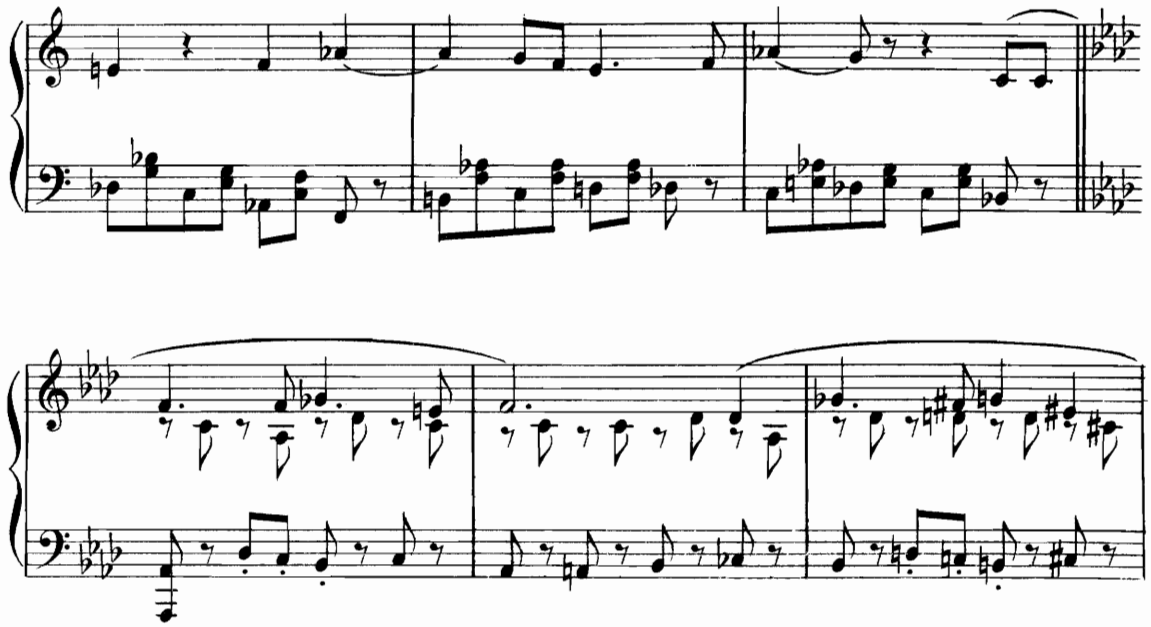
FLORIA "Scaurus!"

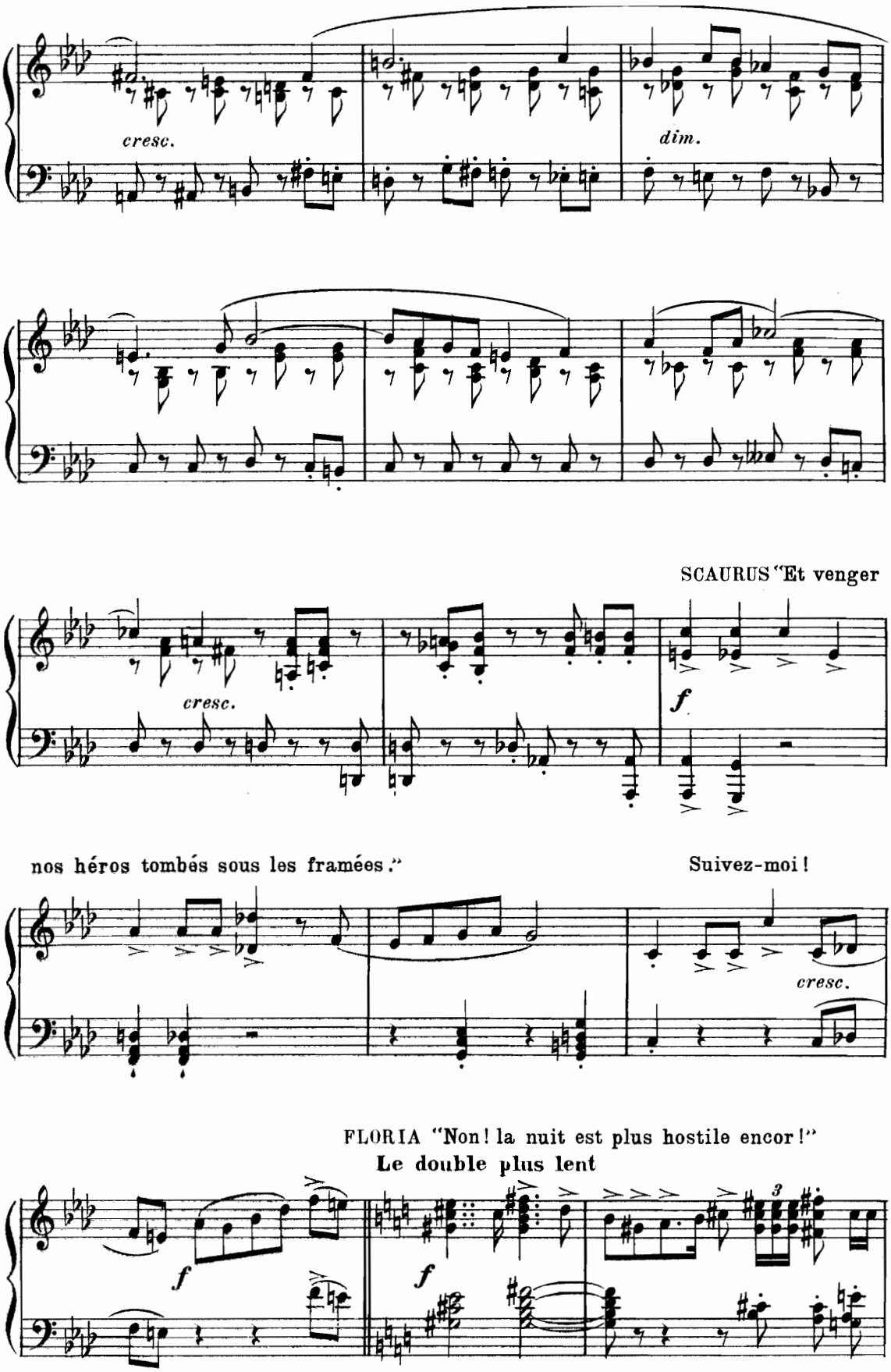


SCAURUS "J'ai cru mourir; meurtri, sanglant, jus-

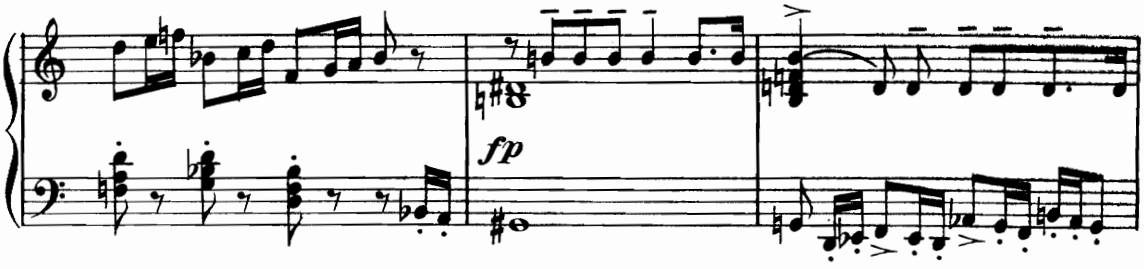


qu'ici j'ai rampé dans l'ombre."

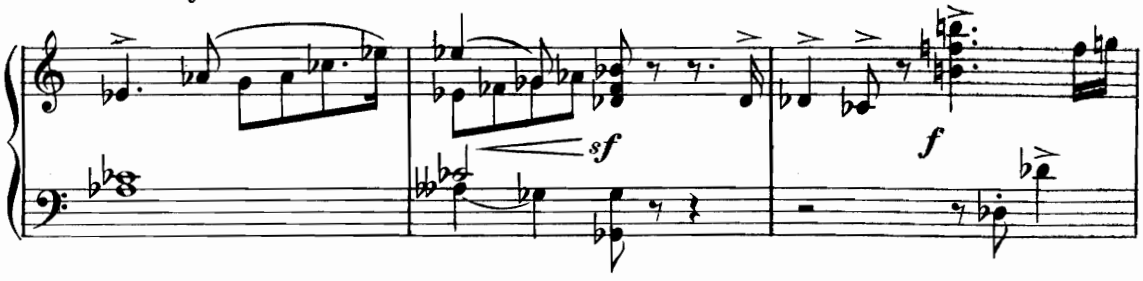



cresc.
dim.
SCAURUS "Et venger
cresc.
f
nos héros tombés sous les framées."
Suivez-moi !
cresc.
FLORIA "Non ! la nuit est plus hostile encor !"
Le double plus lent
f
f

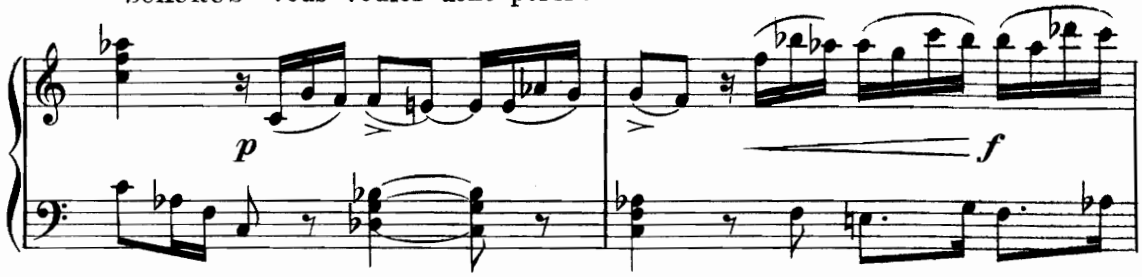
LIVIE "Epouse fidèle et loyale, ma vie était liée à



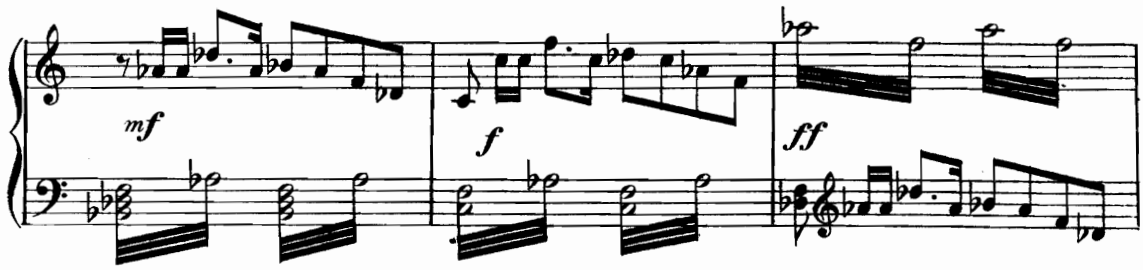
celle d'Euryale"



SCAURUS "Vous voulez donc périr!"

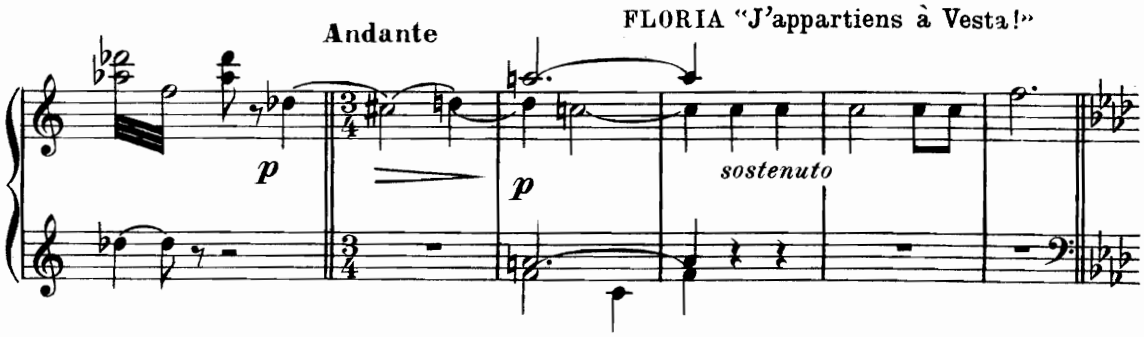


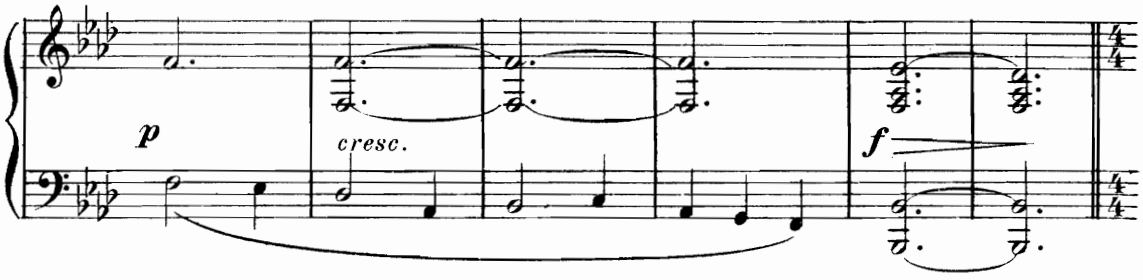
LIVIE "Floria, décide notre sort!"



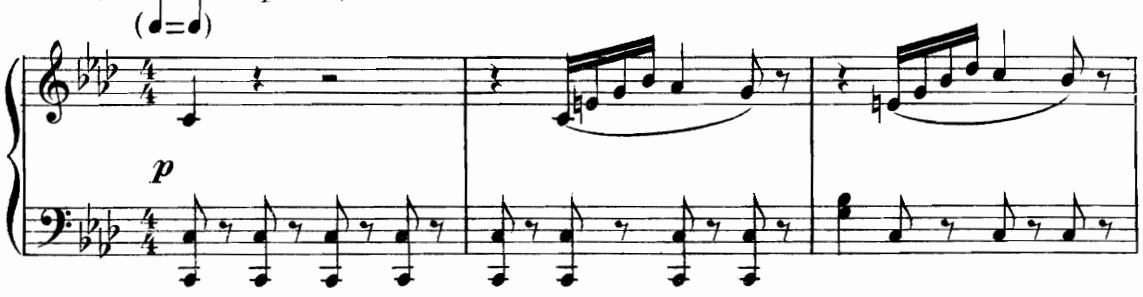
Andante

FLORIA "J'appartiens à Vesta!"

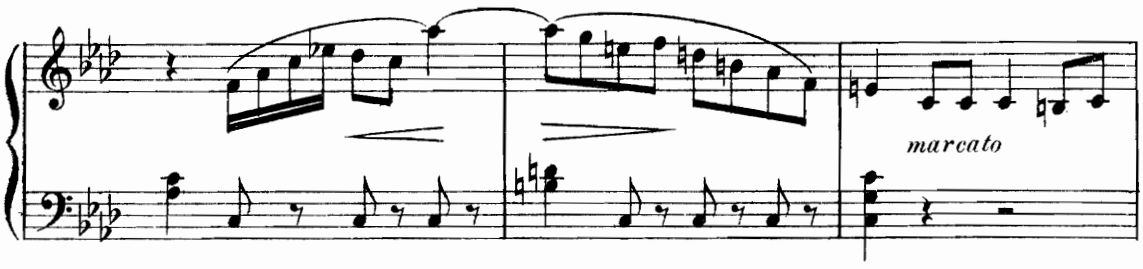




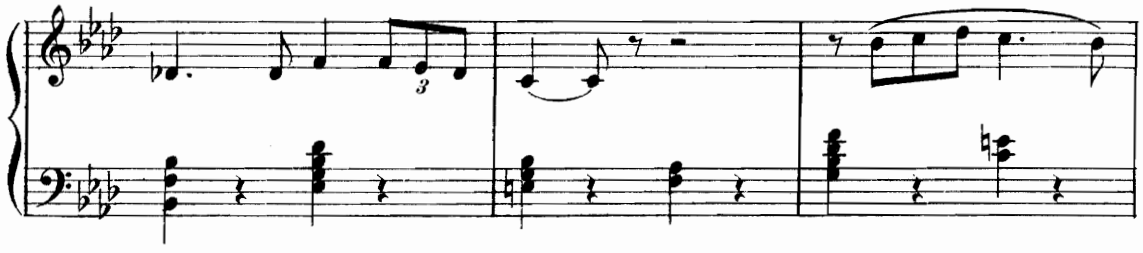
(Le Veilleur paraît)



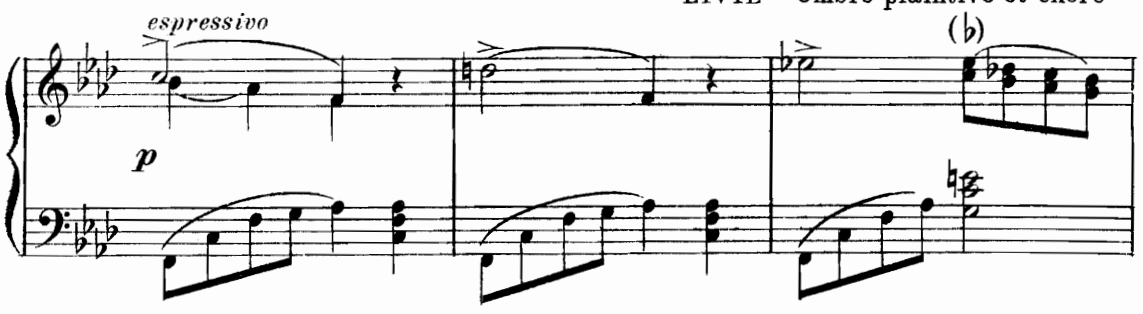
LE VEILLEUR "On prépare au

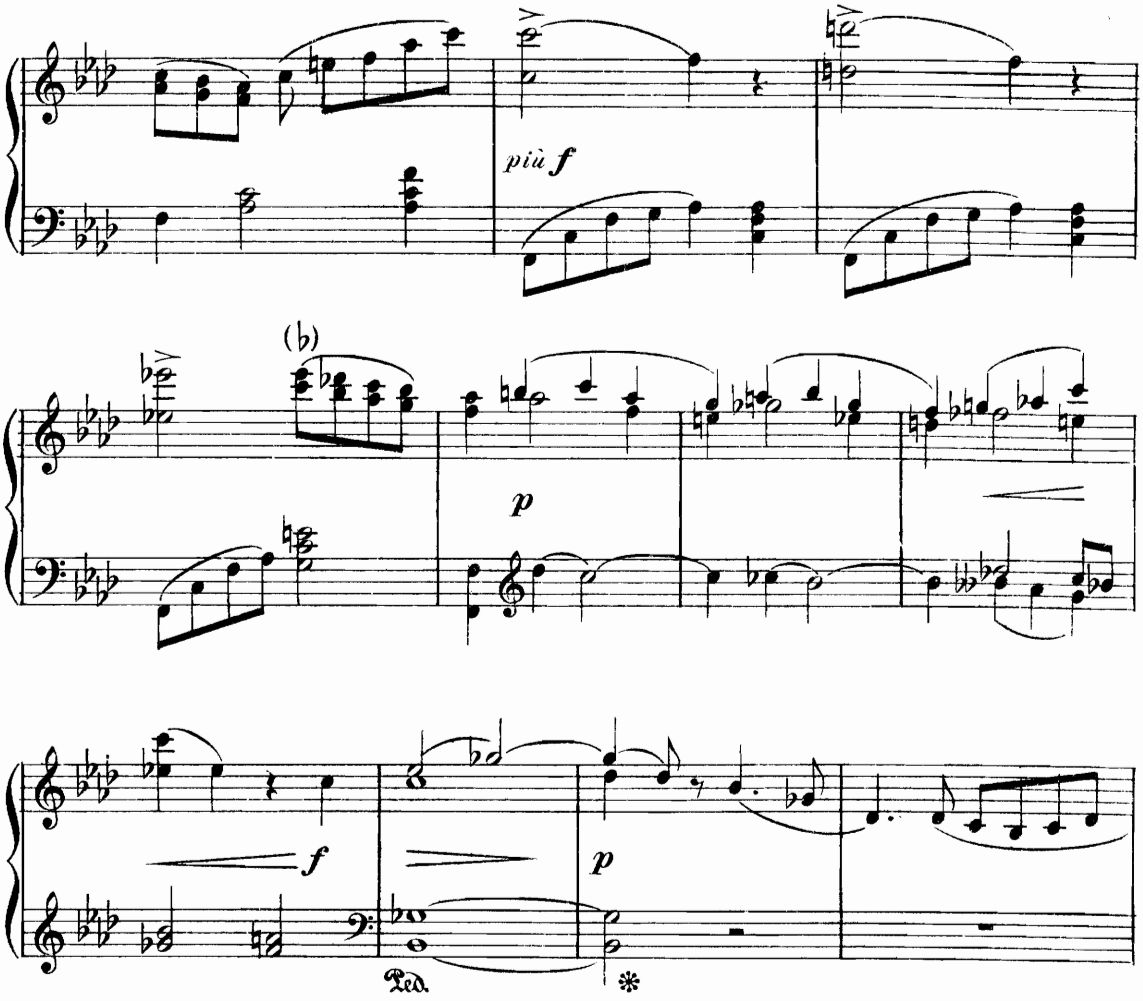


Consul la couche funéraire."

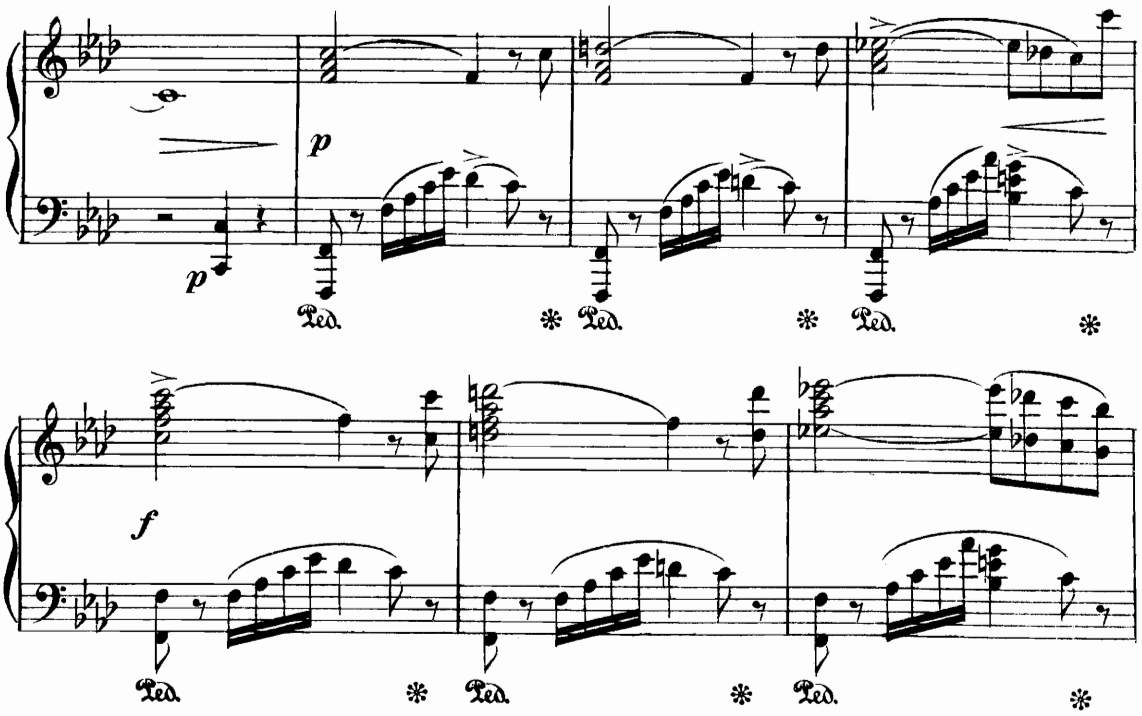


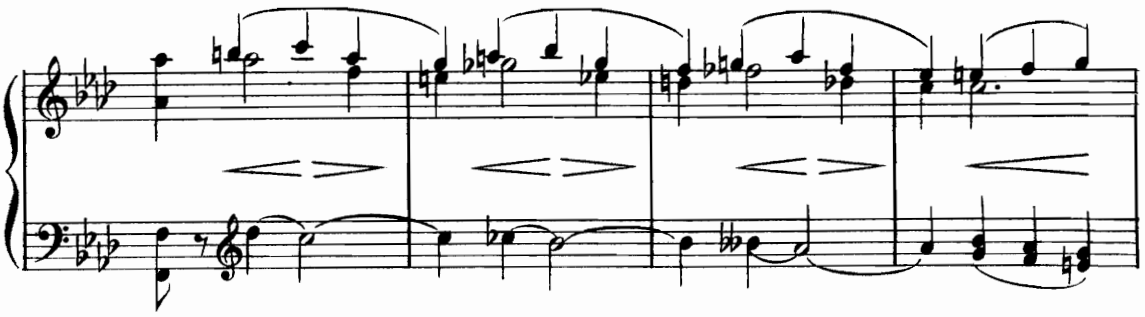
LIVIE "Ombre plaintive et chère"

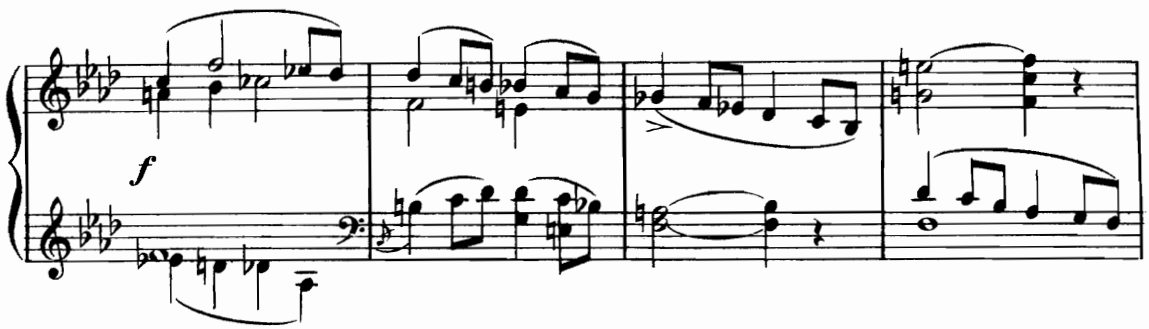


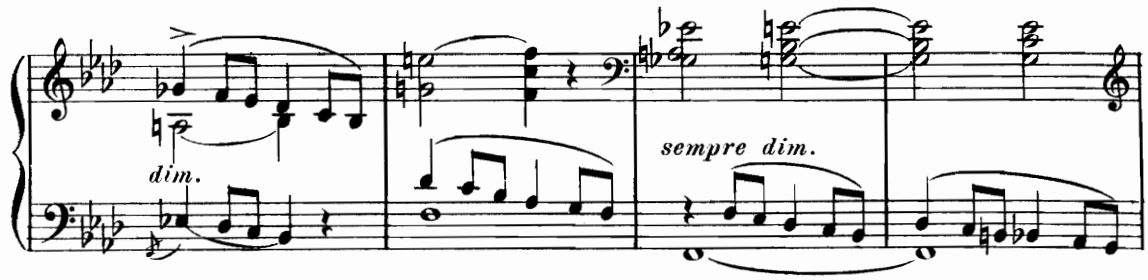


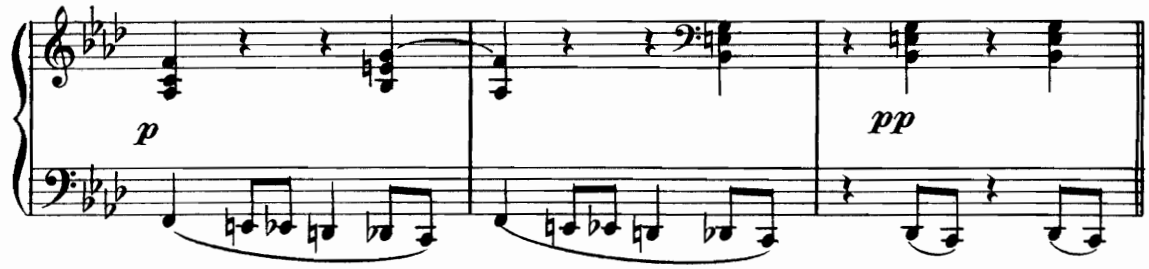
(Livie s'éloigne, guidée par le Veilleur et suivie d'une partie des femmes.)





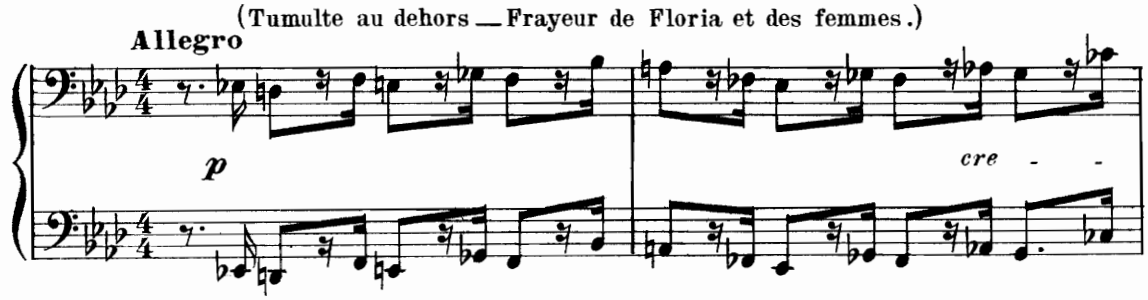




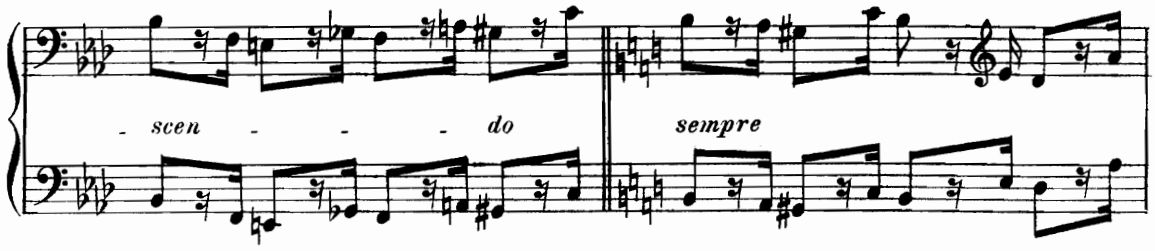


Scène III. — FLORIA, SCAURUS, HILDIBRATH, les femmes et les Barbares.

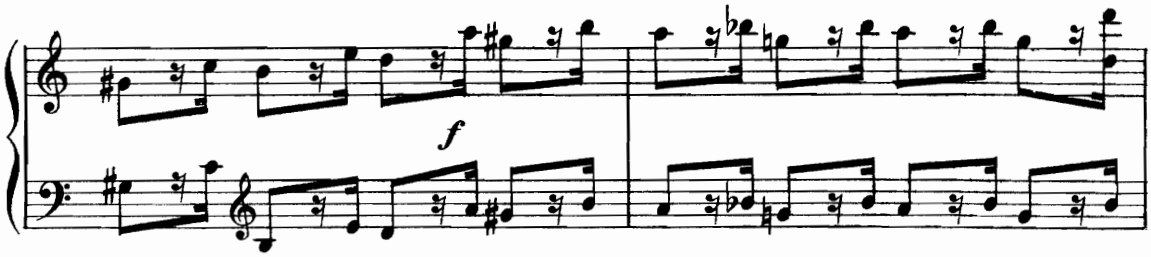
(Tumulte au dehors — Frayeur de Floria et des femmes.)

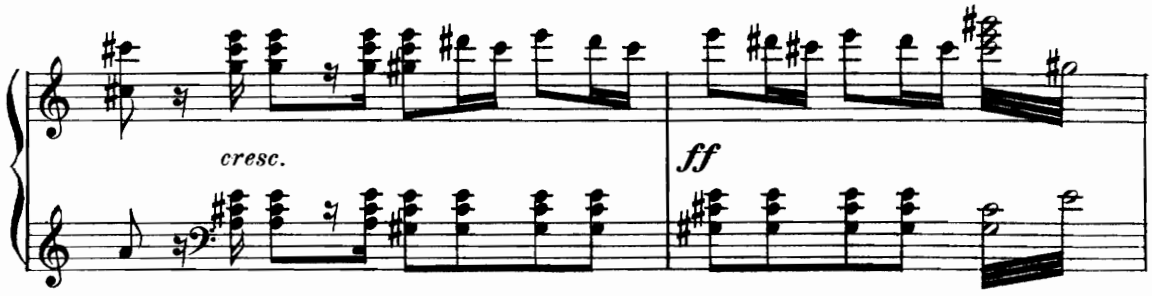


(Hildibrath



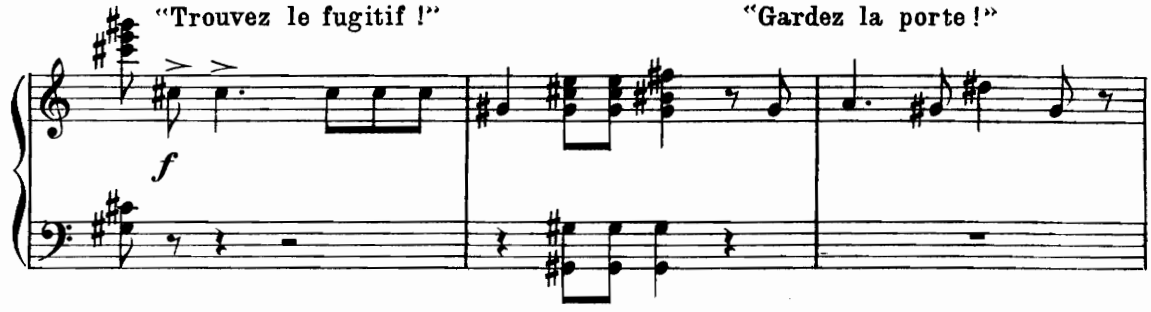
paraît suivi d'un groupe de guerriers Barbares.)



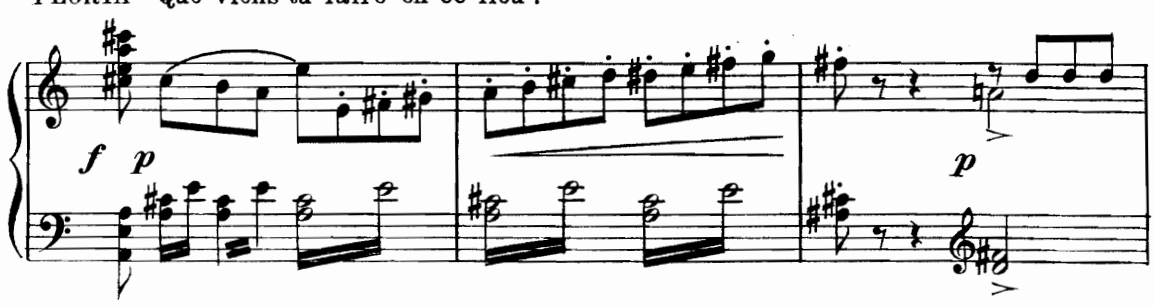


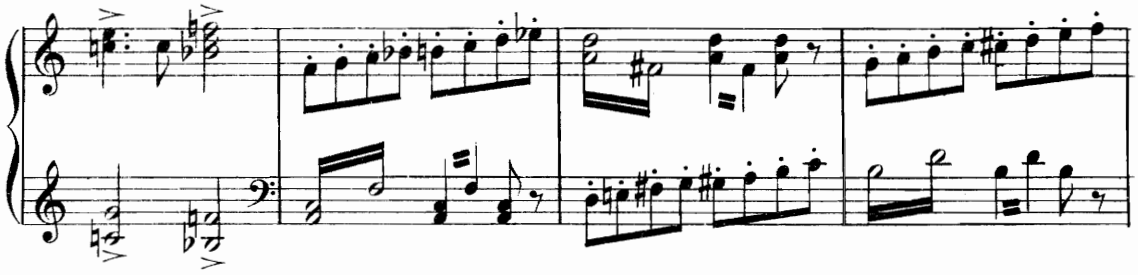
HILDIBRATH

"Trouvez le fugitif !" "Gardez la porte !"

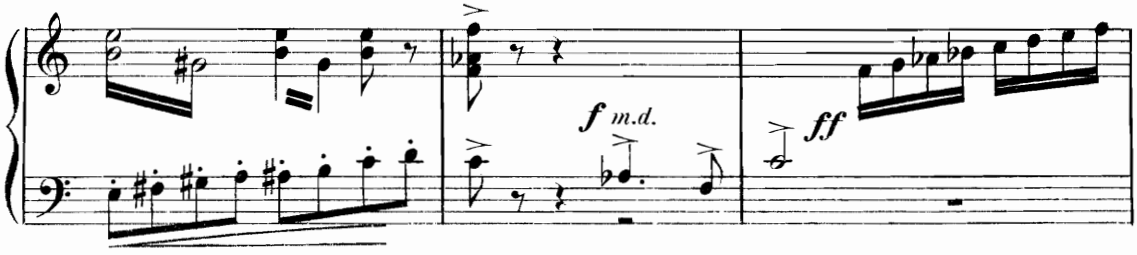


FLORIA "Que viens-tu faire en ce lieu ?"



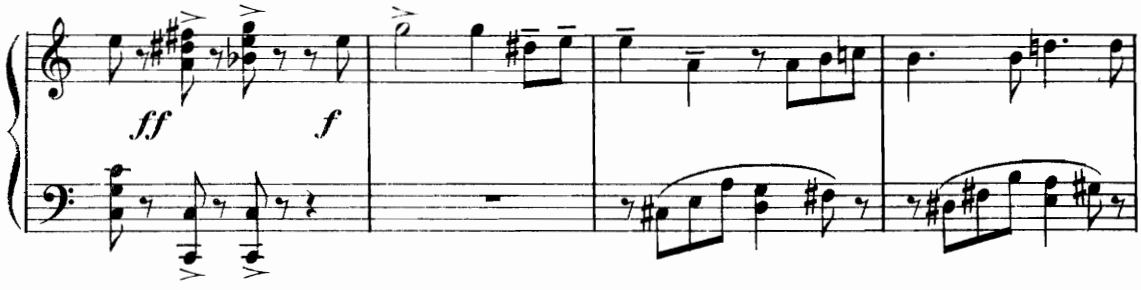


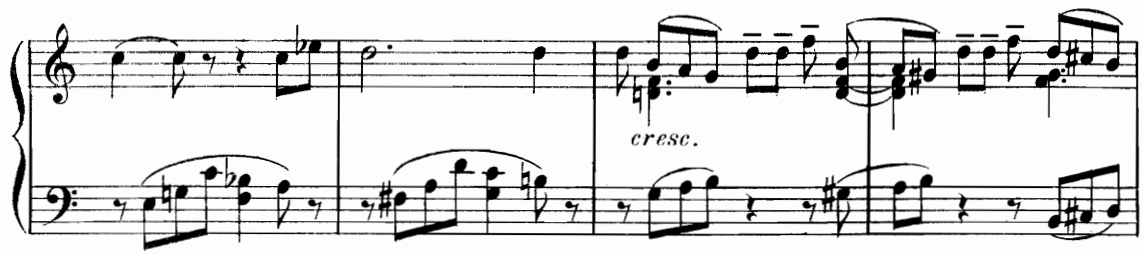
SCAURUS "Me voici!" (Les soldats s'emparent



de Scaurus et le chargent de chaînes)

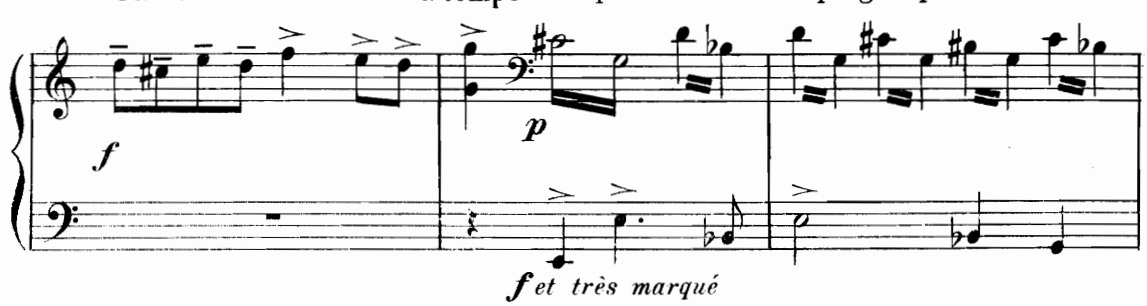
FLORIA "Prends garde, sacrilège! Notre déesse le protège!"



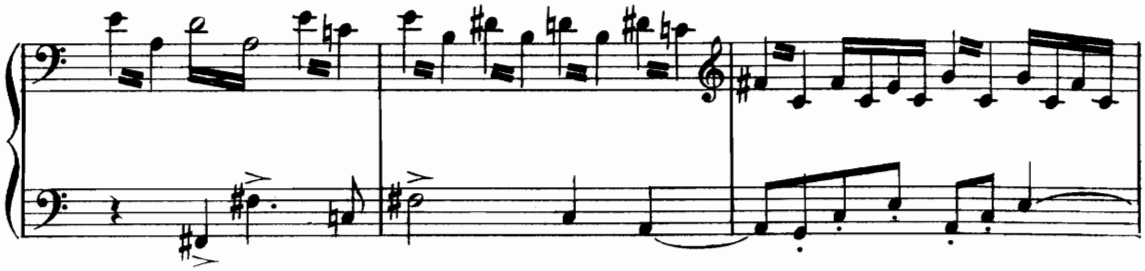


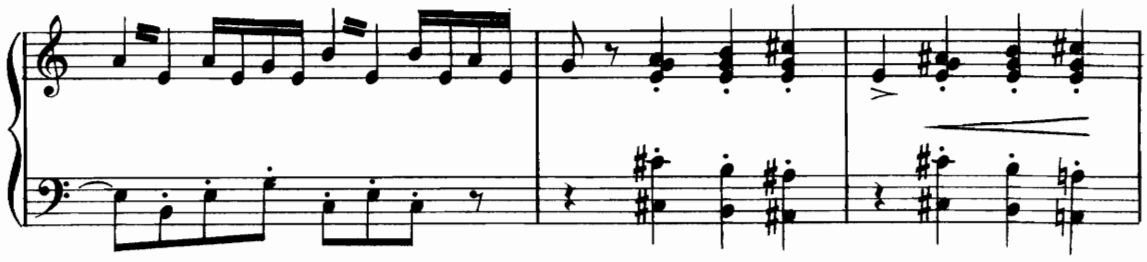
HILDIBRATH

rall. a tempo "La parole du chef n'épargne que les femmes!"



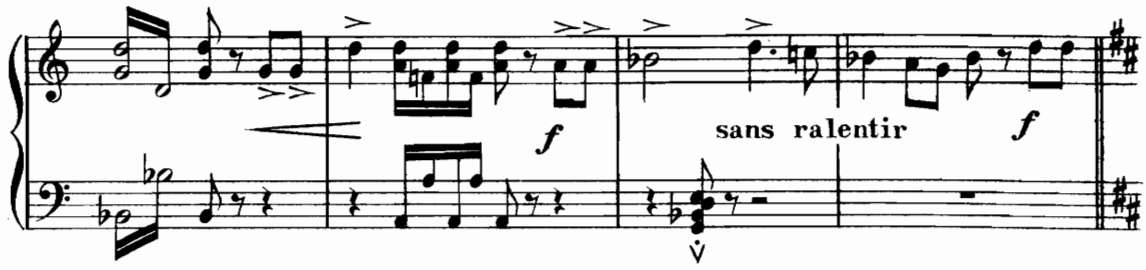
D.





FLORIA

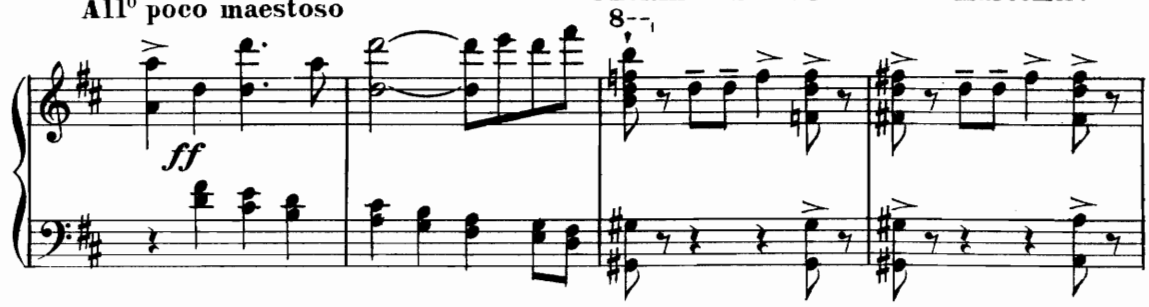
HILDIBRATH "Le Romain doit périr sous ses yeux!" "Il vivra!"



Scène IV. Les Mêmes et MARCOMIR.

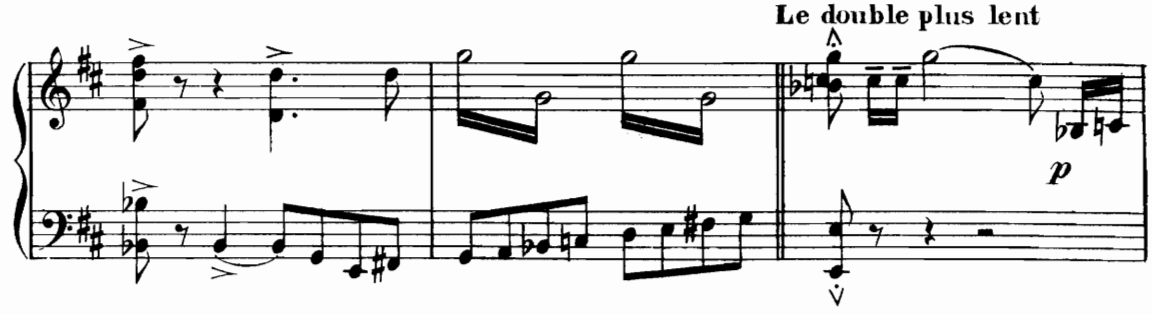
All° poco maestoso

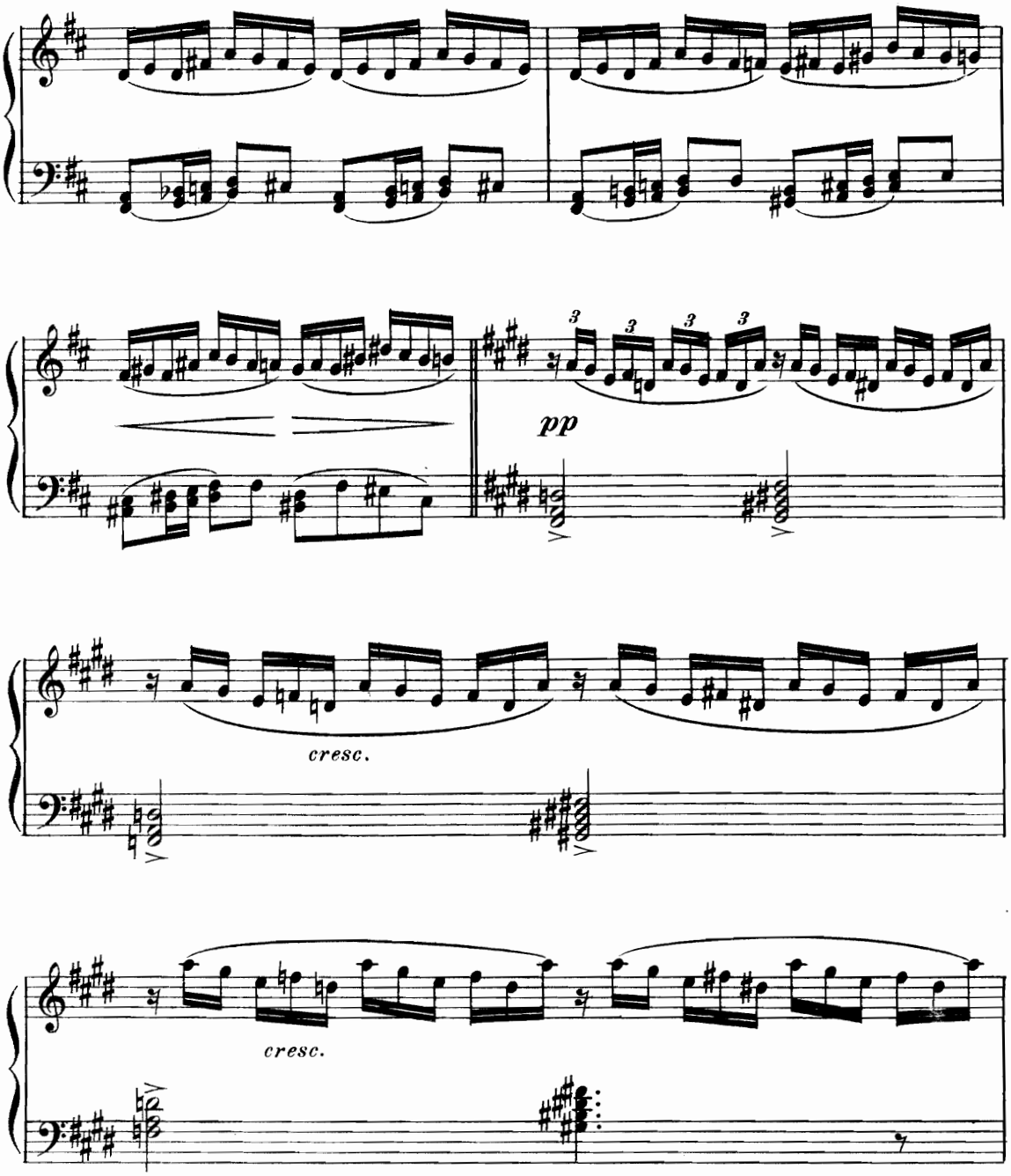
FLORIA "Marcomir!" "Marcomir!"



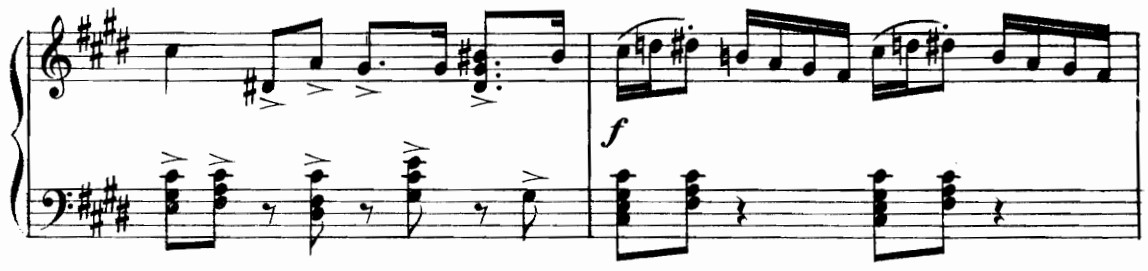
LES VESTALES "Marcomir!" MARCOMIR (paraîssant) "Qui m'appelle?"

Le double plus lent

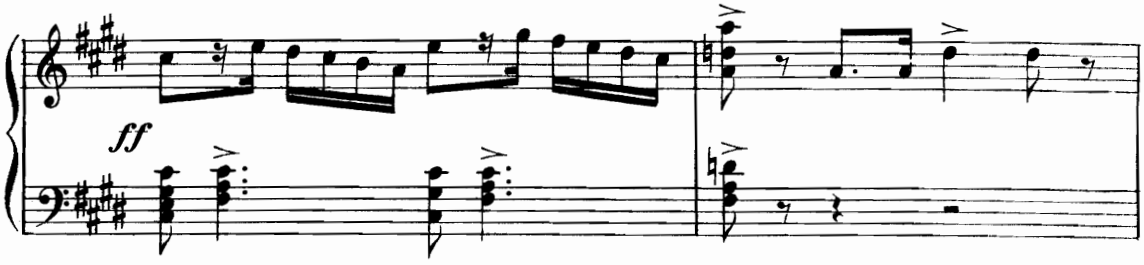




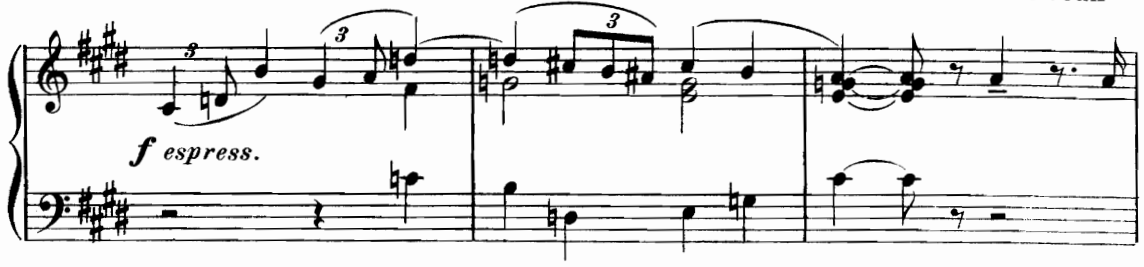
SCAURUS "Plutôt que de voir ta lâche terreur demander pour moi grâce de la vie"



MARCOMIR "C'est un brave!"



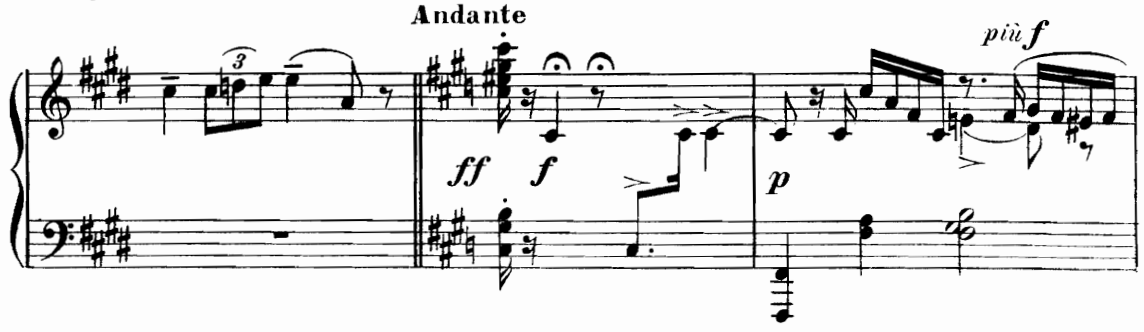
MARCOMIR "Et tu veux

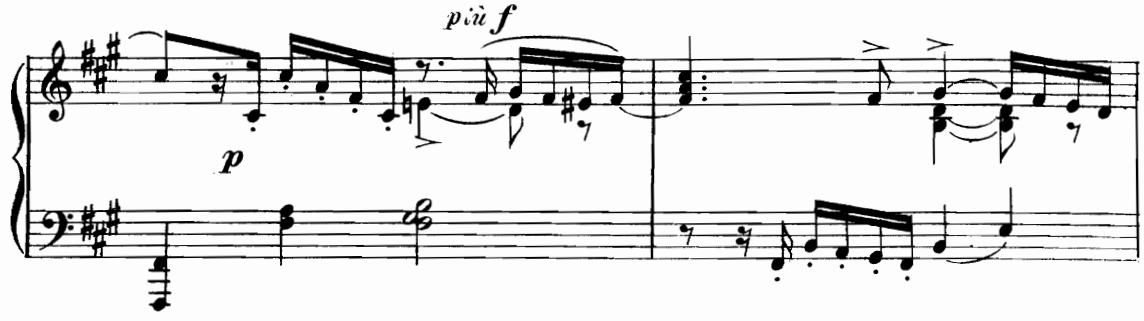


que je le sauve?"

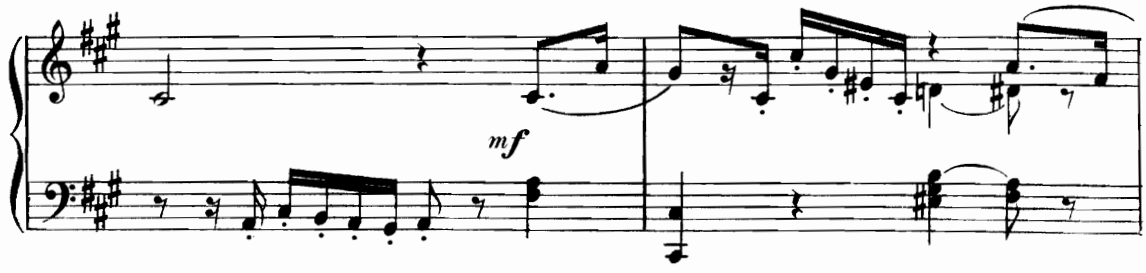
SCAURUS "Non! Je te hais, ô vainqueur!"

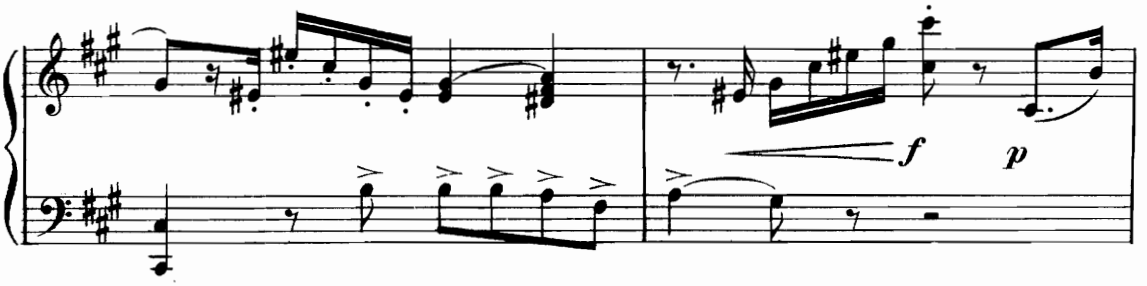
Andante

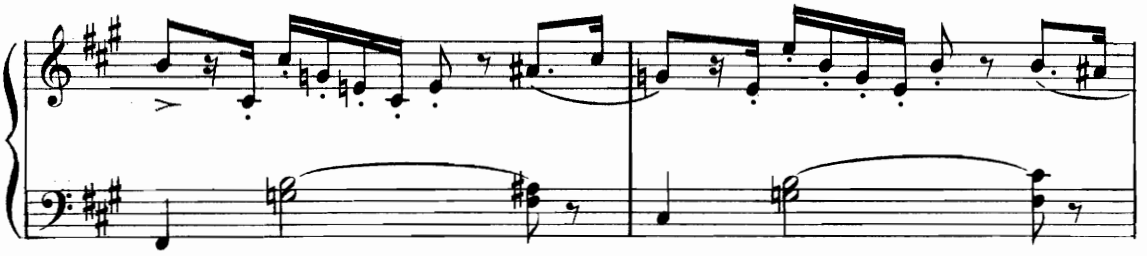


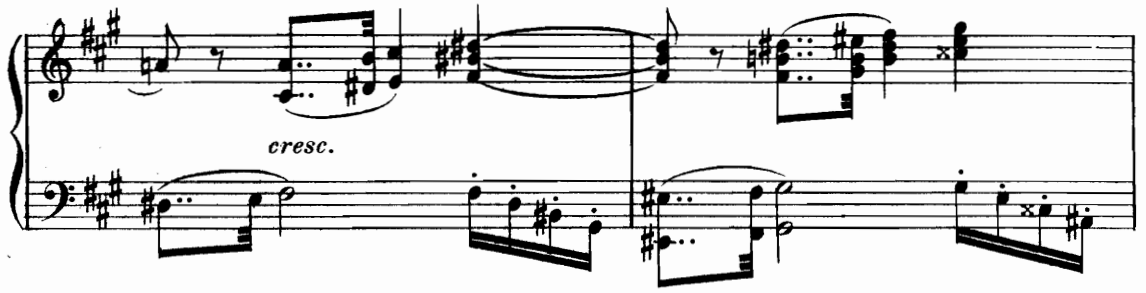


SCAURUS "Frappe-moi, Marcomir, sans que ton fer s'égare"

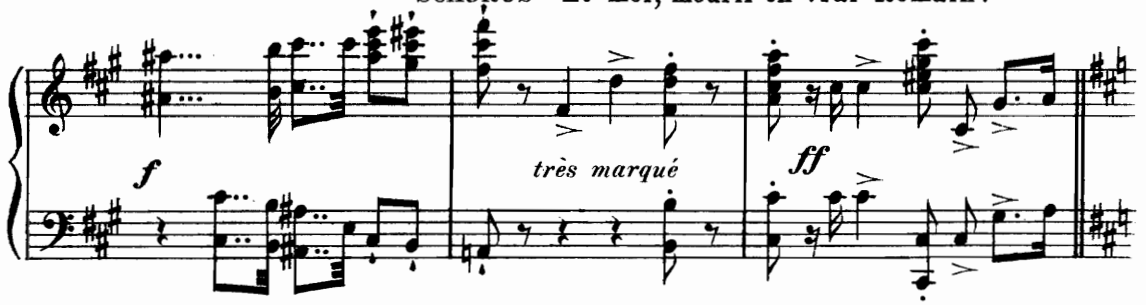






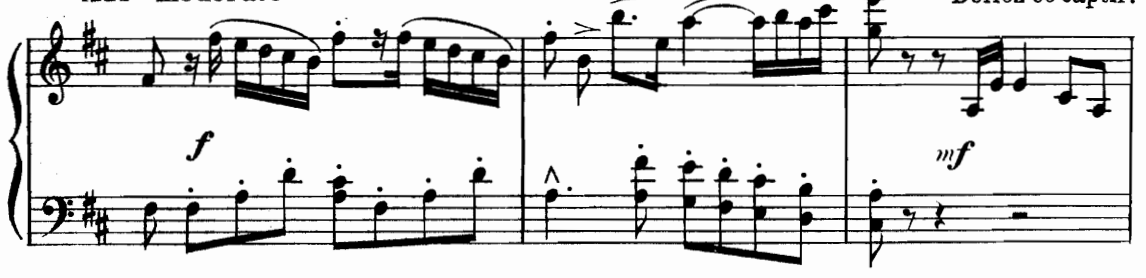


SCAURUS "Et moi, mourir en vrai Romain!"



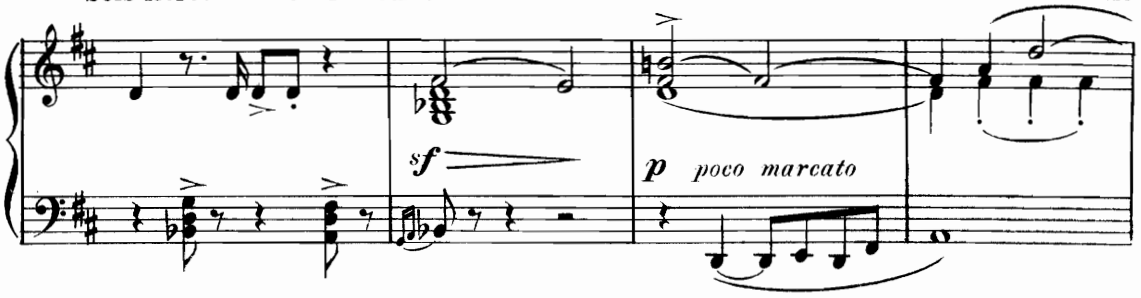
MARCOMIR
"Déliez ce captif!

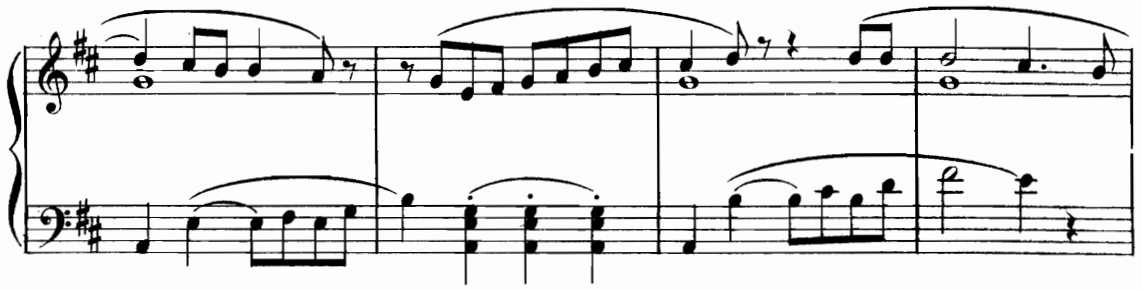
A11° moderato



(à Scaurus) (à Hildibrath)
Sois libre! Je le veux!"

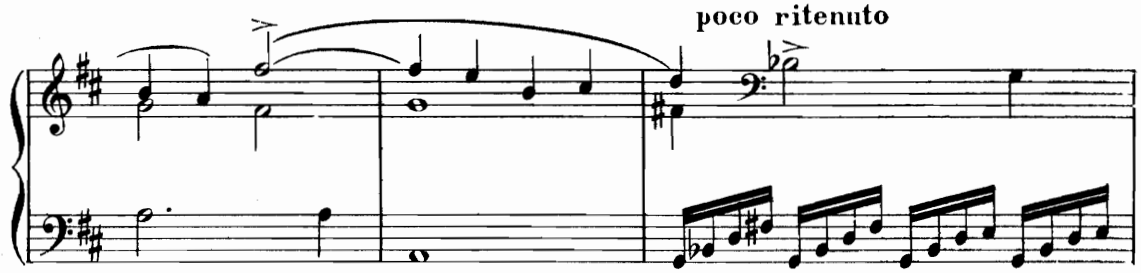
FLORIA "Vesta se révèle"



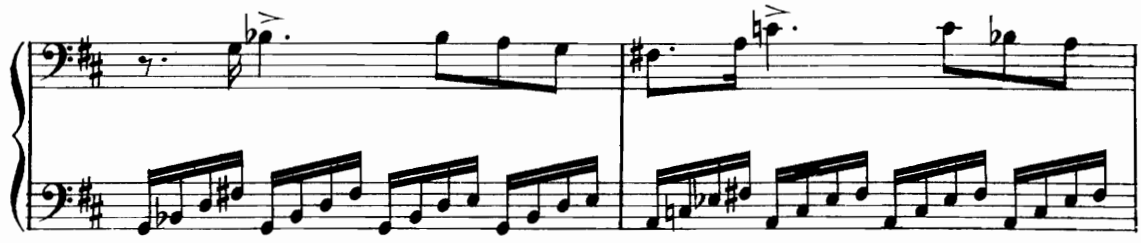


SCAURUS "Femme, sais-tu si ce bienfait

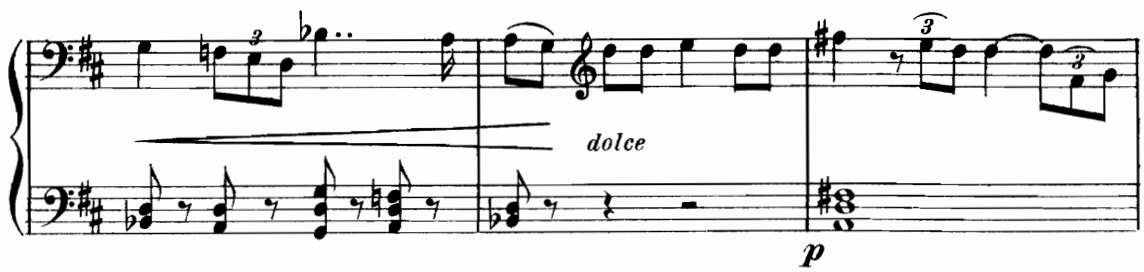
poco ritenuto

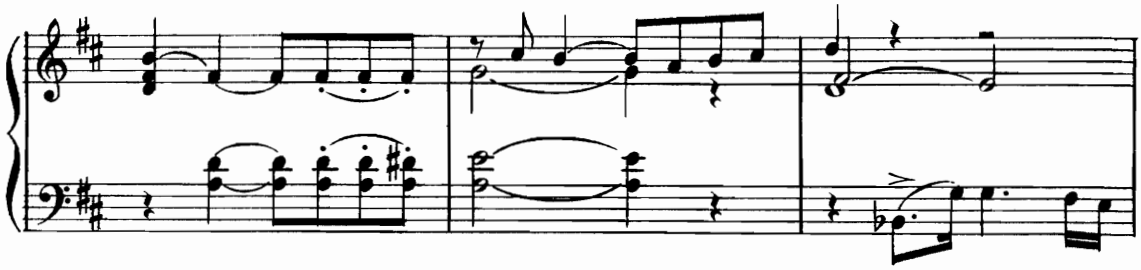


moqueur ne cache pas quelque dessein funeste?"



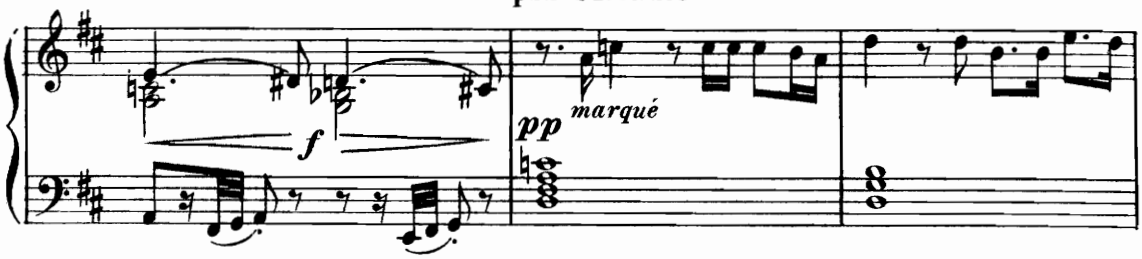
FLORIA "Il proclame Scaurus, la puissance céleste"





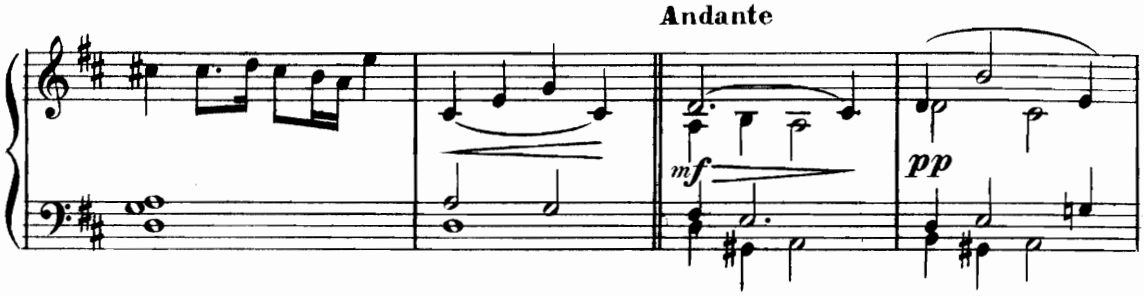
MARCOMIR "Je veux que nos rondes guerrières protè-

più ritenuto

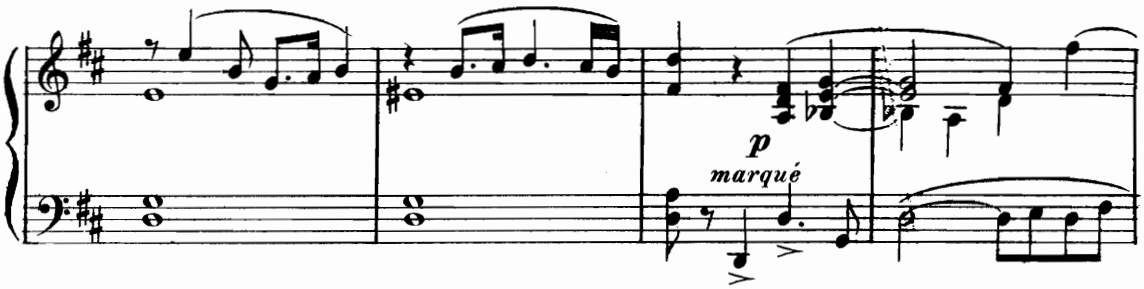


-gent sa retraite et dirigent ses pas."

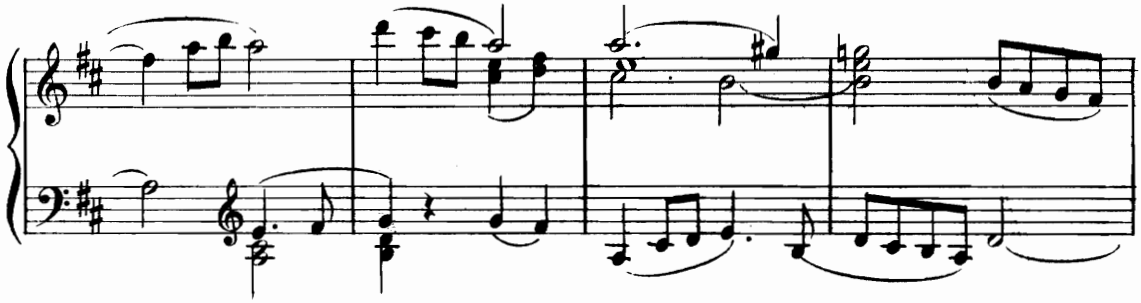
Andante



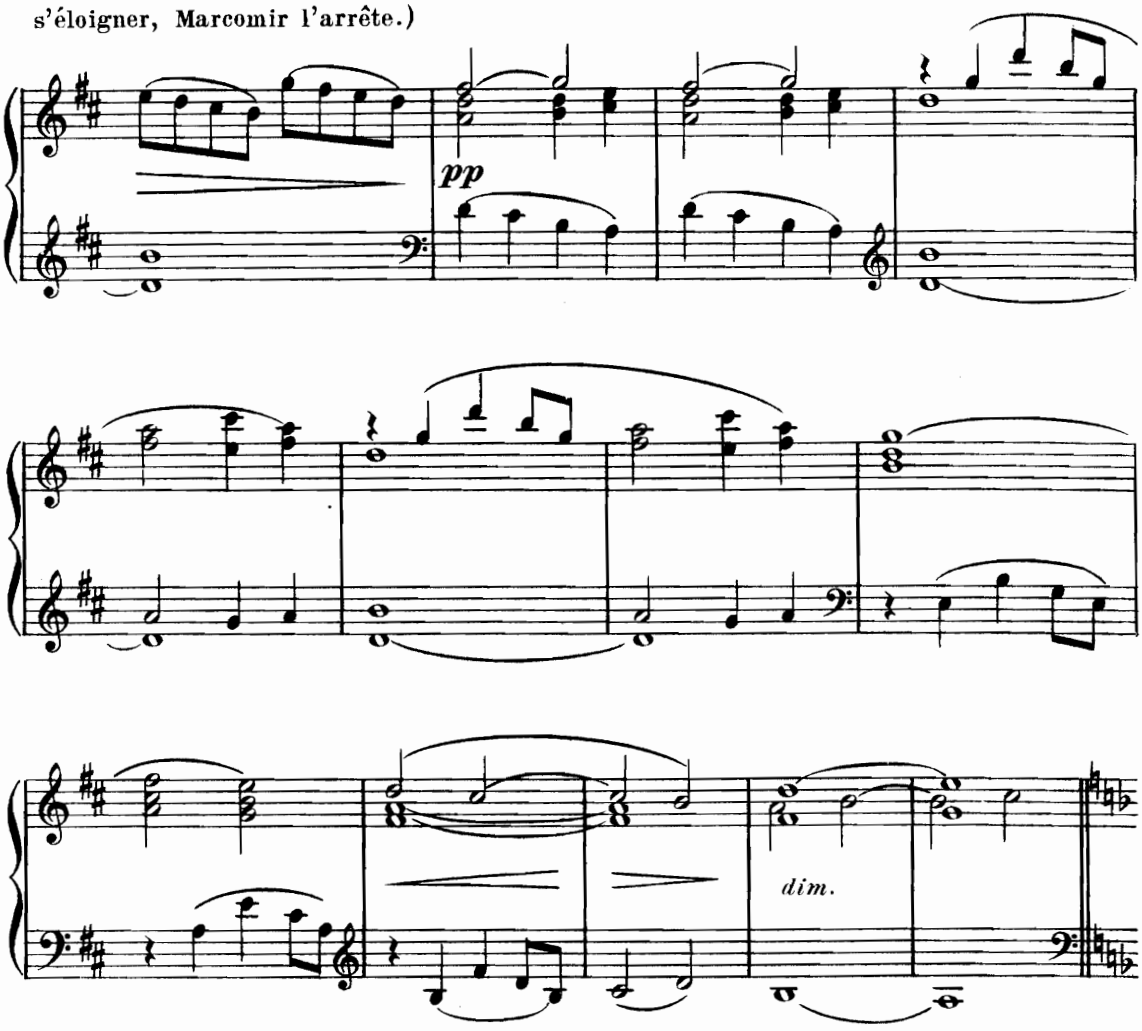
(Tous sortent, les Barbares vers



le dehors, les Vestales vers les salles intérieures du Temple. — Au moment ou Floria va



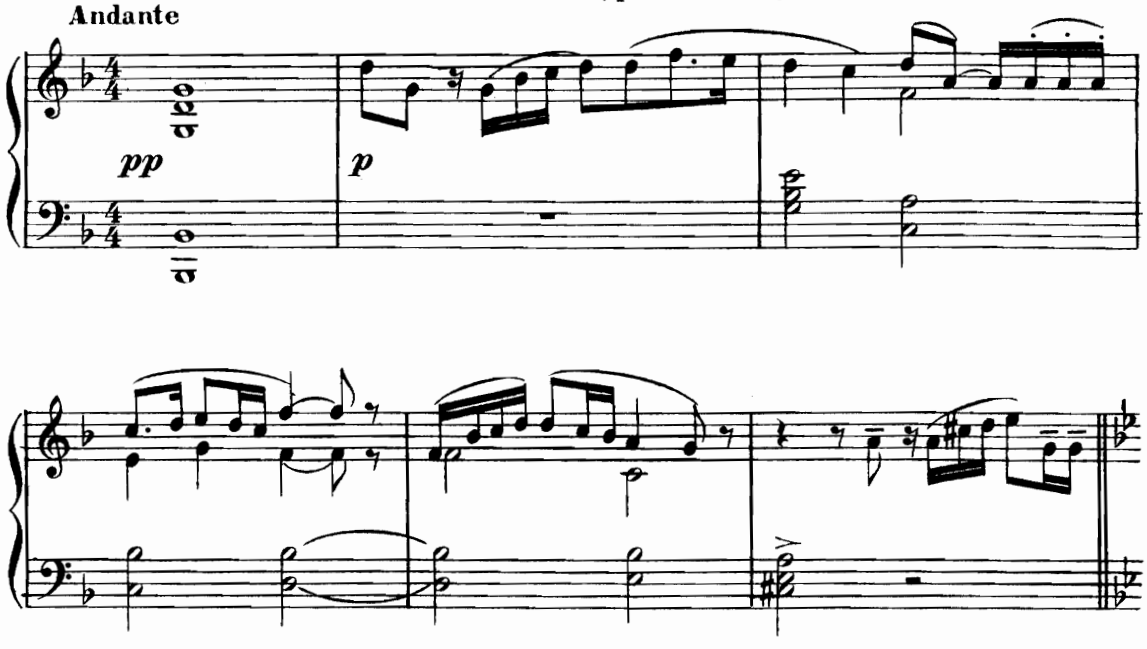
s'éloigner, Marcomir l'arrête.)

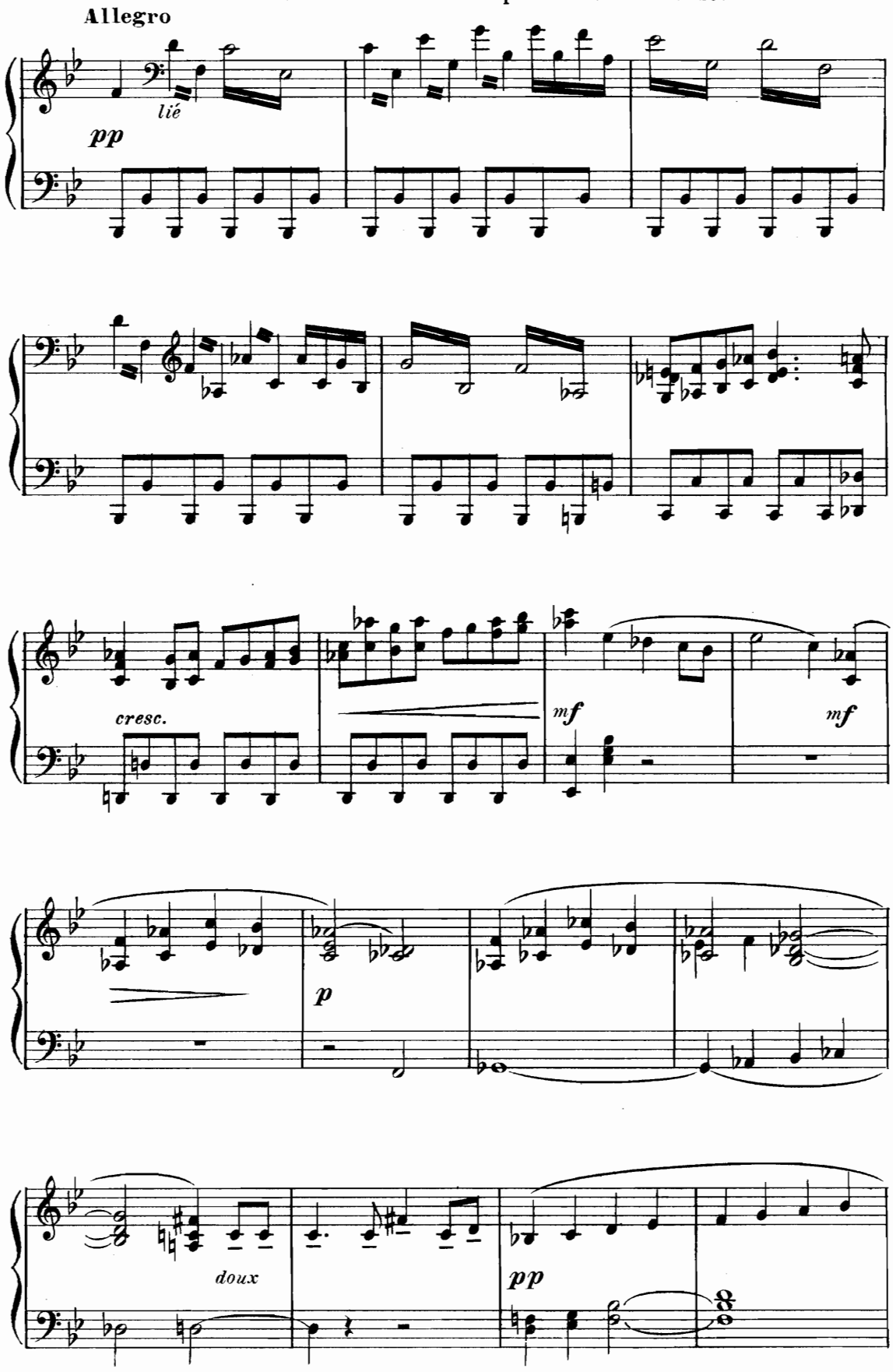


Scène V. MARCOMIR, FLORIA, (HILDIBRATH et les Barbares dans la coulisse)

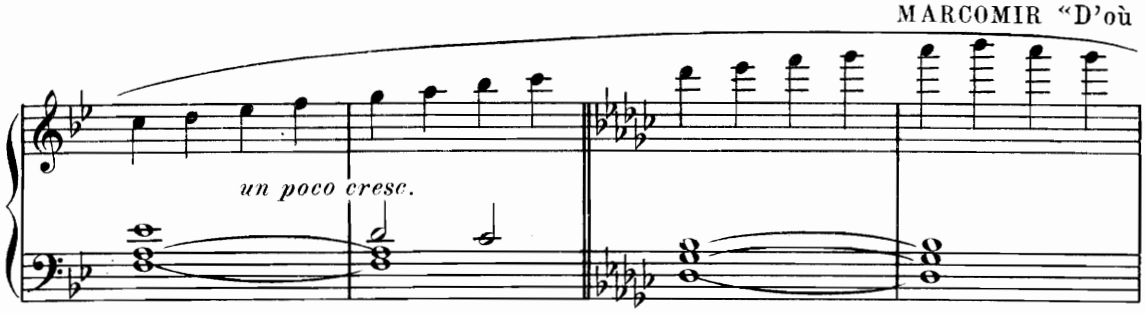
MARCOMIR "Reste! Rassure-toi, prêtresse auguste!"

Andante

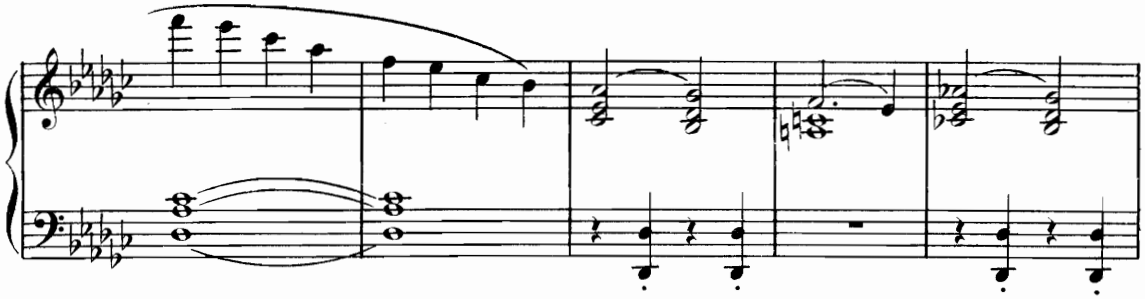



Allegro
lié
pp
cresc.
mf
mf
p
doux
pp

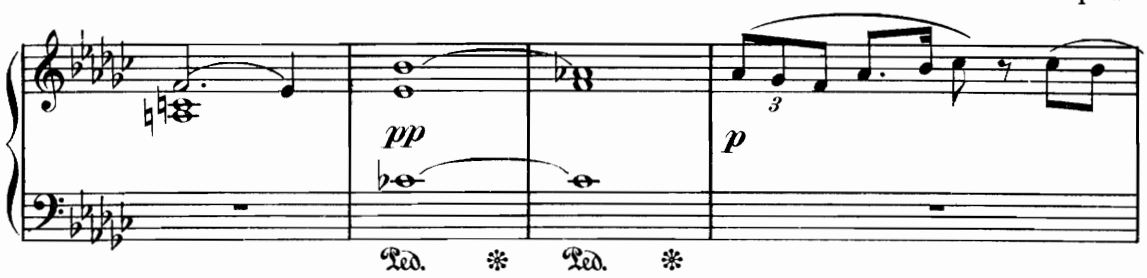
MARCOMIR "D'où



vient le pouvoir tutélaire qui courbe mon front sous ta main?"

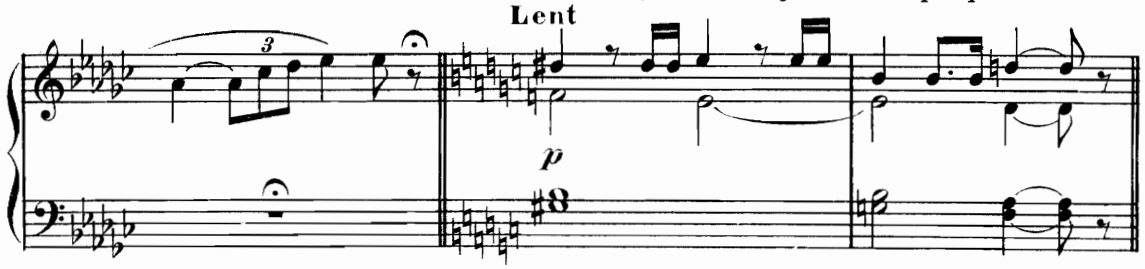


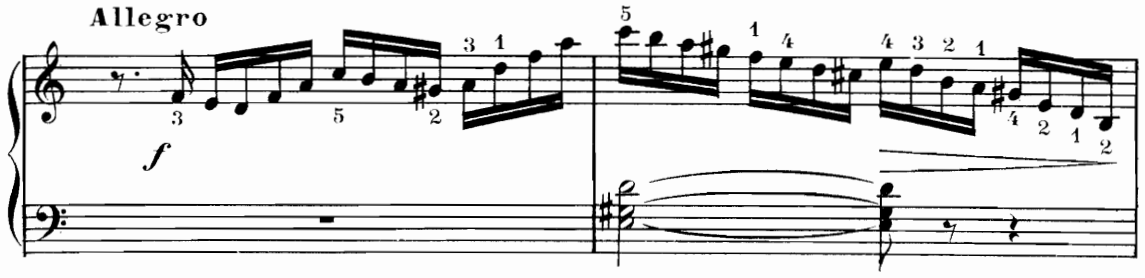
MARCOMIR "De cet autel sacré n'es-tu pas



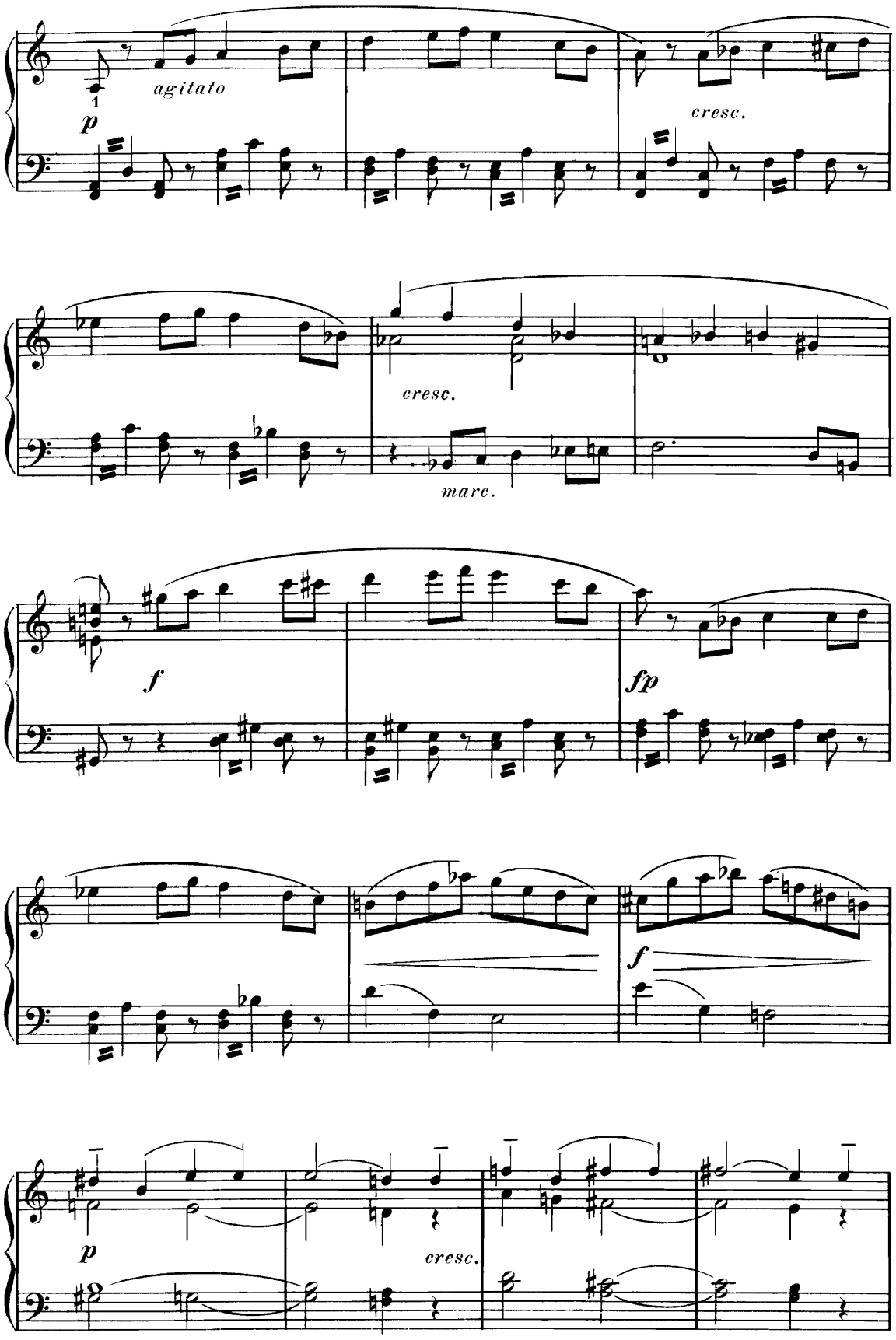
la déesse?"

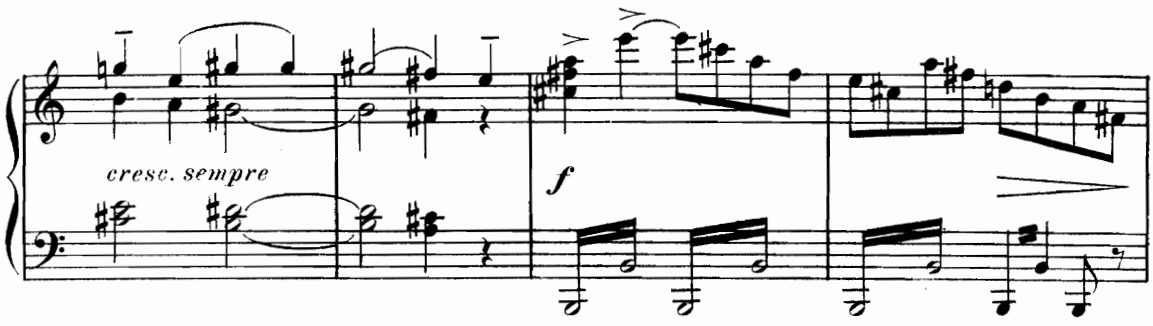
FLORIA "Non, de Vesta je ne suis que prêtresse."



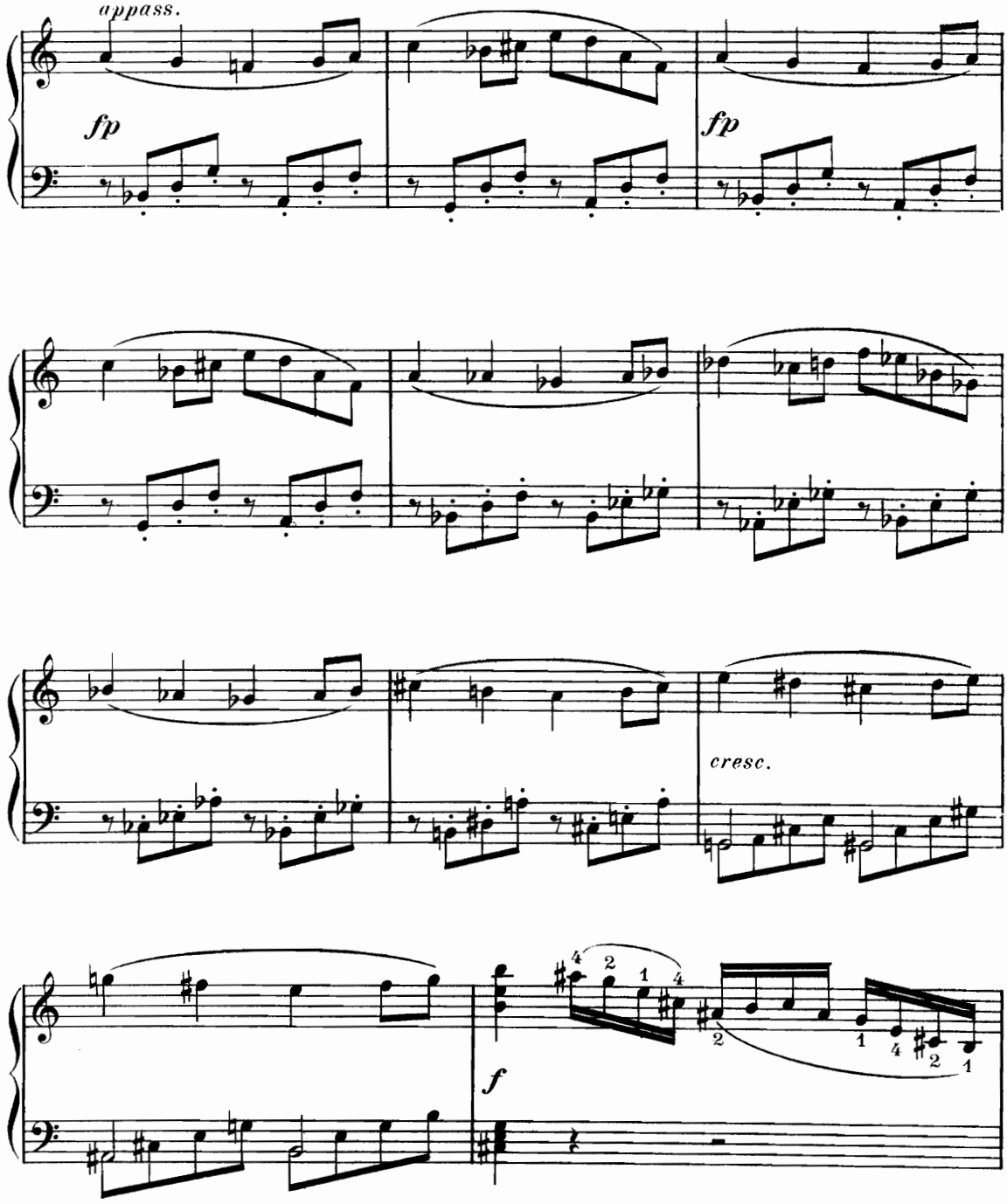


MARCOMIR "Tout tremblait devant moi, mais je tremble à mon tour."

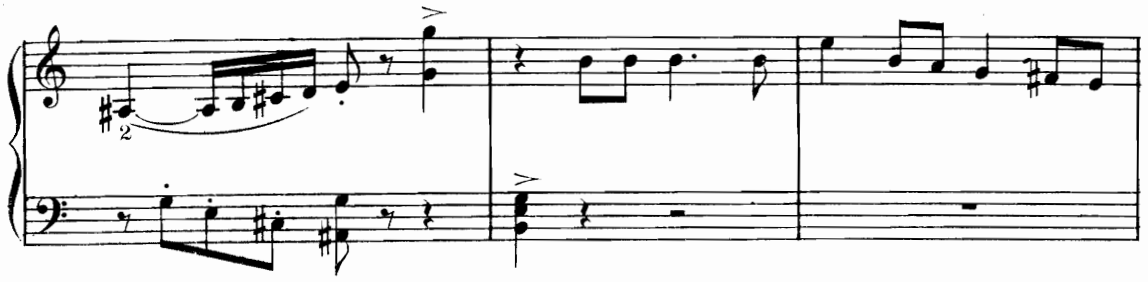




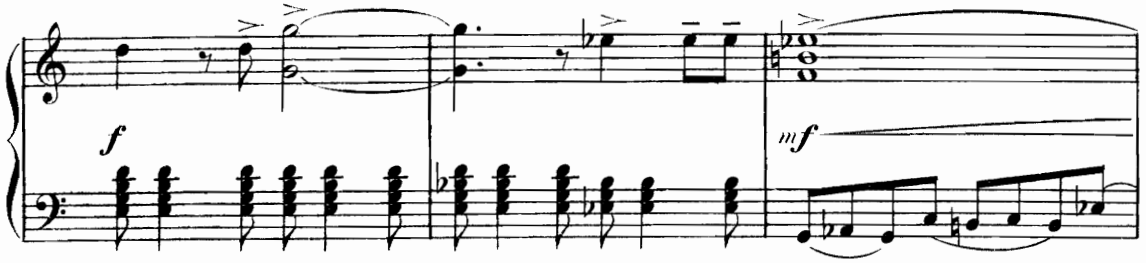
MARCOMIR "Imprudente, si tu résistes à mes vœux, ne compte plus sur ma clémence!"



FLORIA "Que dis-tu? Quoi! le péril mortel n'est donc pas conjuré, Barbare!"

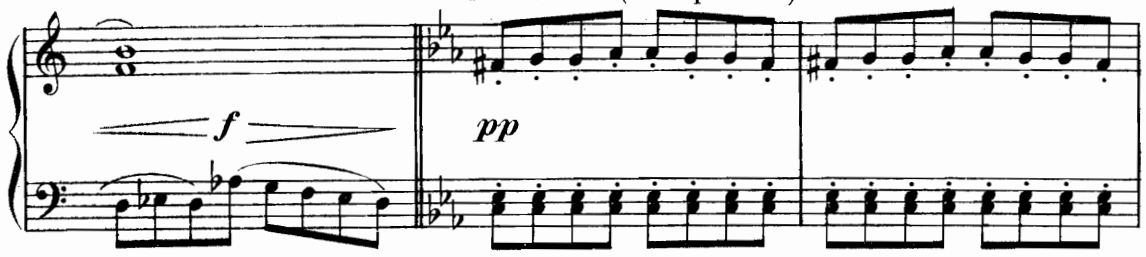


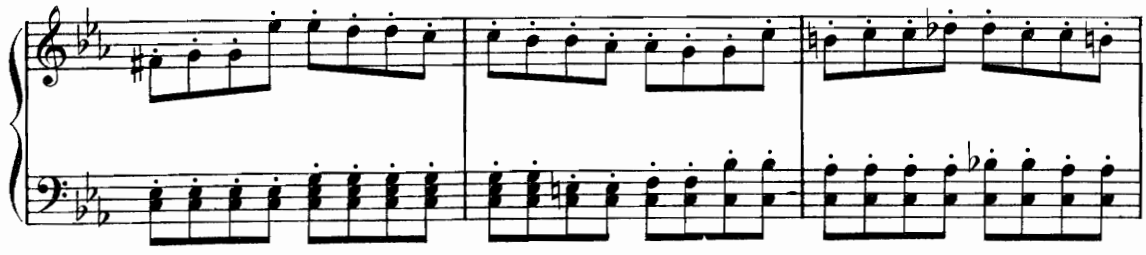
MARCOMIR "Il recommence.

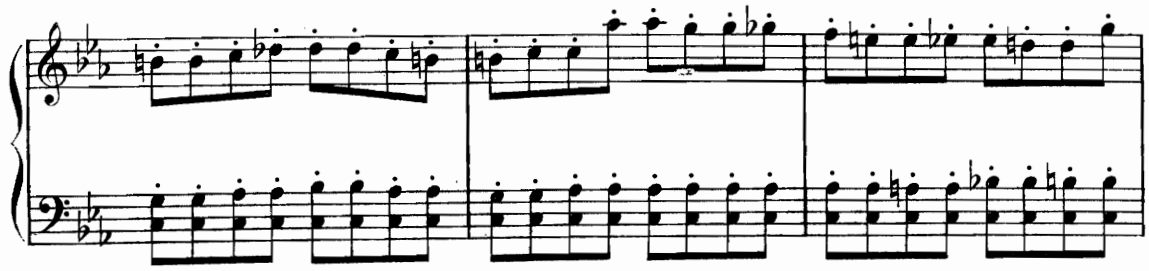


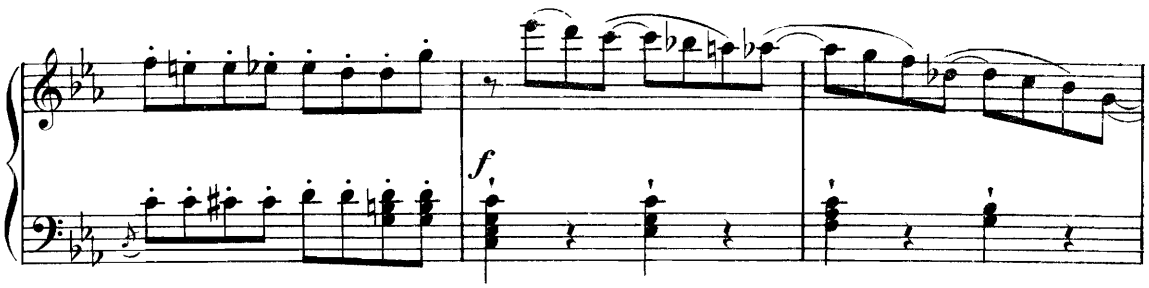
Les vainqueurs sont lassés; c'est l'heure du festin."

Più lento (sans presser)

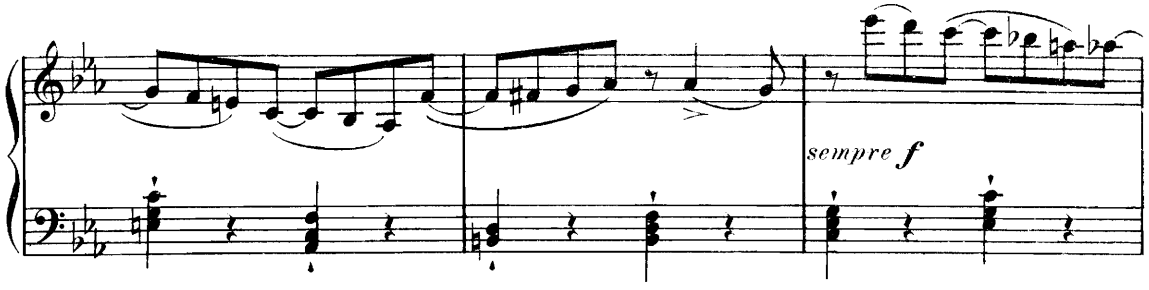




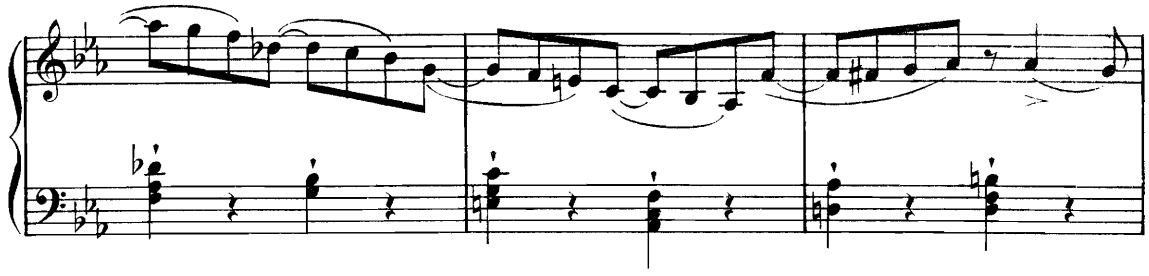


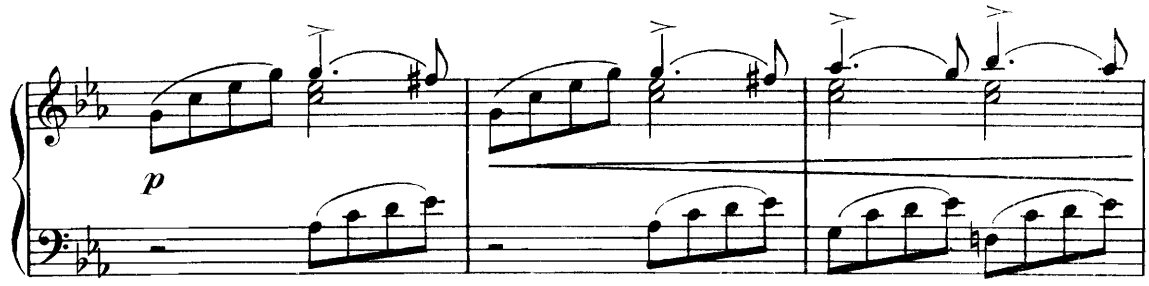


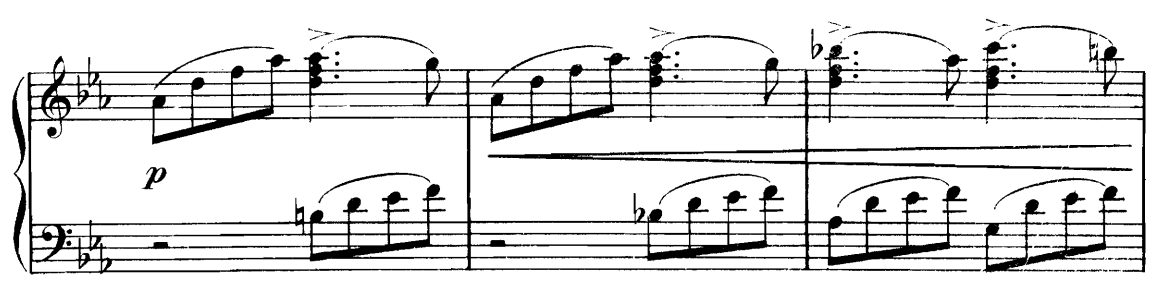
MARCOMIR "Moi seul arrêterai les



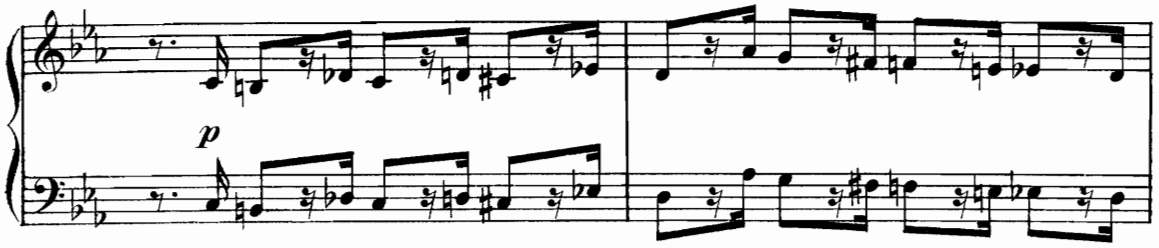
guerriers en furie qui tremblent devant mon pouvoir."

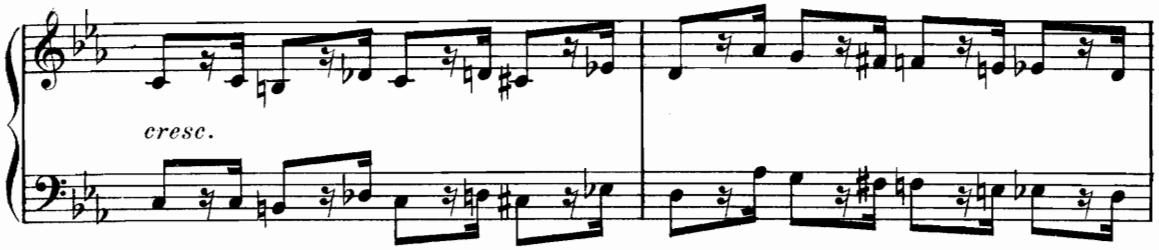


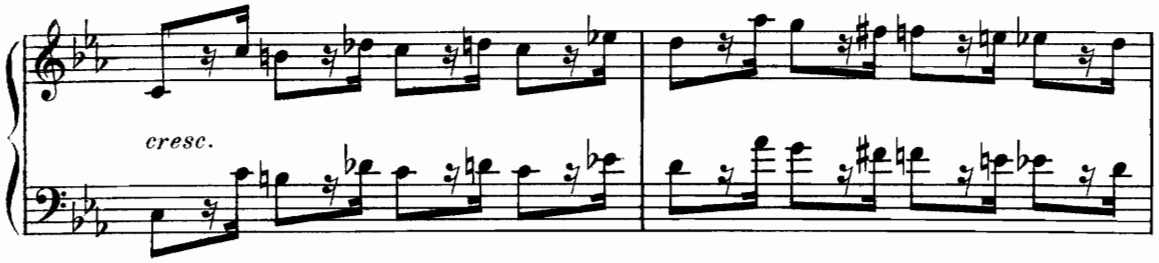




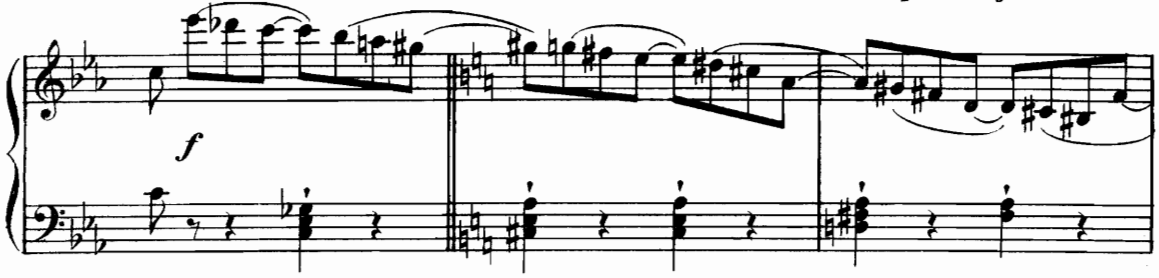
MARCOMIR "La ville au point du jour sera livrée à l'incendie."



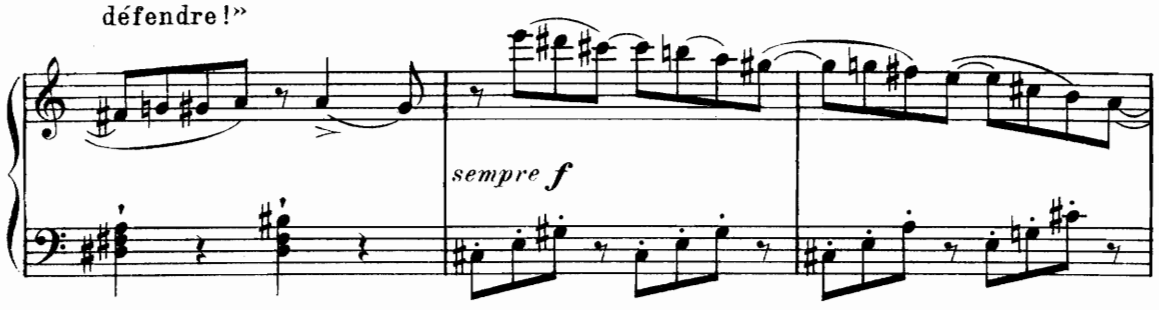


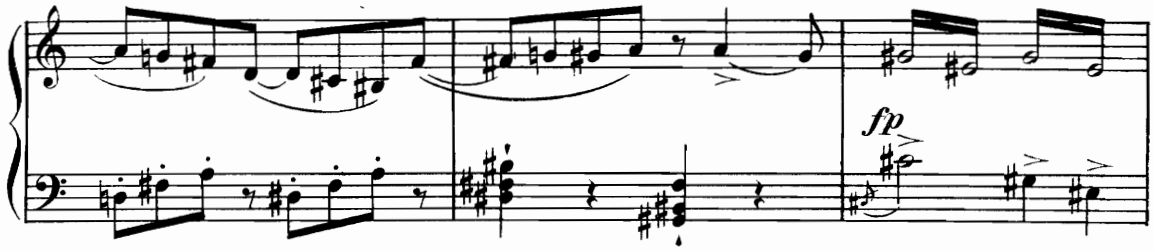


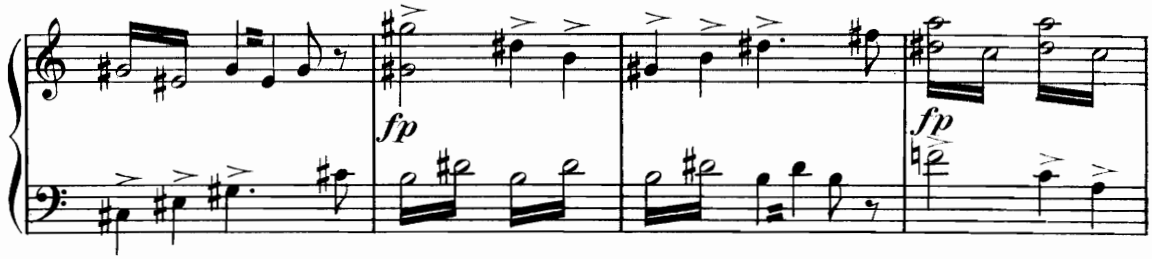
FLORIA "O Dieux! la ville en cendre!" MARCOMIR "Un mot d'espoir et je cours la

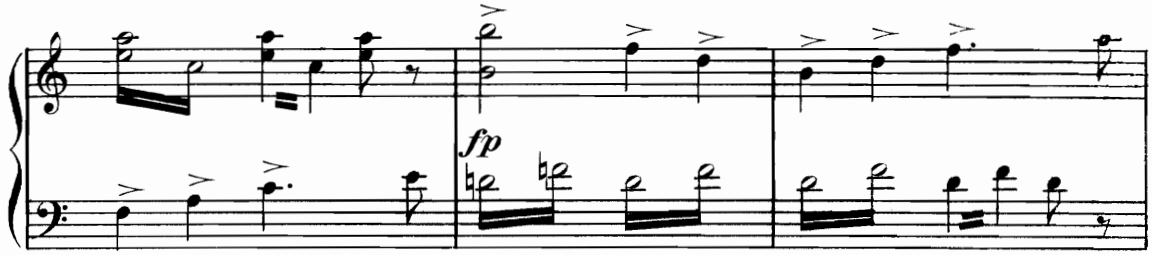


défendre!"

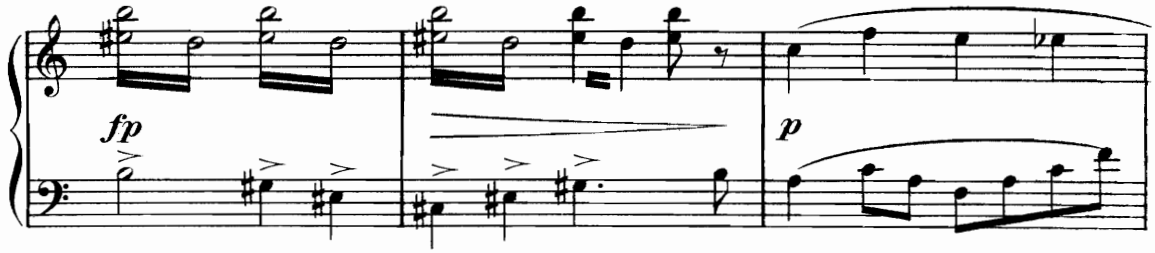




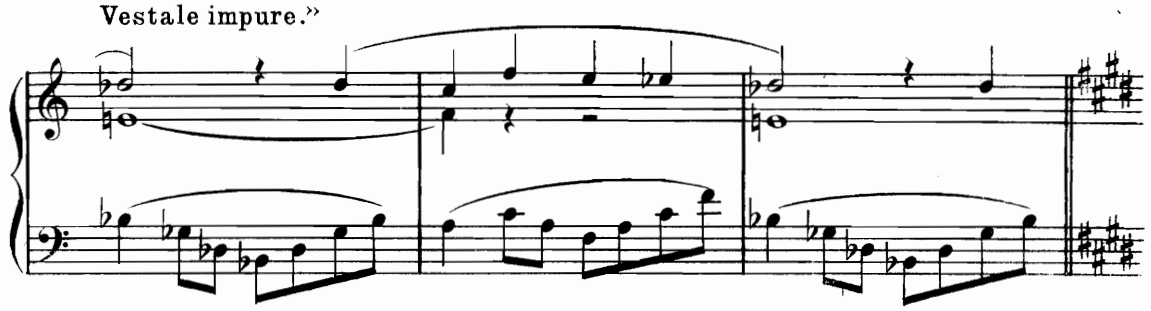




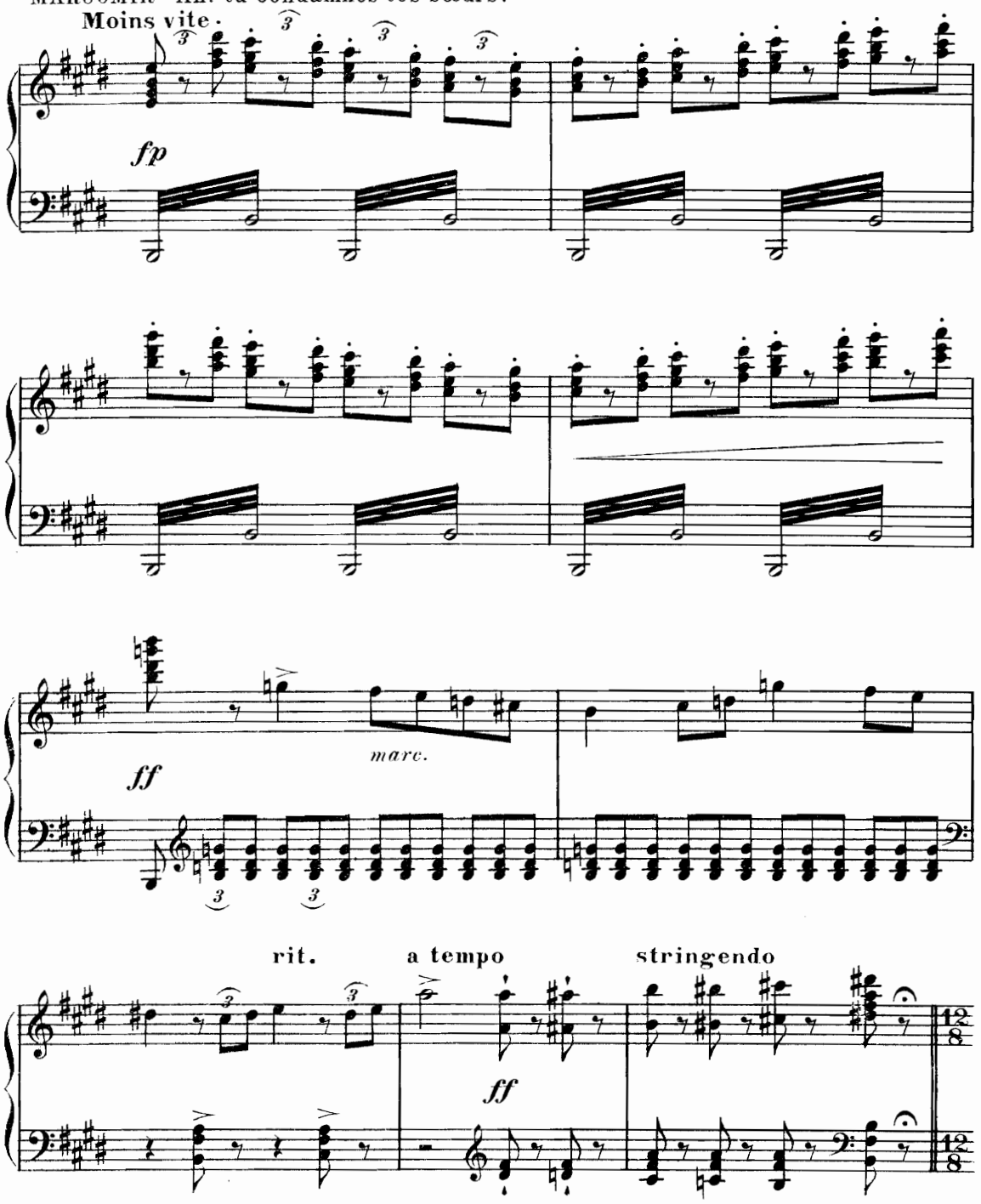
FLORIA "La mort est le destin de la



Vestale impure."

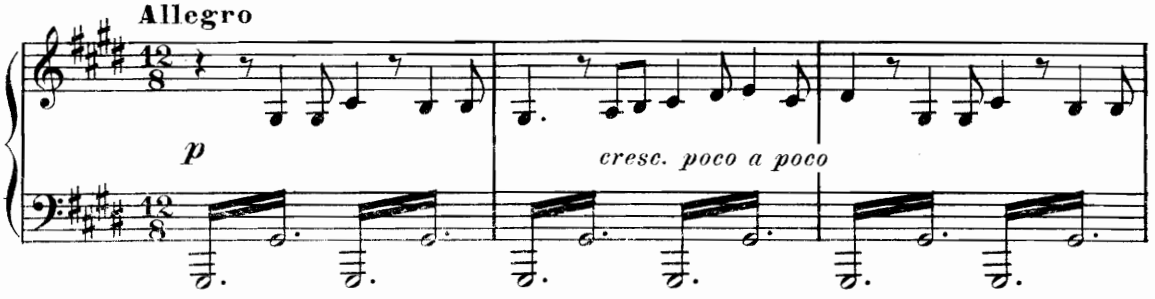


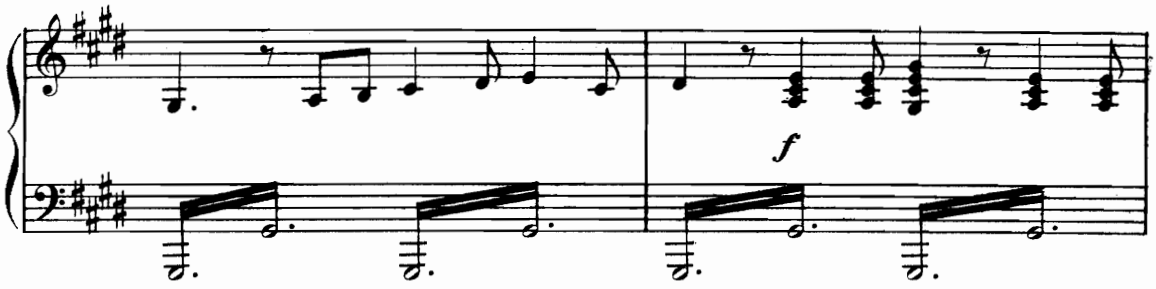
MARCOMIR "Ah! tu condamnes tes sœurs!"

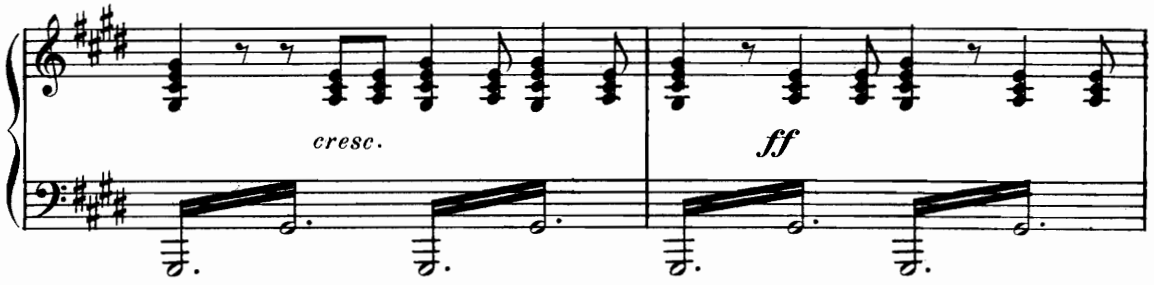


LES BARBARES (au dehors)

Vive Odin! Vive Thor! Aux Romains la mort! la mort!

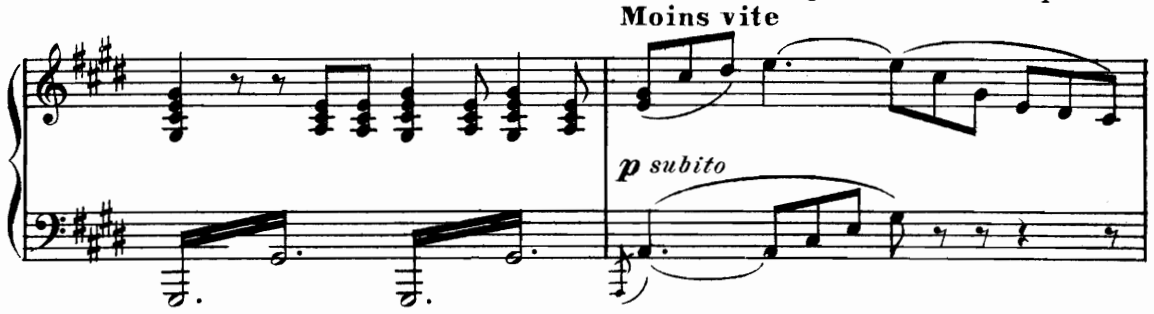




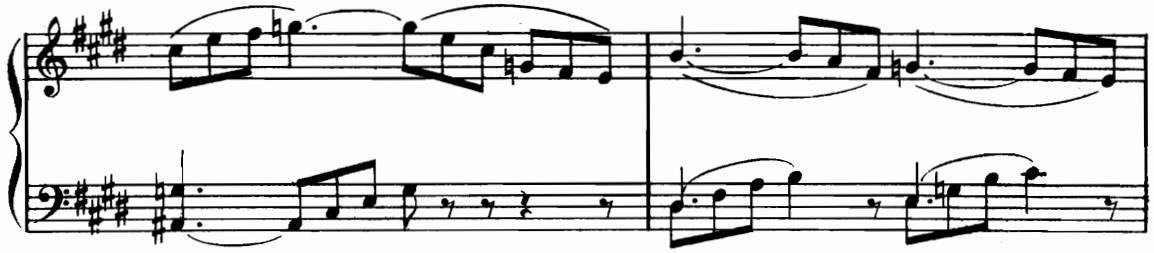


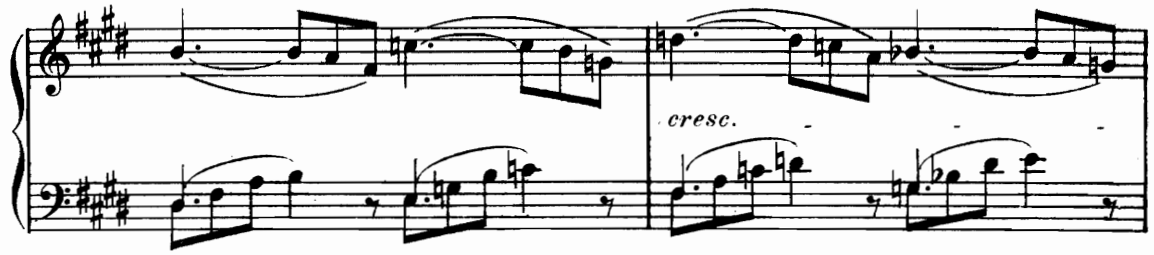
FLORIA "Barbare! et plus cruel encor que les

Moins vite

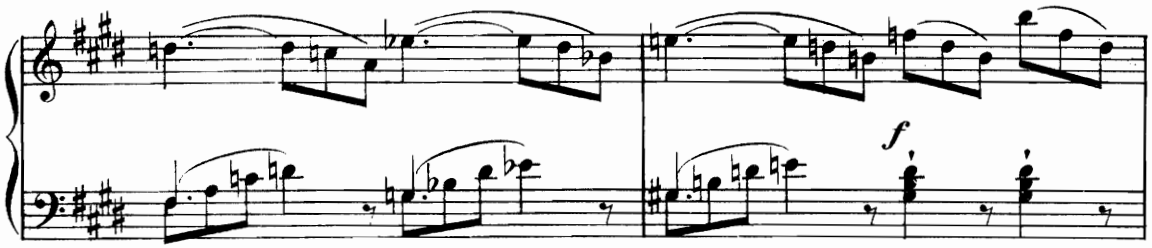


tueurs des enfants et des femmes!"



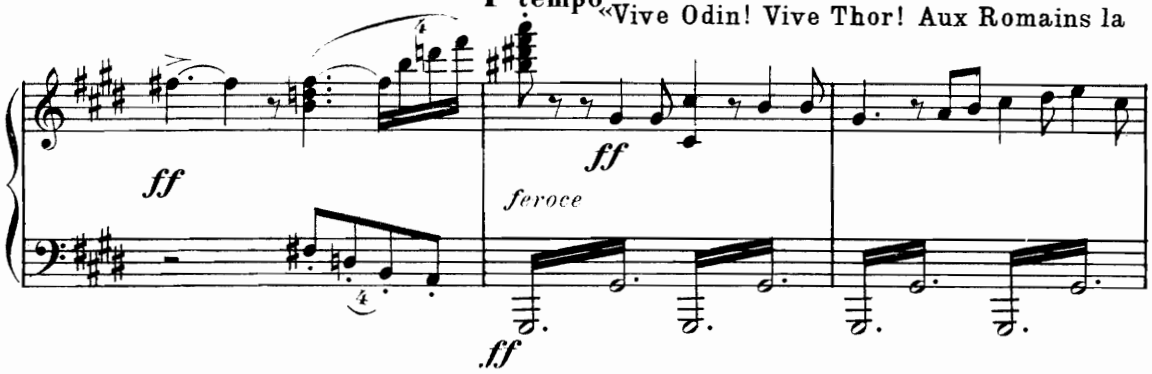


FLORIA «Va-t'en!»

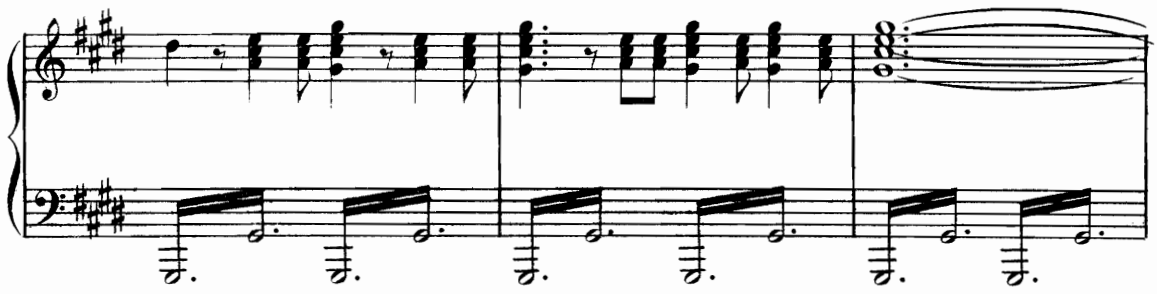


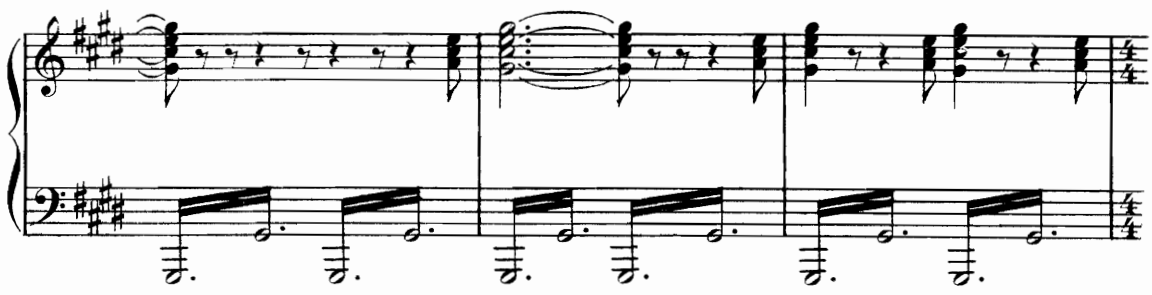
I° tempo

LES BARBARES (au dehors)
«Vive Odin! Vive Thor! Aux Romains la

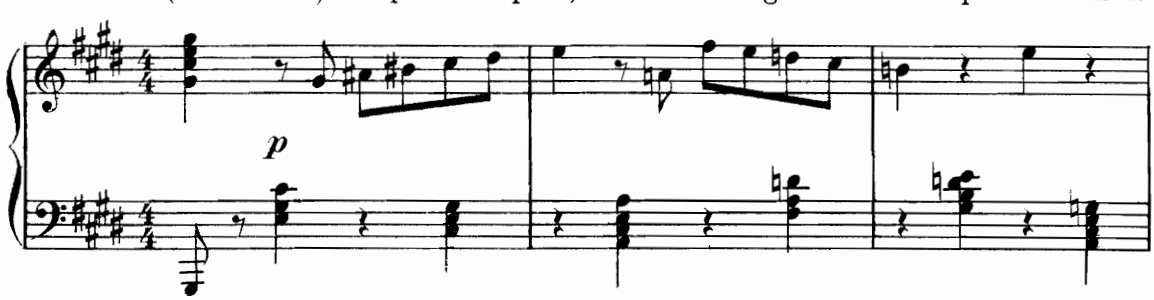


mort! la mort!»





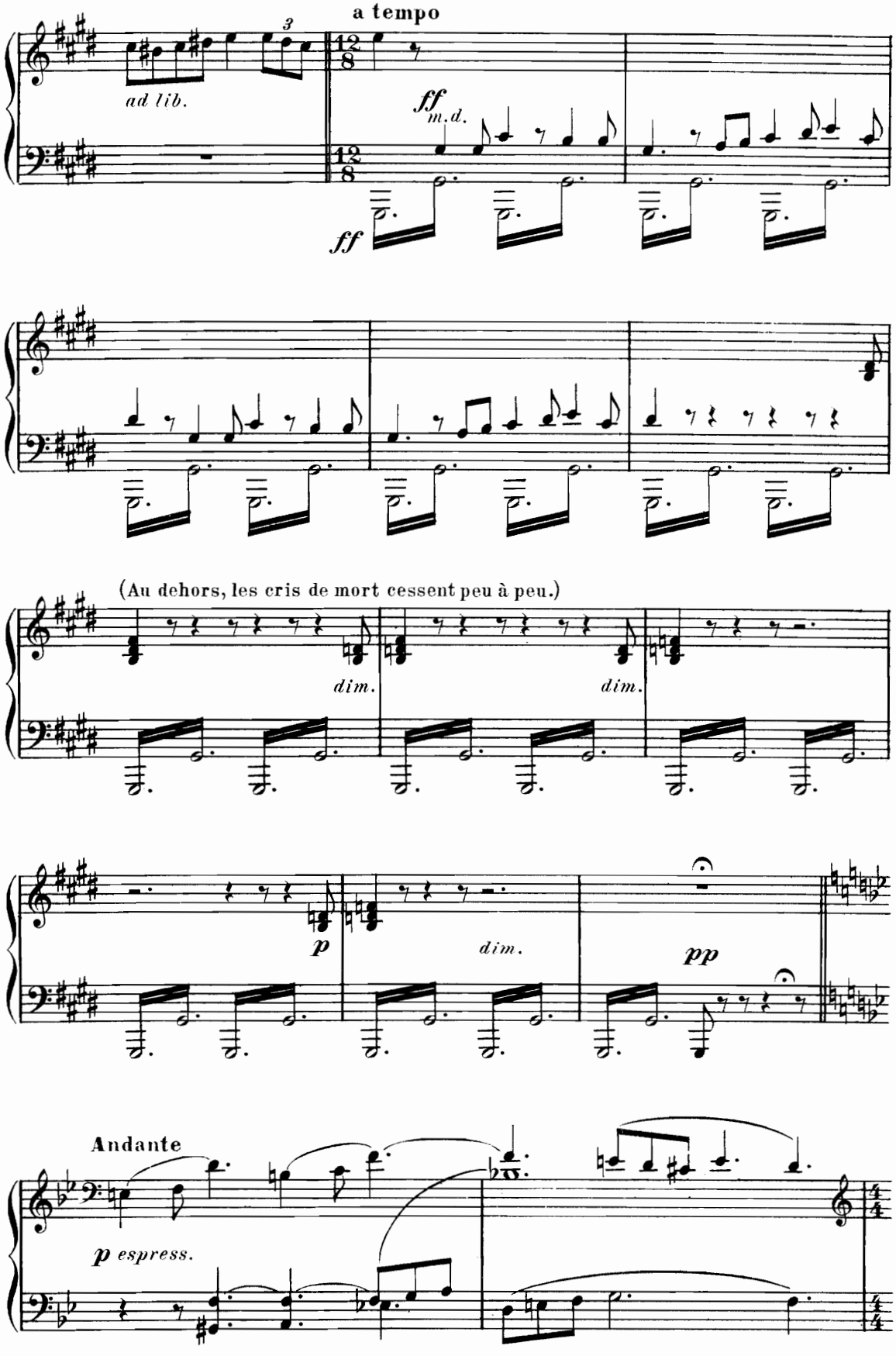
MARCOMIR (à Hildibrath) «Prépare le départ, rassemble tes guerriers. Va! que ces cris de



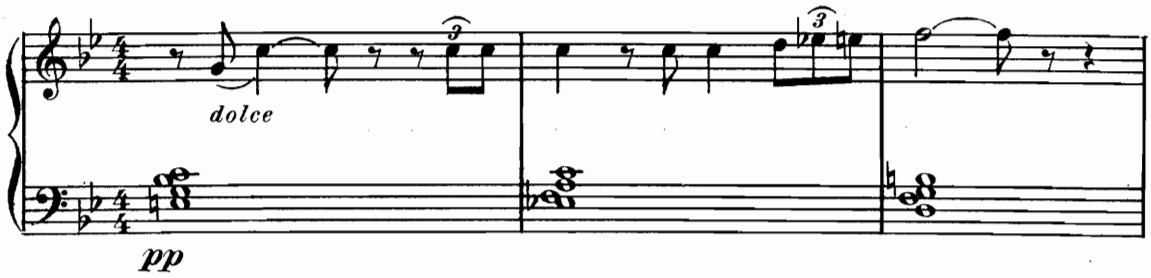
D.

LES BARBARES (au dehors)

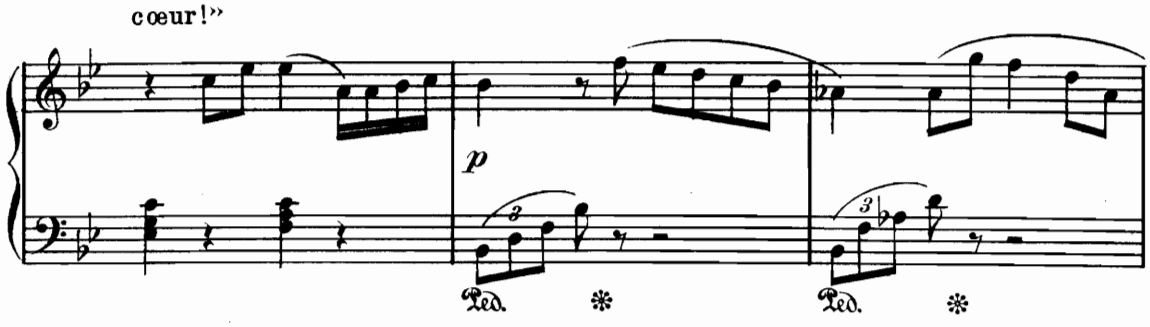
mort soient les derniers.» «Vive Odin! Vive Thor!»



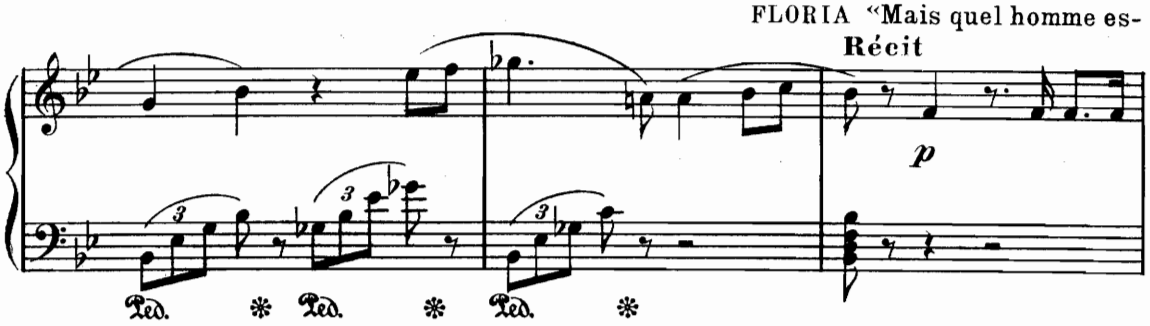
MARCOMIR "Ecoute! tout se tait. La ville est délivrée; que la paix rentre dans ton



cœur!"

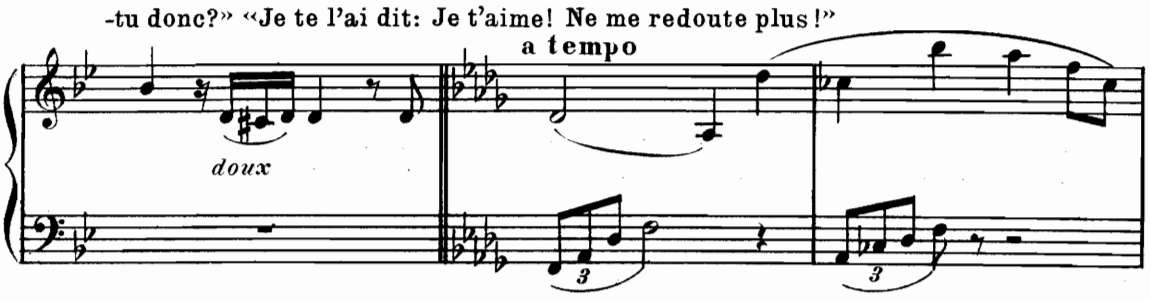


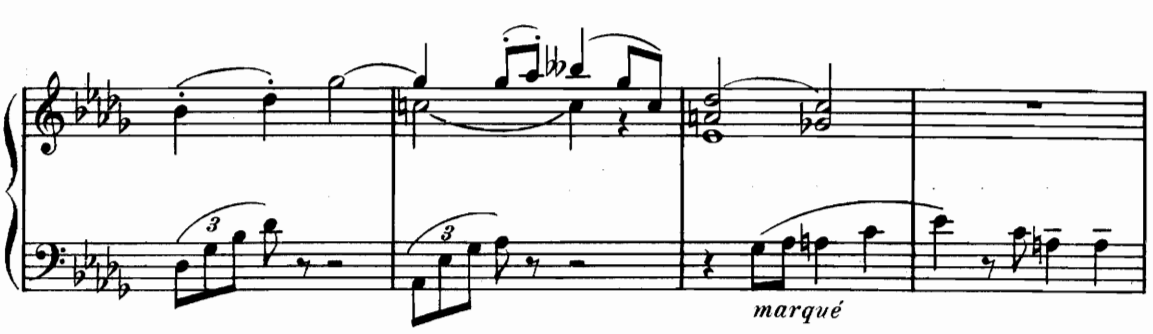
FLORIA "Mais quel homme es-



MARCOMIR

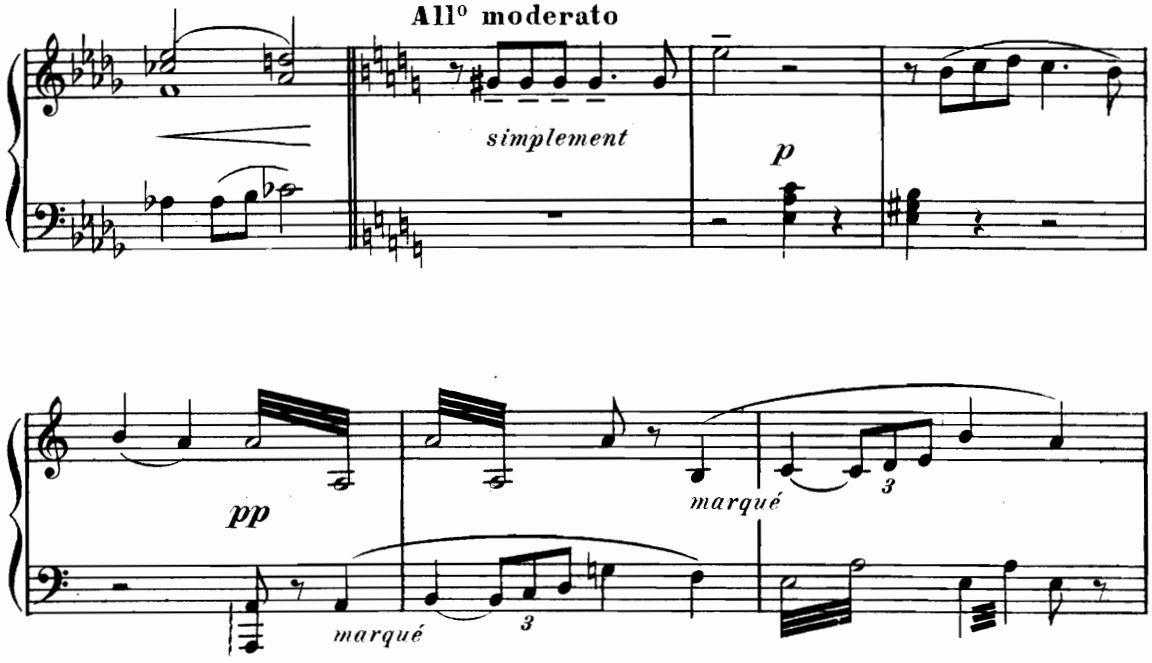
-tu donc?" "Je te l'ai dit: Je t'aime! Ne me redoute plus!"



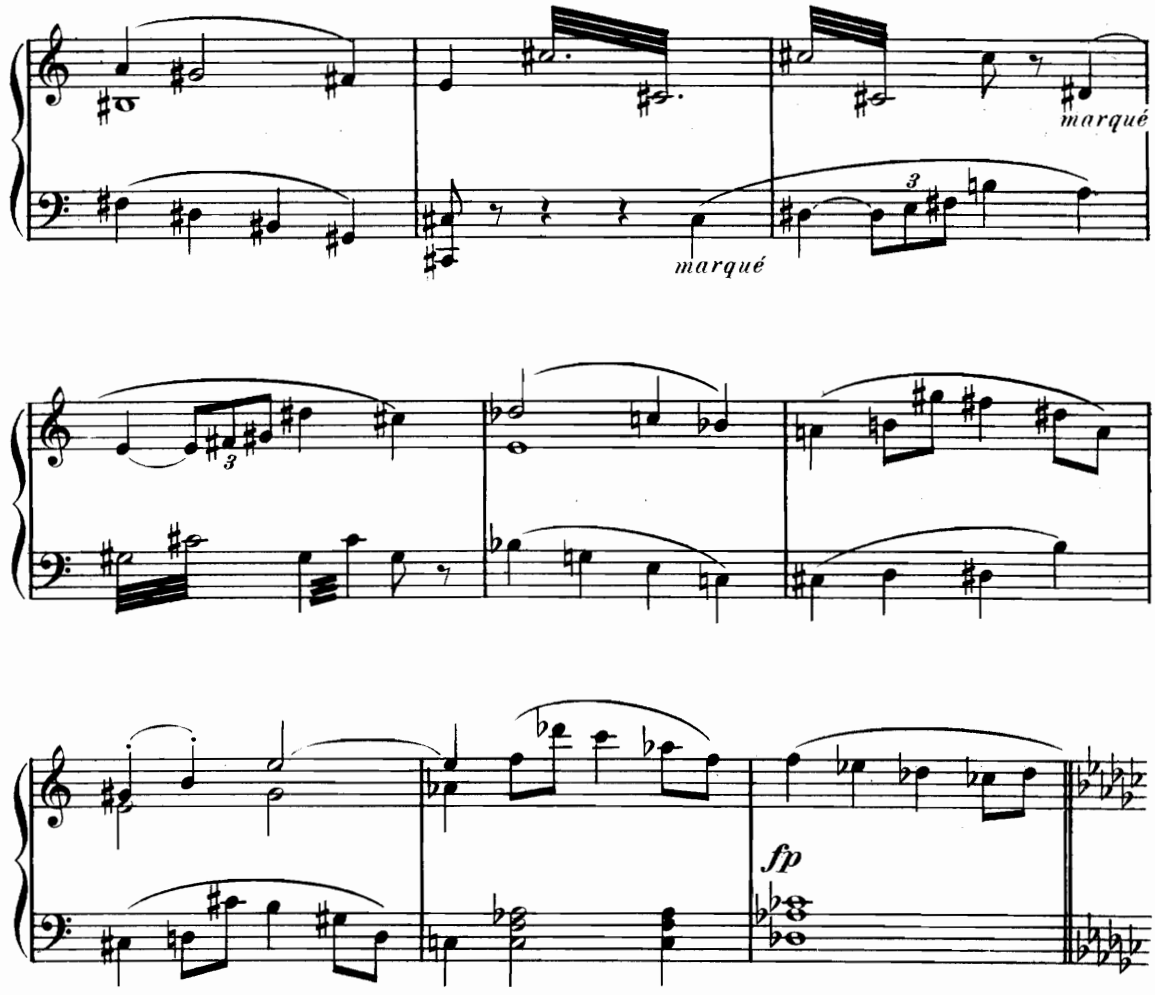


MARCOMIR "Je ne demande rien... tu parleras toi-même."

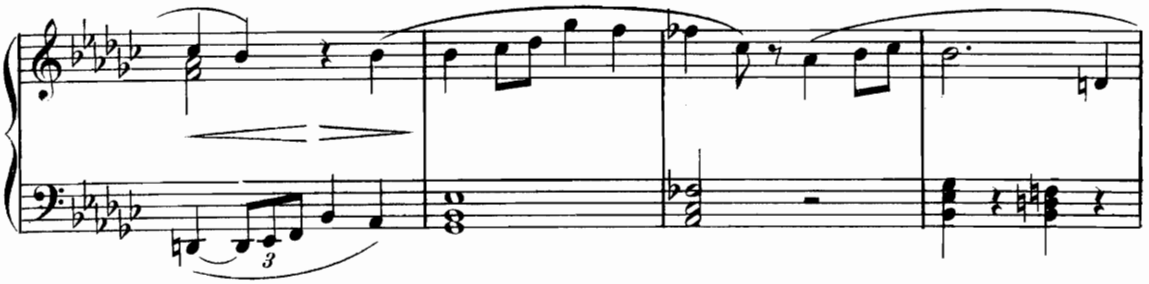
All° moderato



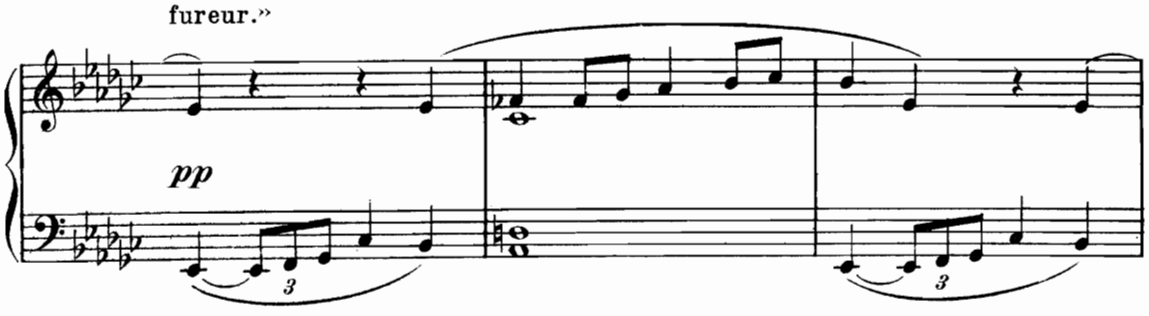
FLORIA "Que dirais-je? Mon âme, encor pleine d'effroi, se trouble."

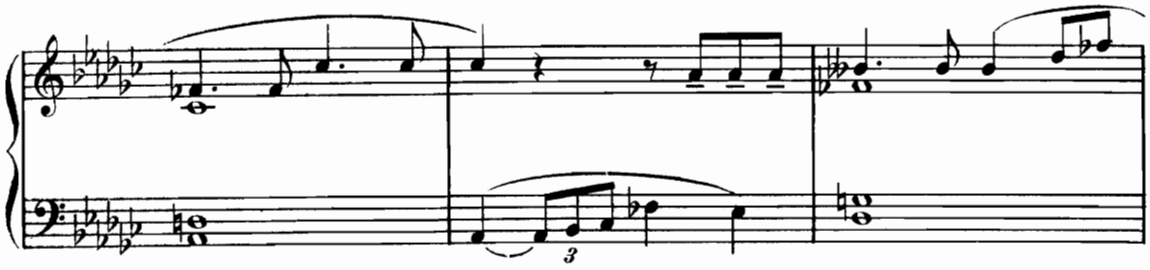


FLORIA "Je crains maintenant ta clémence plus que je n'ai craint ta

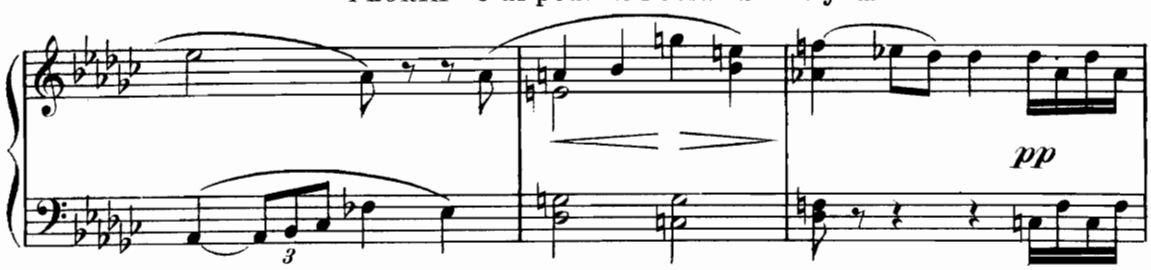


fureur."



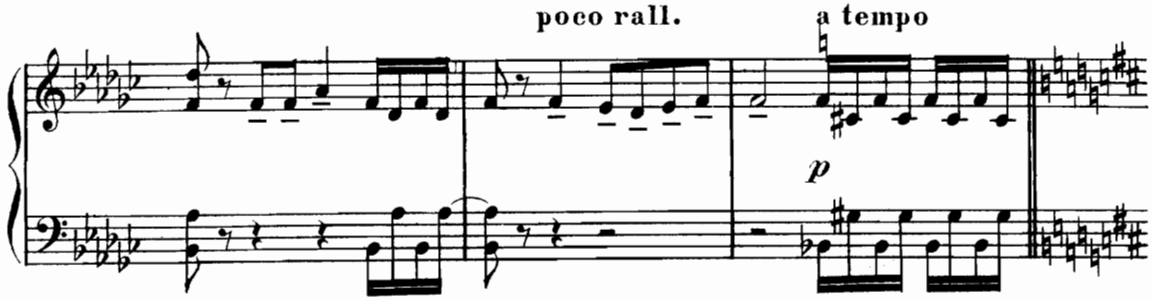


FLORIA "J'ai peur de l'éclat de tes yeux...

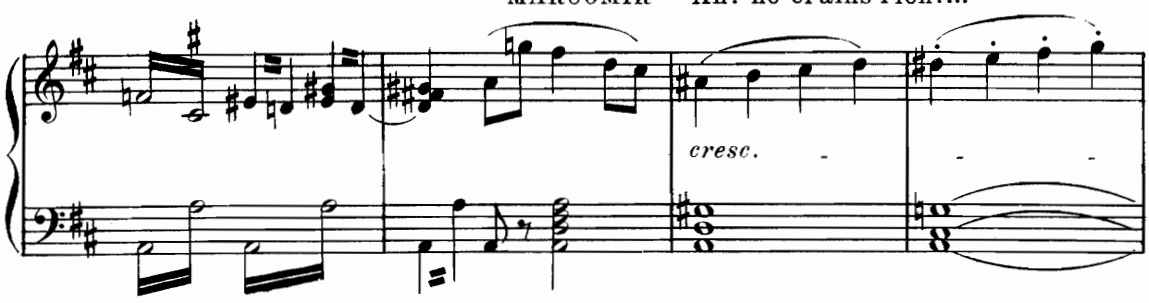


de ta voix... même de ton silence..."

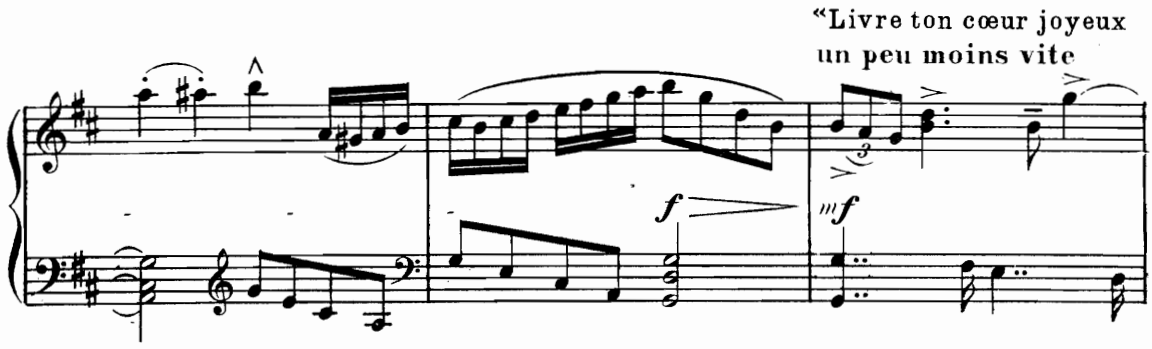
poco rall. a tempo



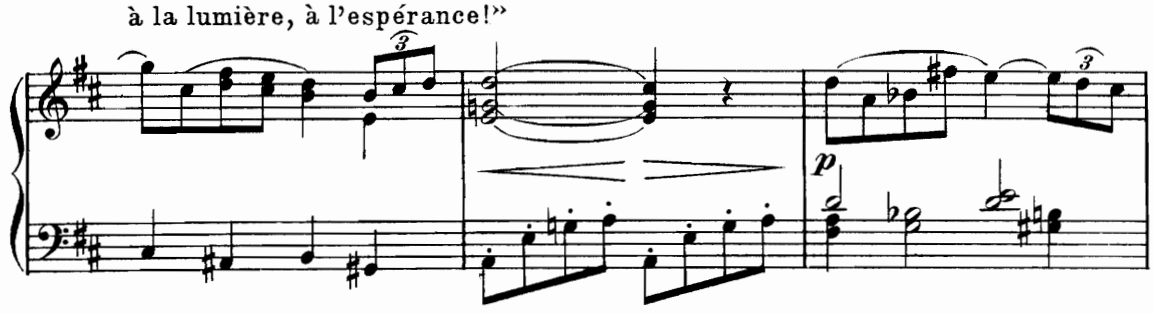
MARCOMIR "Ah! ne crains rien!...

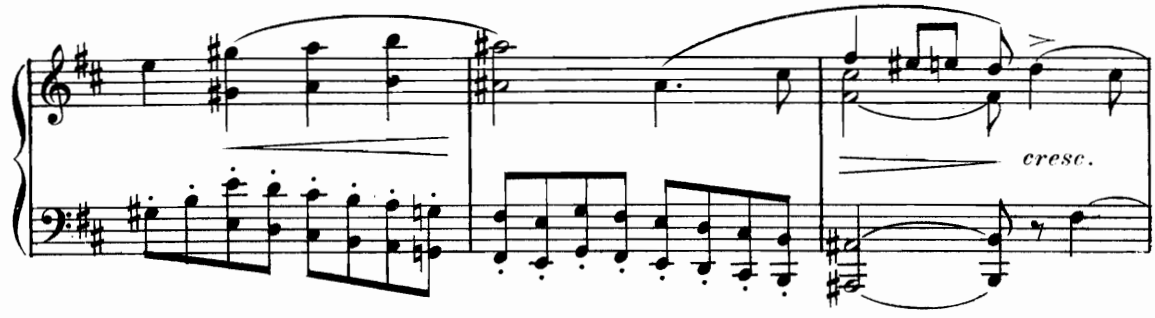


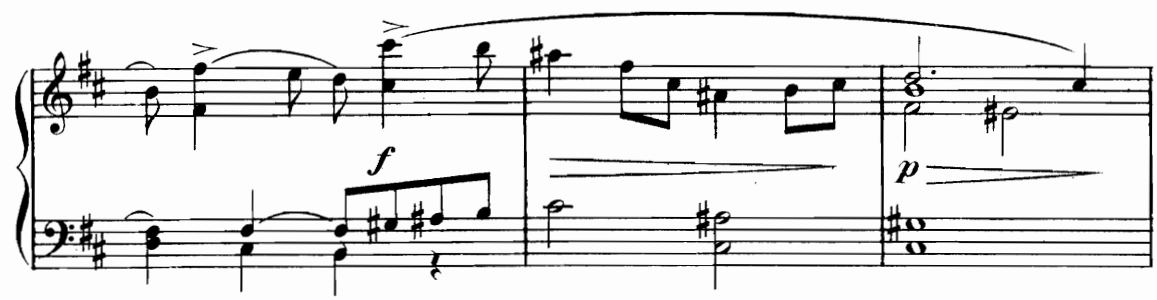
"Livre ton cœur joyeux
un peu moins vite



à la lumière, à l'espérance!"

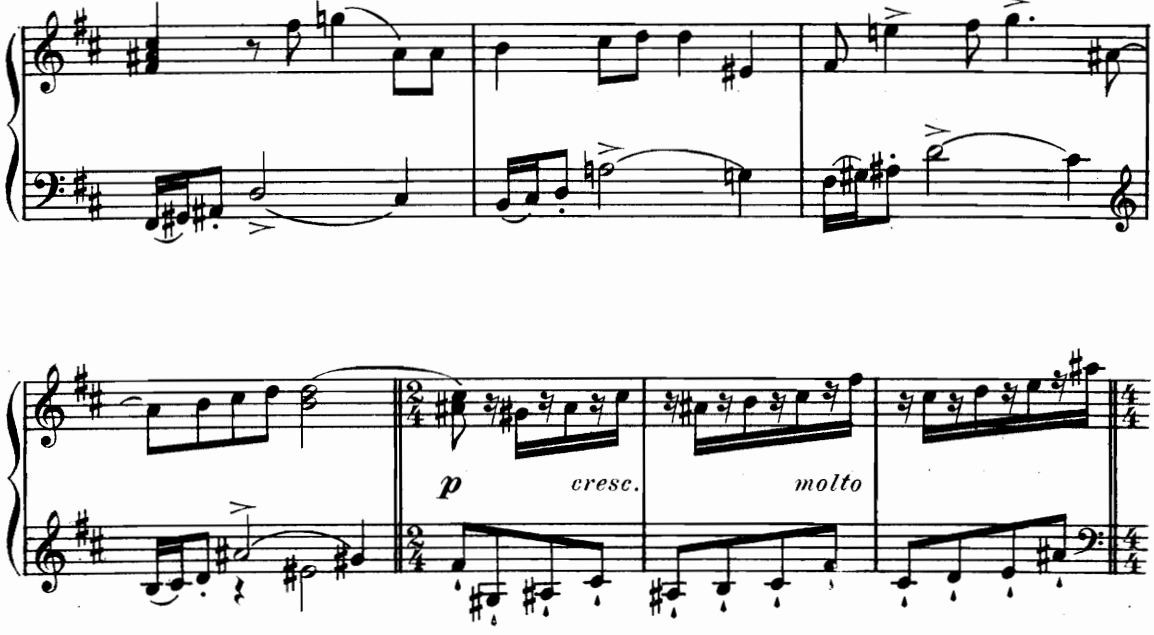






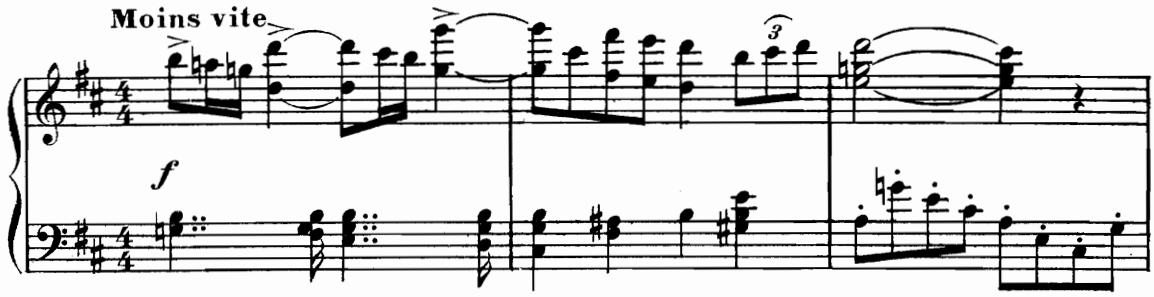
FLORIA "De trouble mon âme est remplie! O Vesta, vois mon désespoir!"

Animé

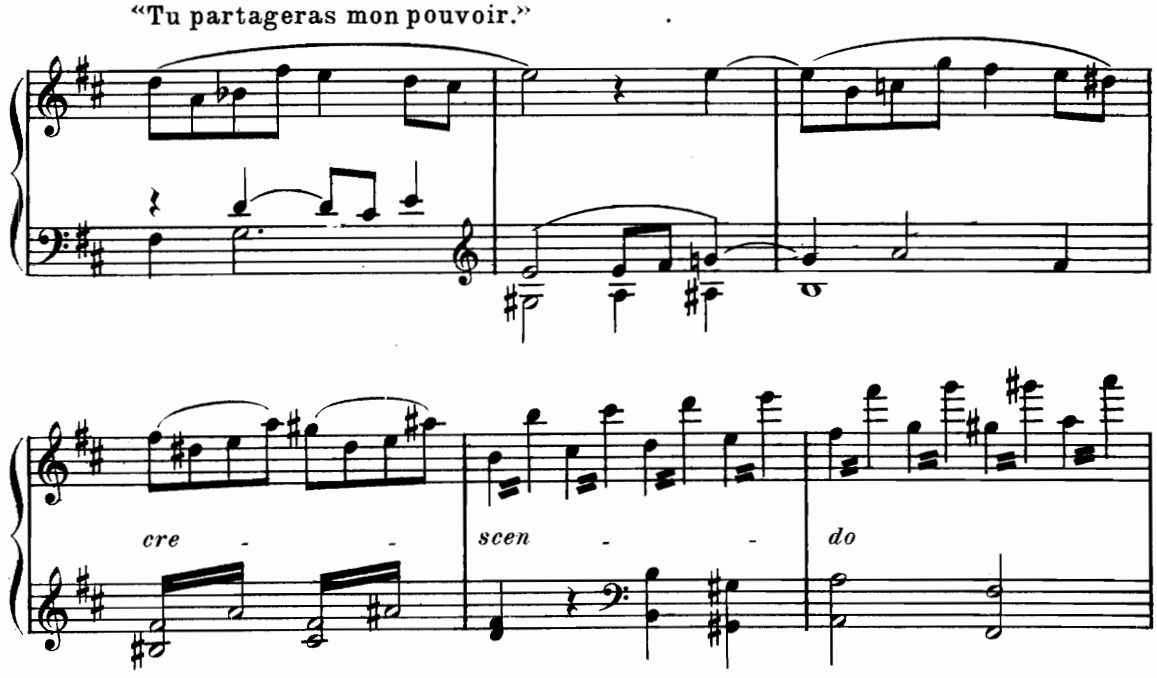


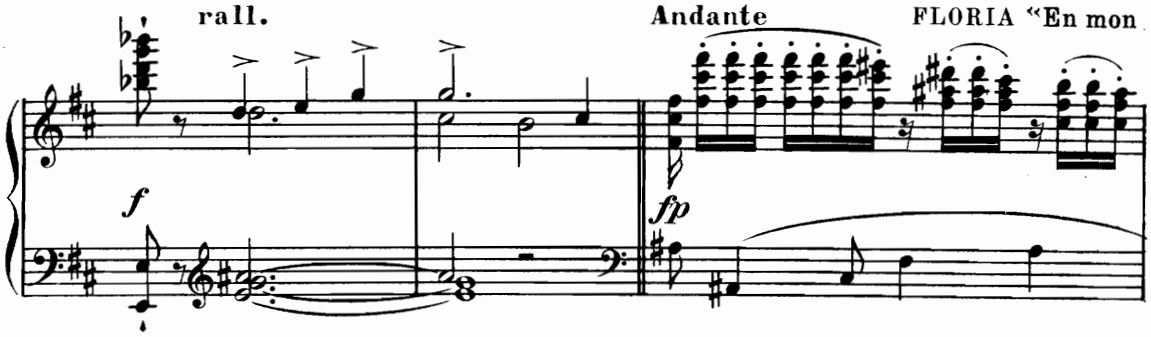
MARCOMIR "Viens! Je suis Roi! tu seras Reine!...

Moins vite

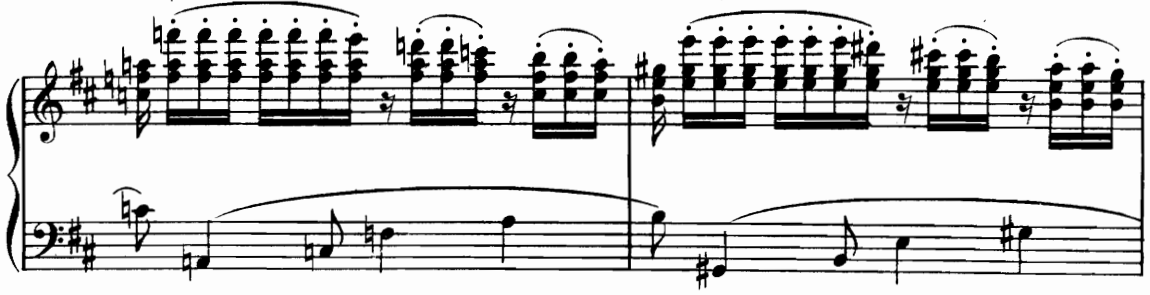


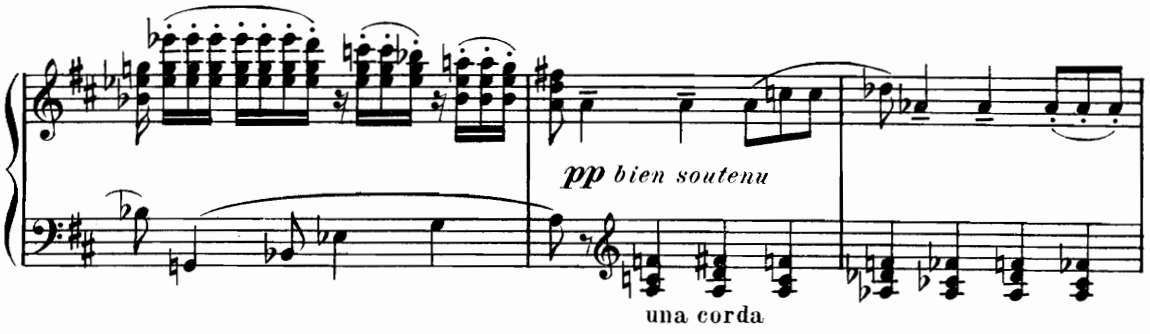
"Tu partageras mon pouvoir."

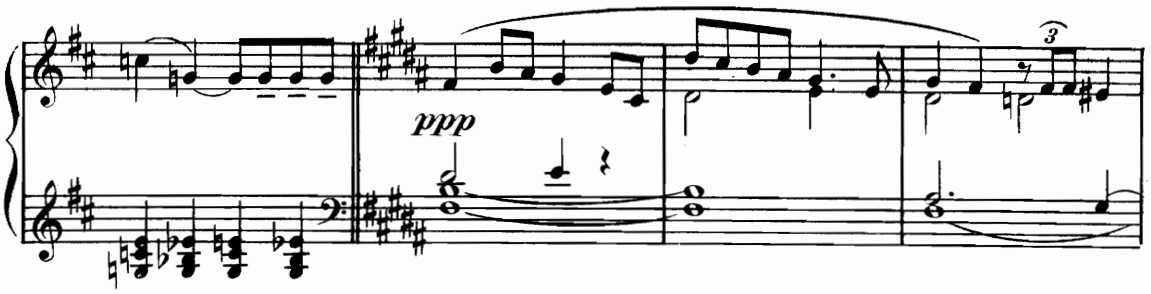




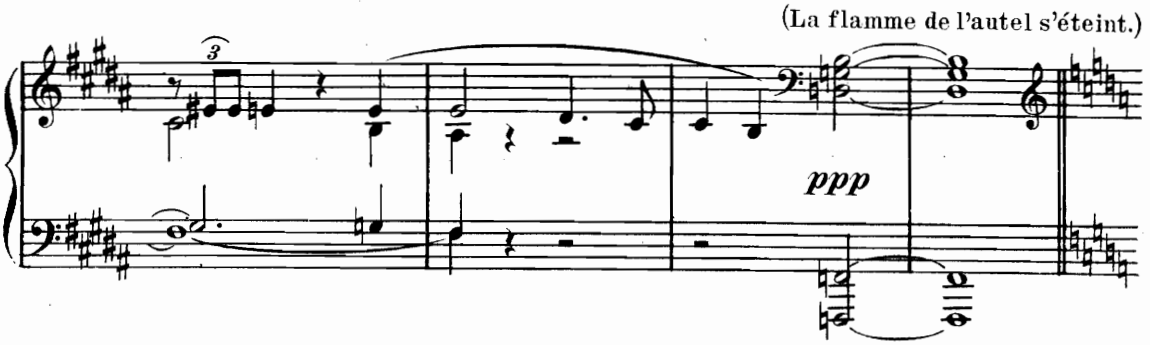
cœur prêt à se briser quelle tendre langueur pénètre?"



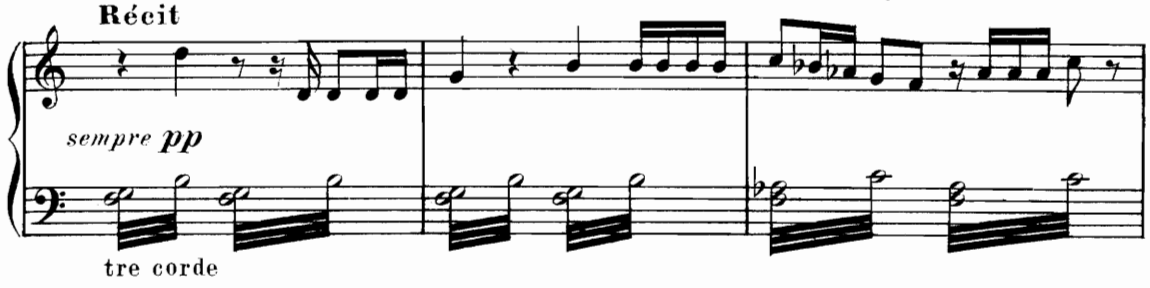




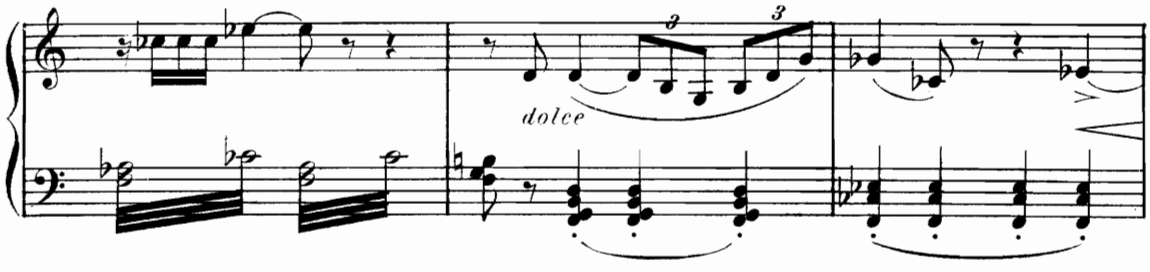
(La flamme de l'autel s'éteint.)

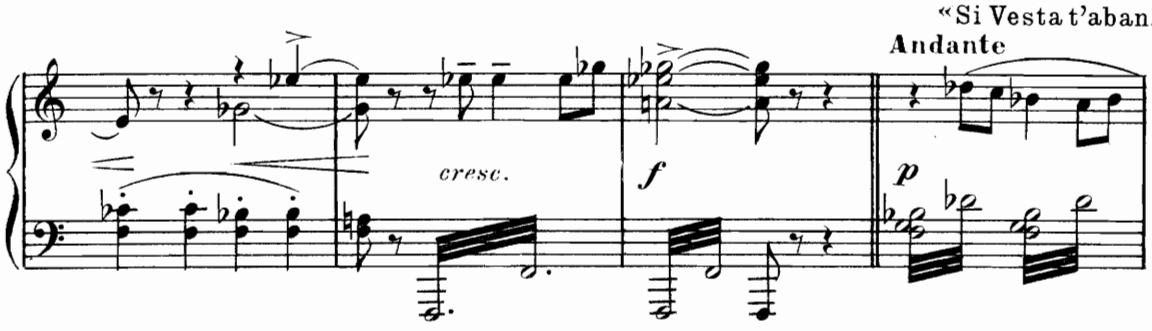


FLORIA "Ah! Vesta m'abandonne, et dans la sombre nuit je m'égare!"

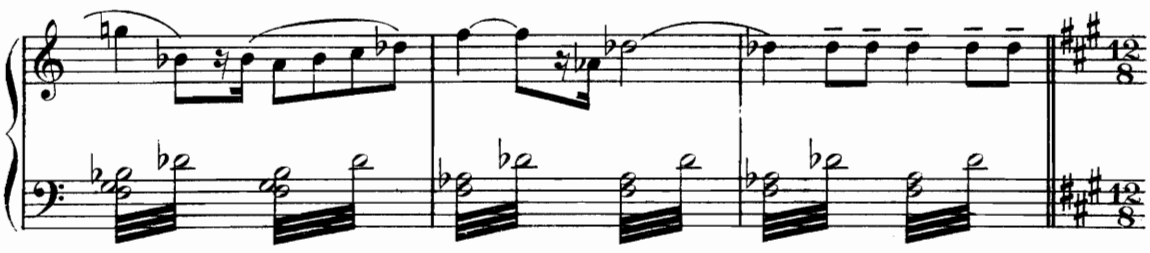


MARCOMIR "Rassure ton âme éperdue!...

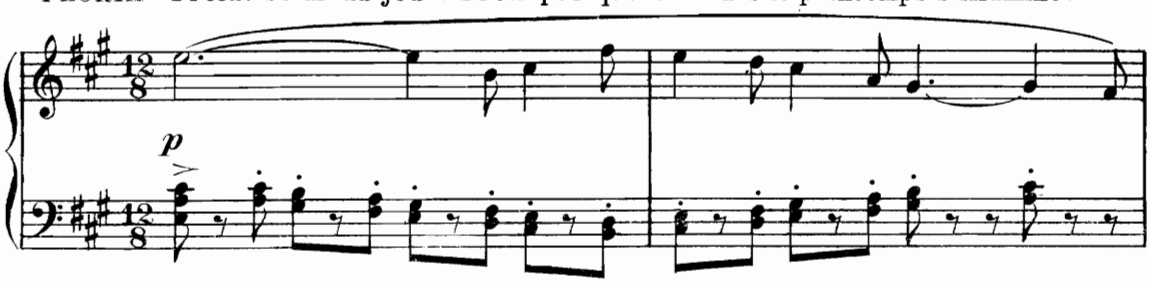


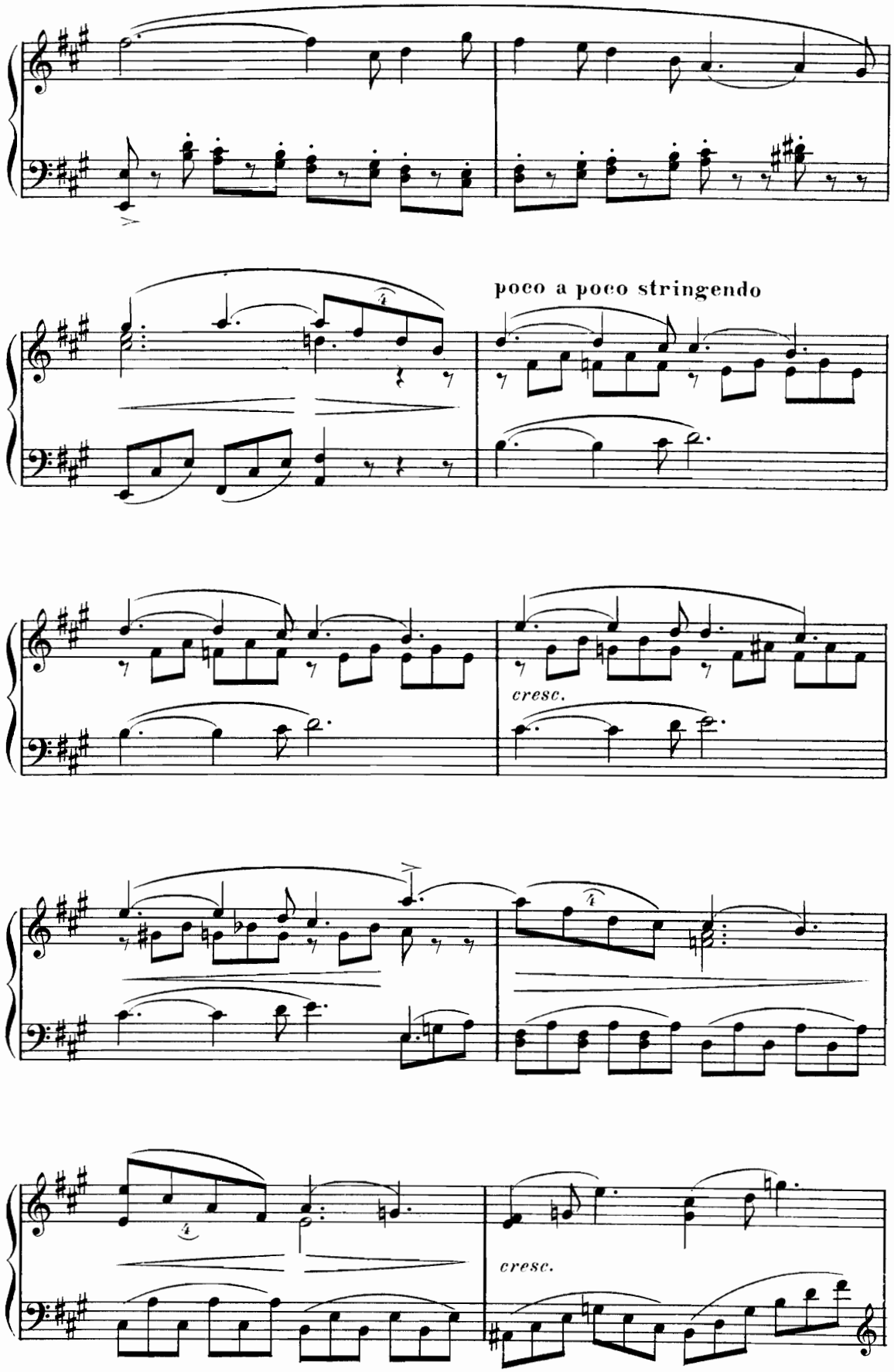


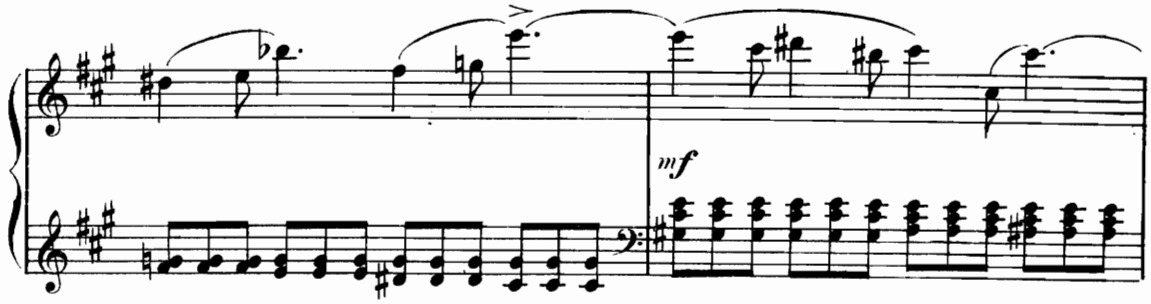
donne, tu serviras Freia!

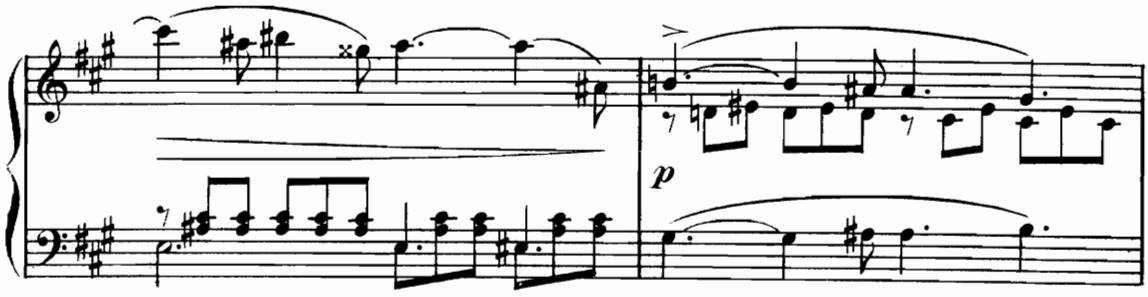


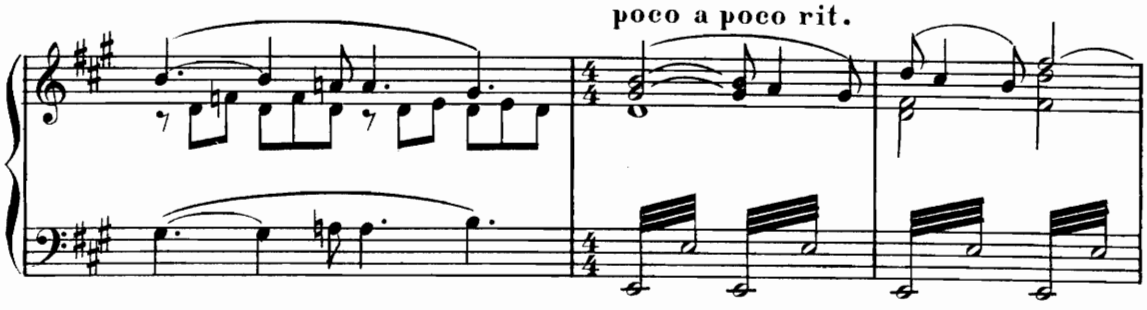
FLORIA "Freia! sœur du jour! Freia par qui de fleurs le printemps s'illumine."

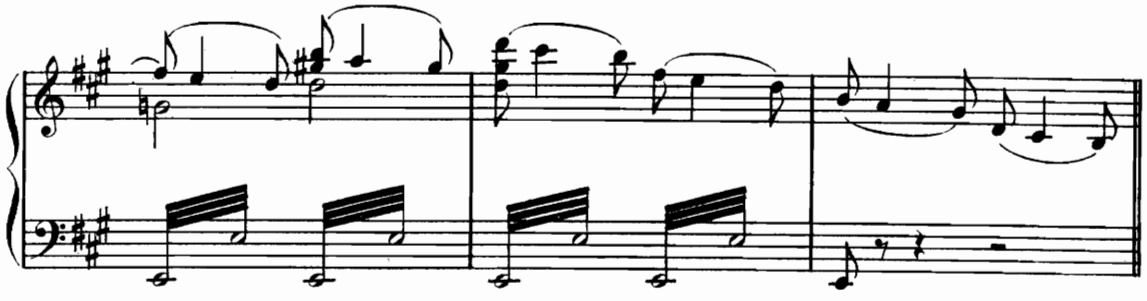



poco a poco stringendo
cresc.
cresc.

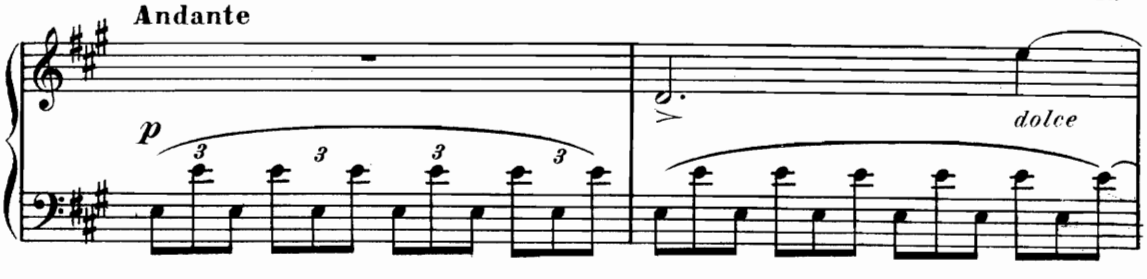




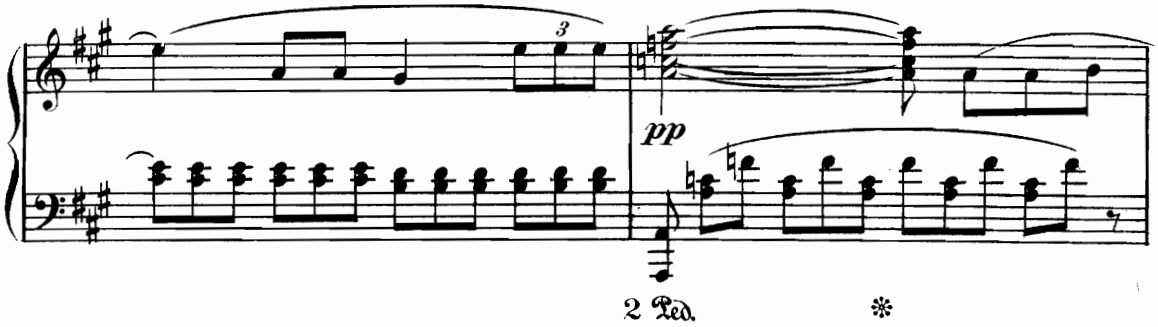


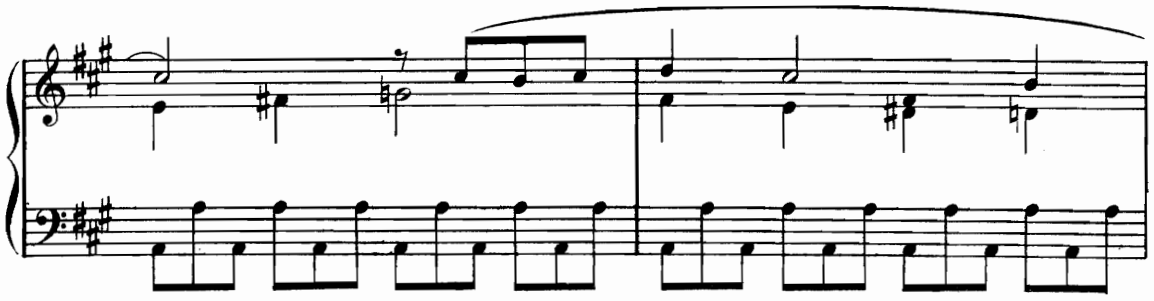


MARCOMIR «Freia la

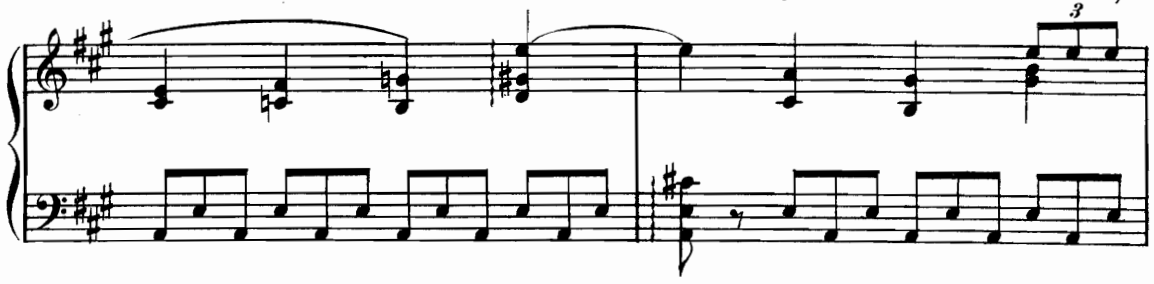


blonde aux yeux d'azur nous sourira, bonne déesse.»

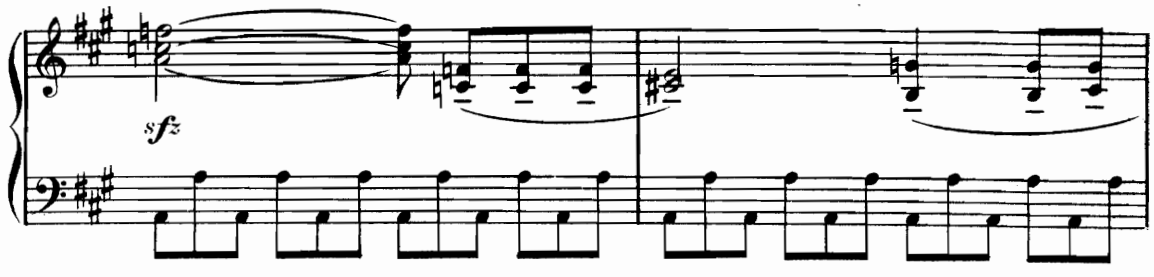


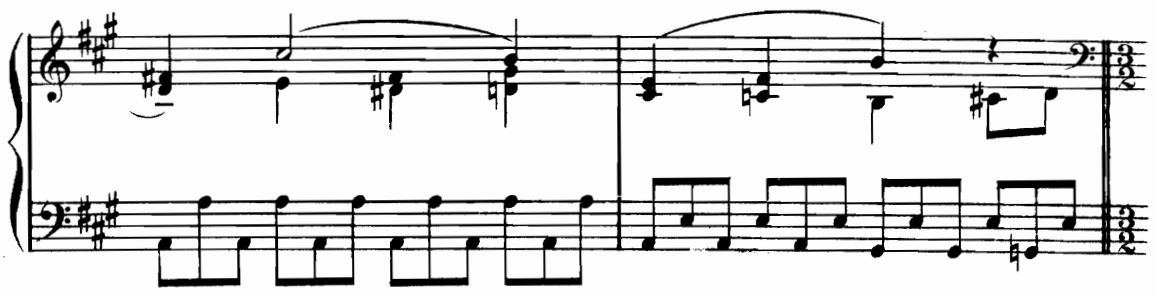


FLORIA «Freia la blonde aux yeux d'azur nous sourira,

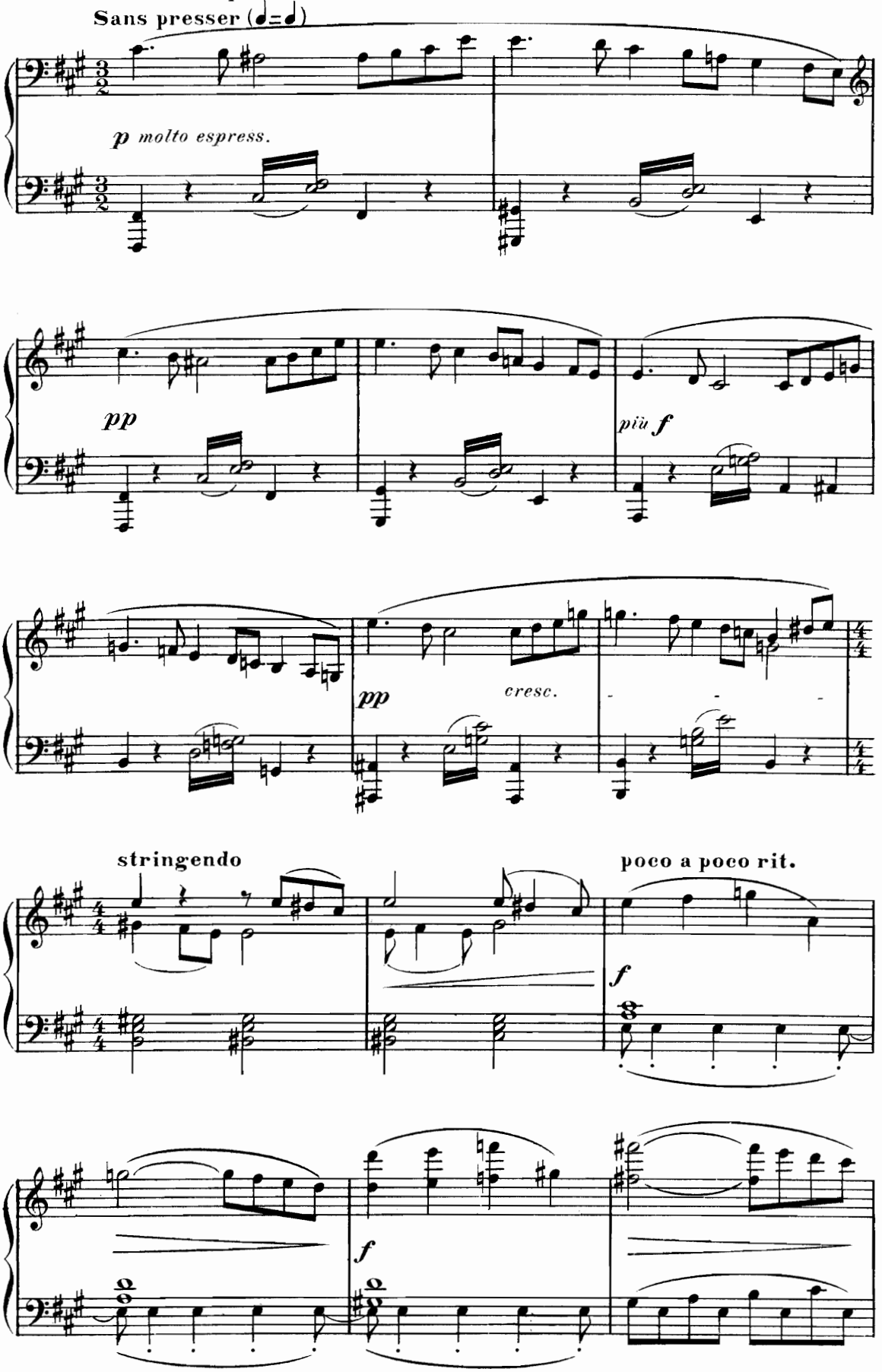


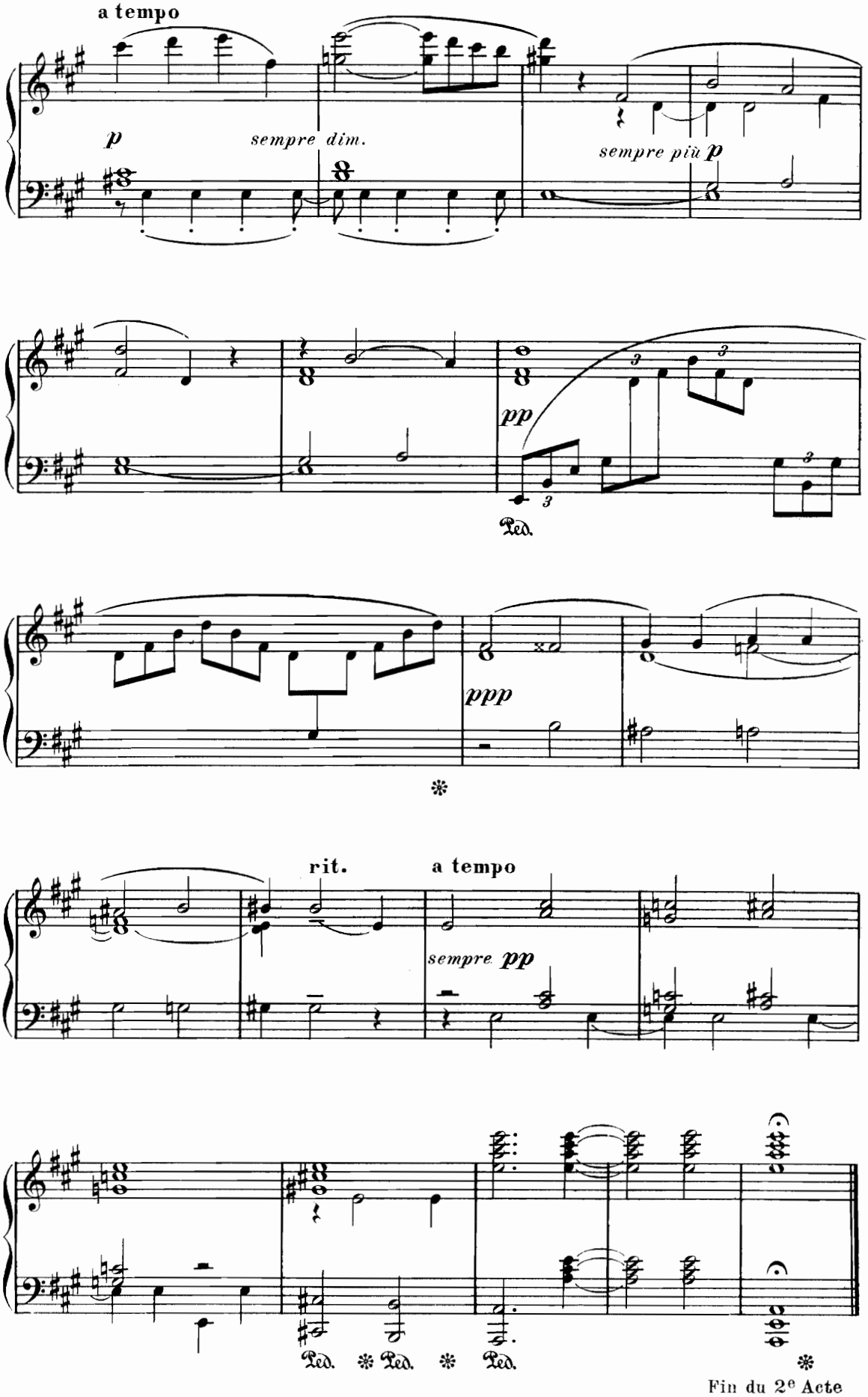
bonne déesse.»





MARCOMIR "Aux parfums de la nuit d'été."

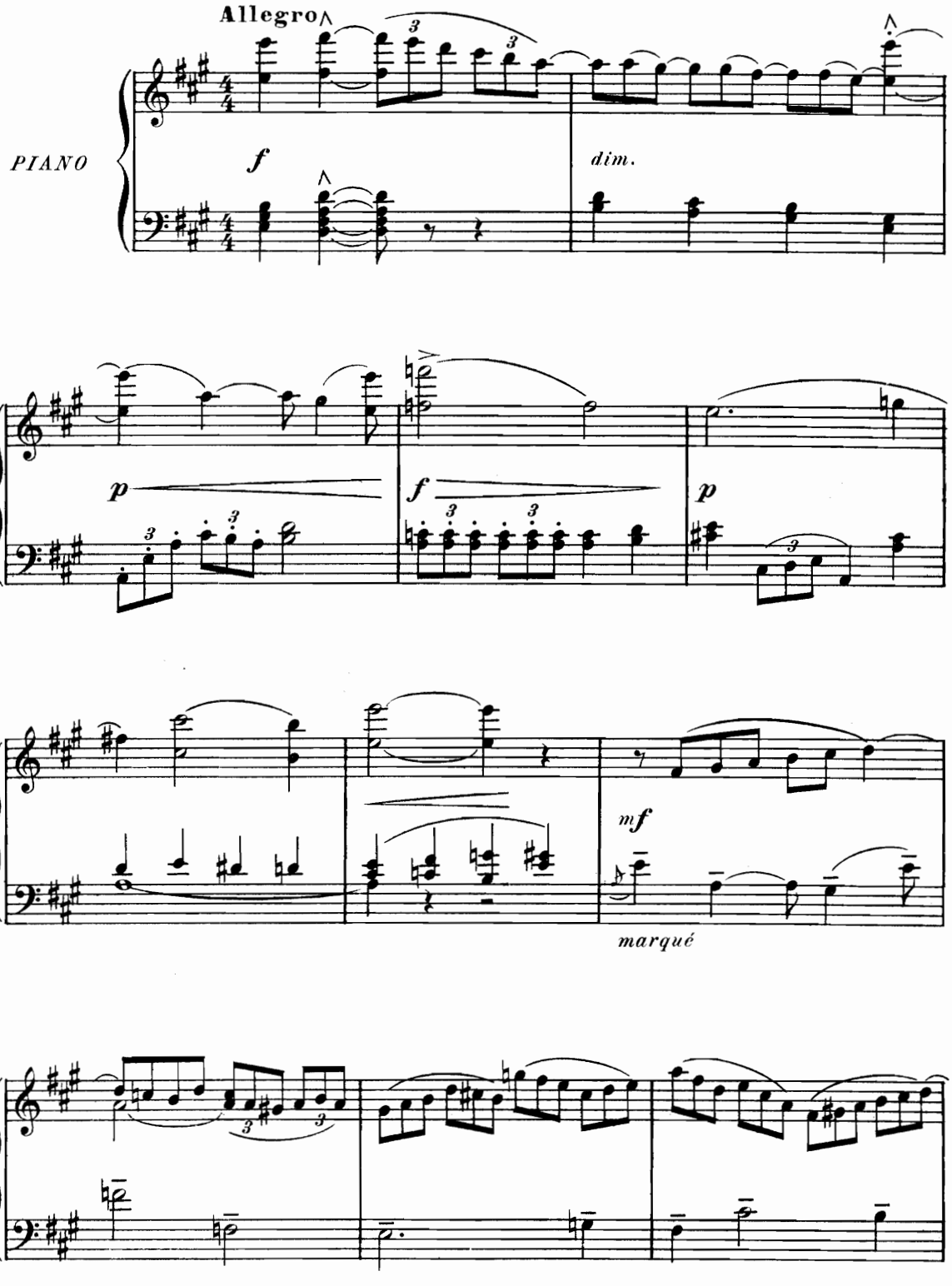


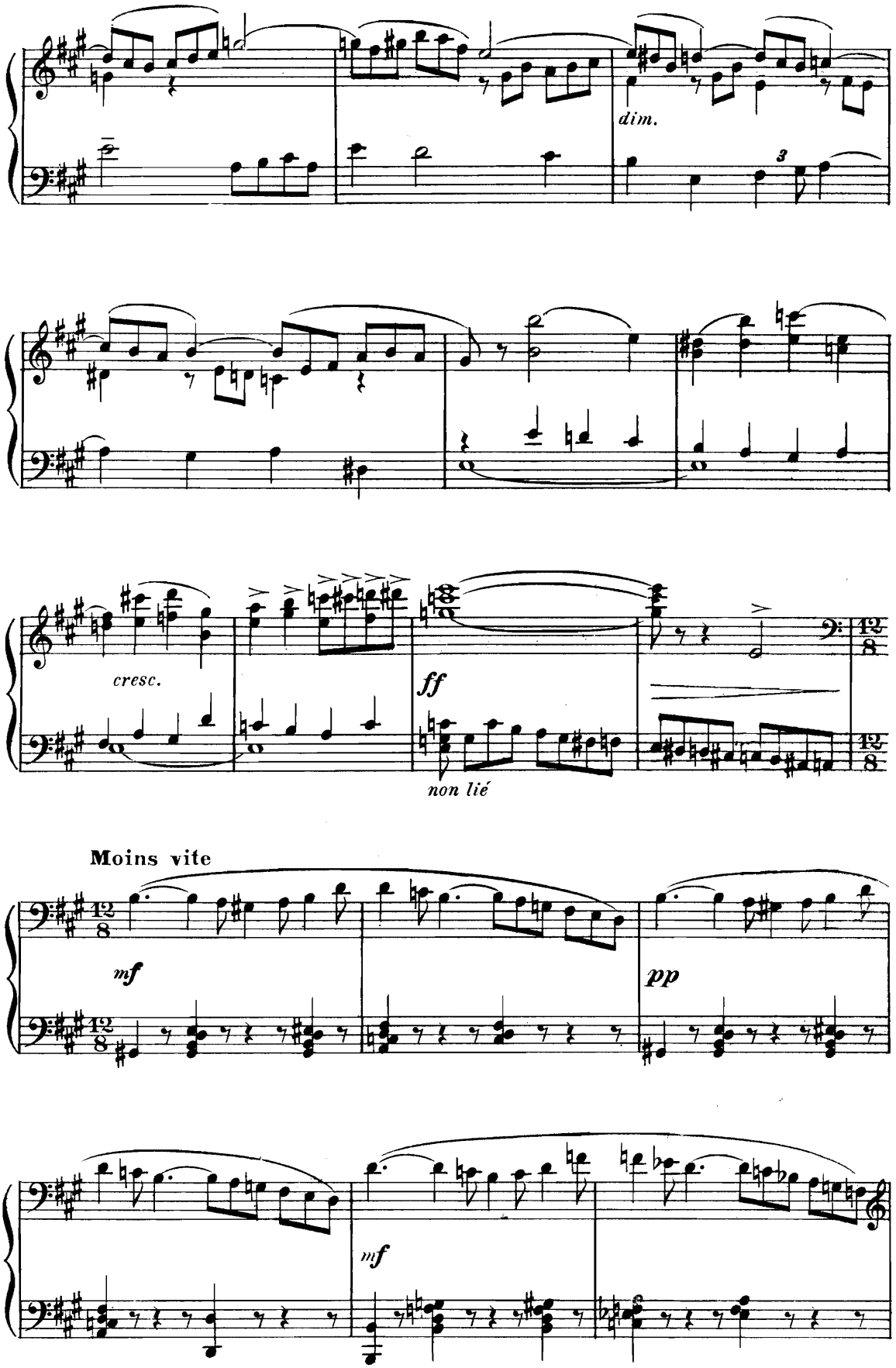


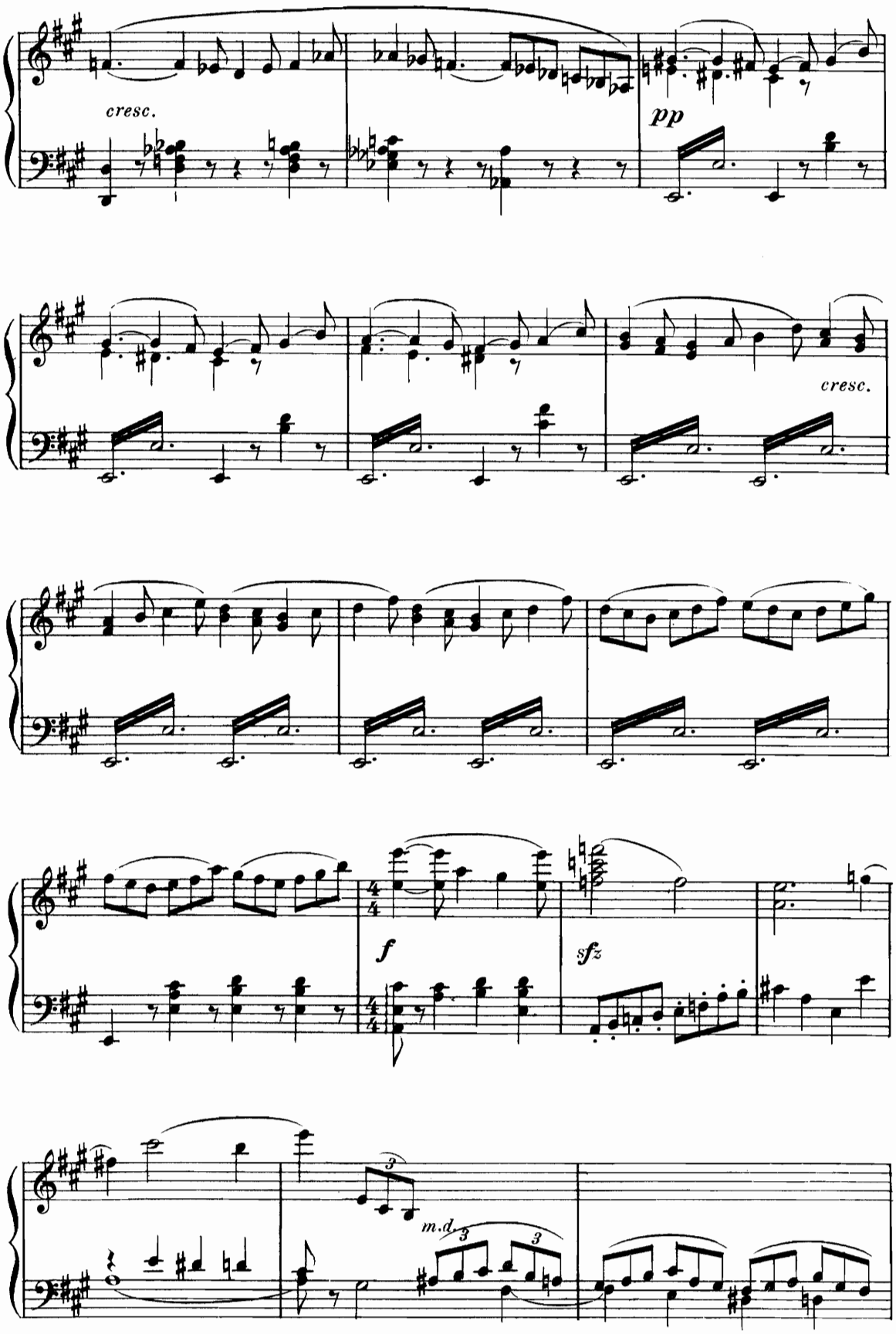
Fin du 2e Acte

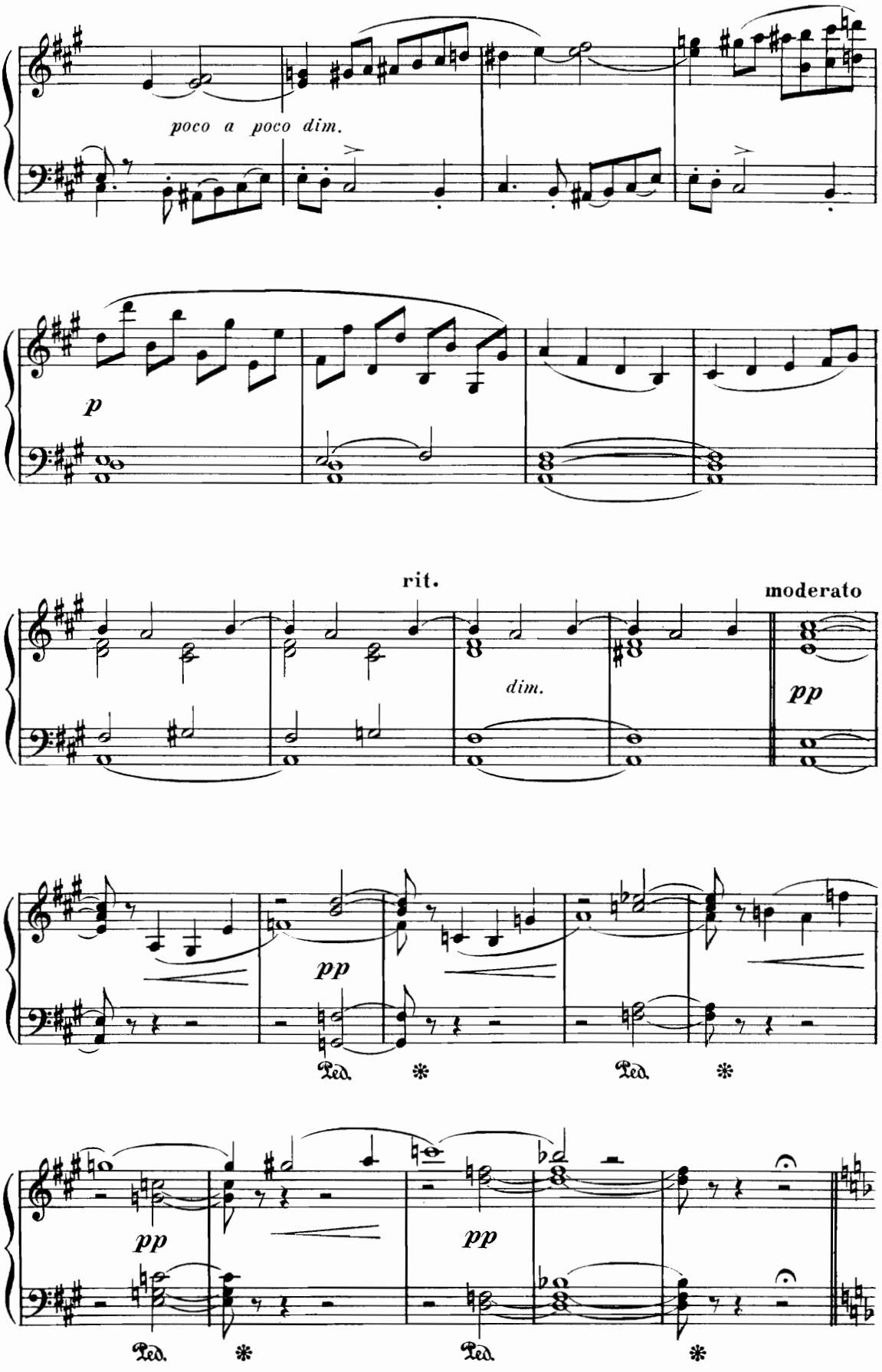
ACTE III

Prélude




dim.
cresc.
ff
non lié
Moins vite
mf
pp
mf

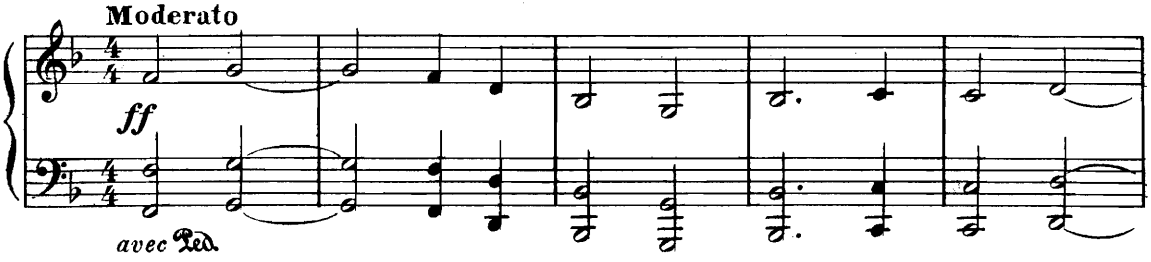

cresc.
pp
cresc.
f
sfz
m.d.
3
3
3


poco a poco dim.
p
rit.
moderato
dim.
pp
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
pp
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

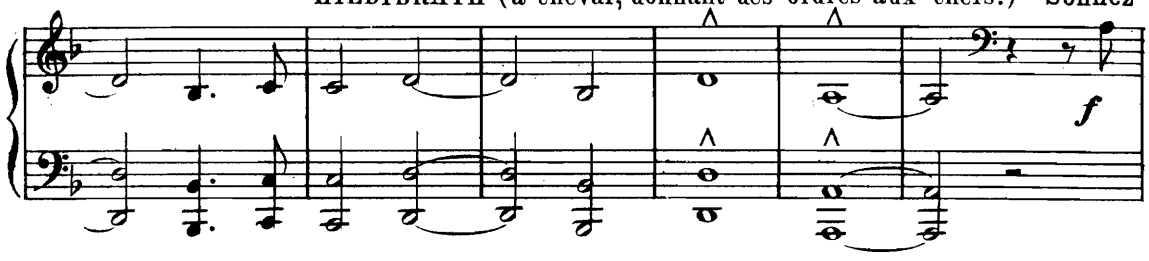
Un carrefour dans la ville haute, devant une porte du rempart à demi démantelé. Traces d'assaut et d'incendie. Au loin, la plaine, avec le cours et les berges du fleuve. Maisons. Murailles. Temple de Vesta. Un grand arbre. — Le matin, au lever du soleil.

Scène I — HILDIBRATH, LE VEILLEUR puis SCAURUS.

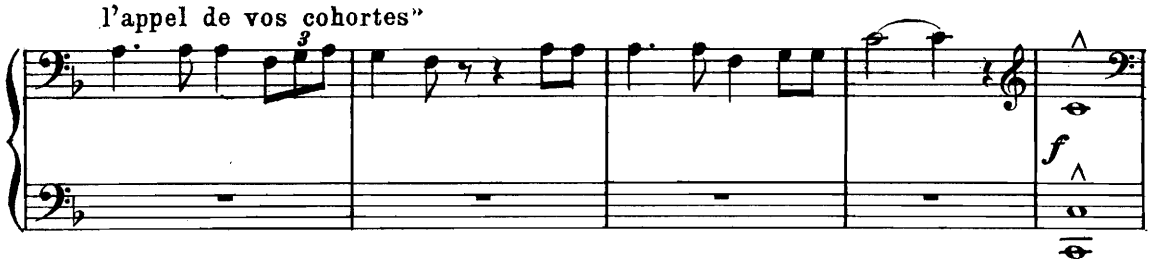
Les Barbares groupés au fond et au milieu de la scène — avec leurs chariots chargés de butin, et qu'on en charge encore — font leurs apprêts de départ. — Les habitants, hommes, femmes, enfants, anxieux, sur les côtés de la scène.

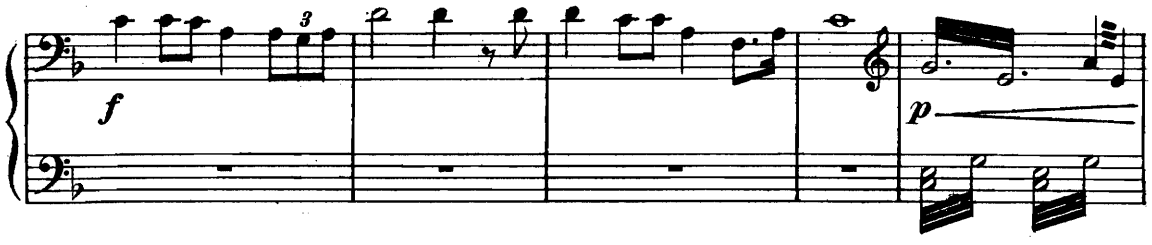


HILDIBRATH (à cheval, donnant des ordres aux chefs.) "Sonnez

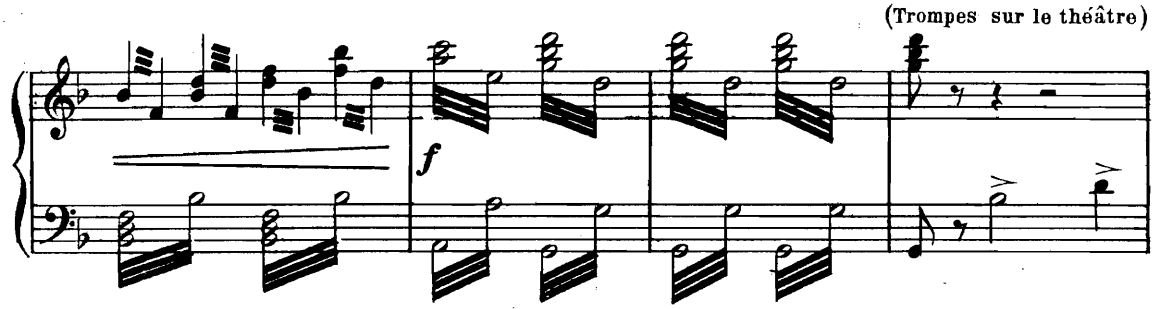


l'appel de vos cohortes"

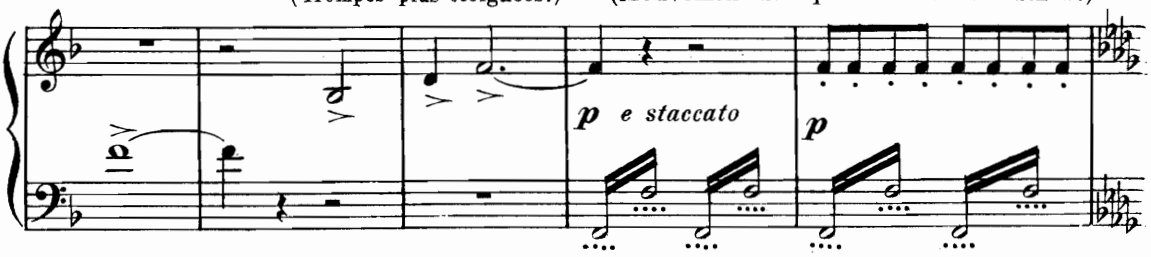


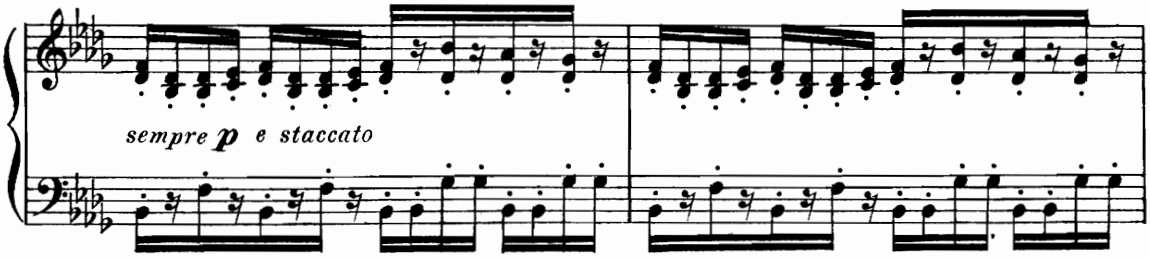


(Trompes sur le théâtre)

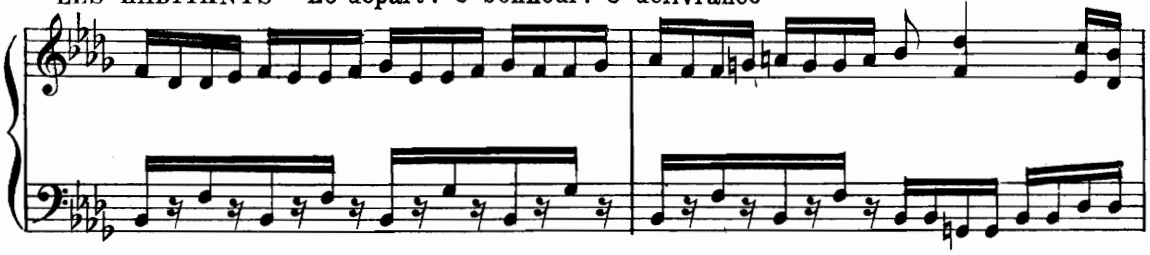


(Trompes plus éloignées.) (Mouvement de départ chez les Barbares.)

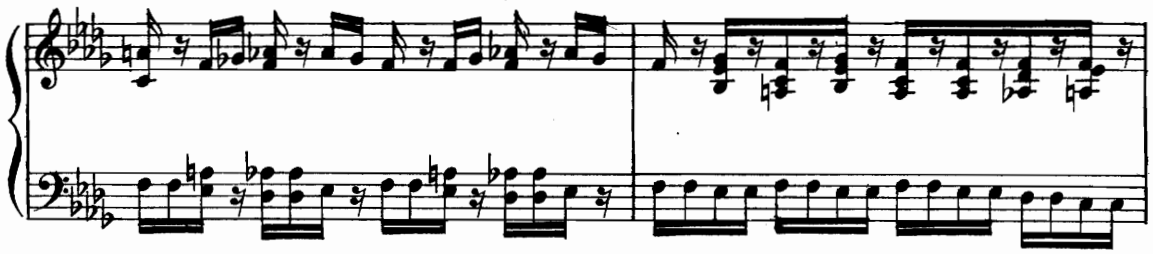


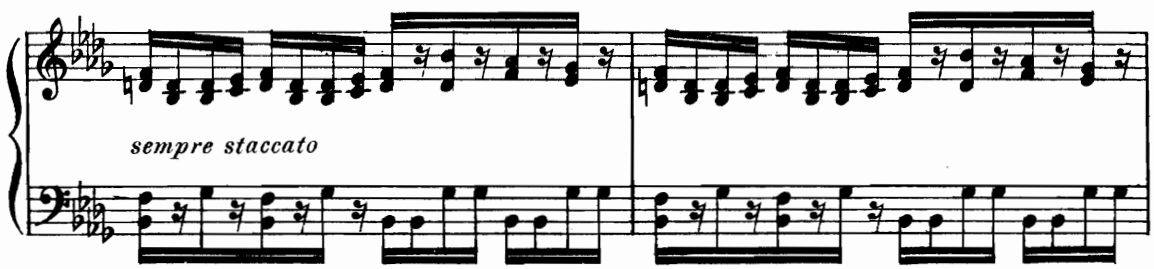


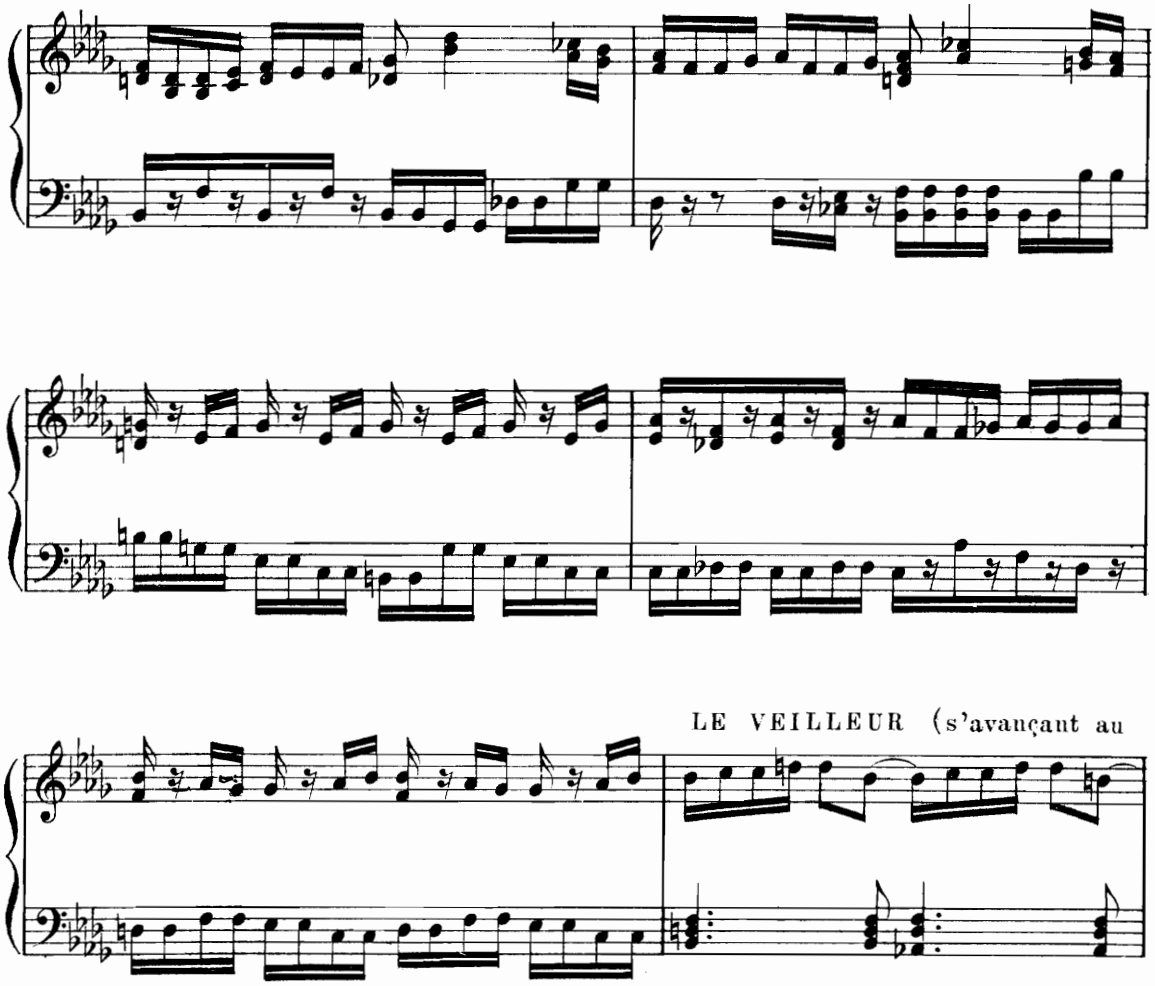
LES HABITANTS «Le départ! O bonheur! O délivrance»

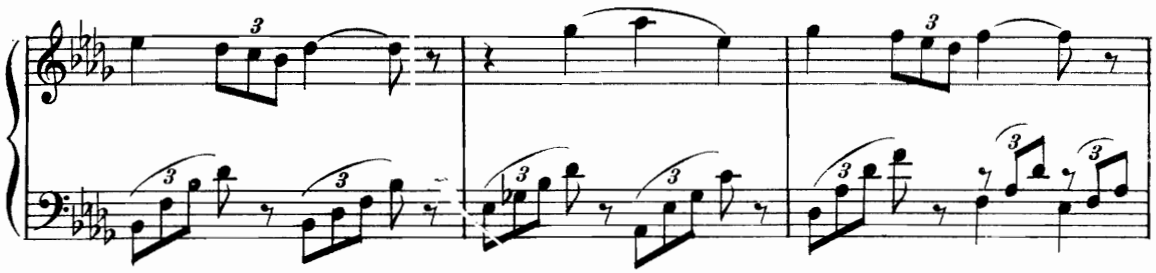


UN HABITANT «On ose à peine y croire après tant de souffrance!»

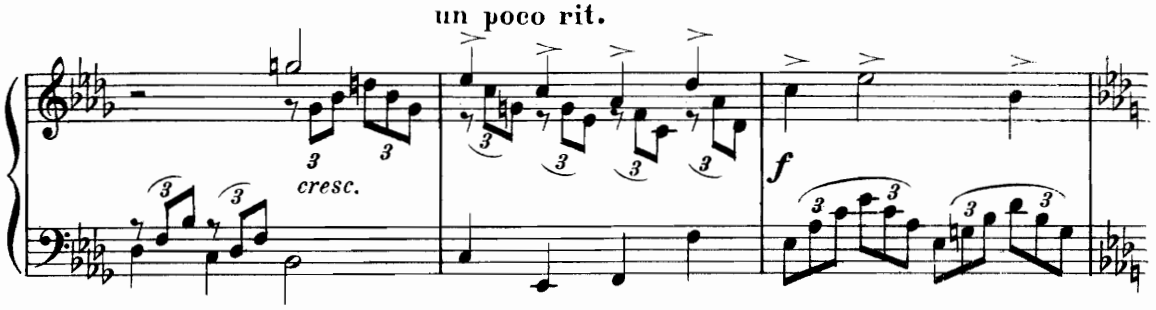




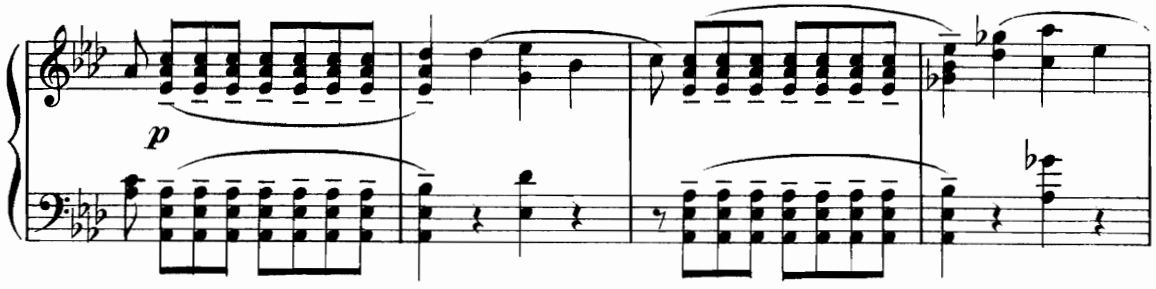

LE VEILLEUR (s'avançant au
milieu des groupes.) «N'oublions pas les sacrifices que nous devons aux immortels!»
largement
mf
p
f
3
3



un poco rit.

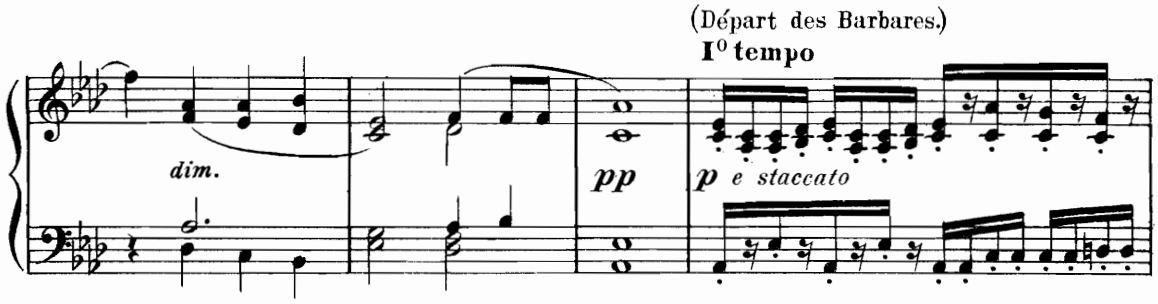


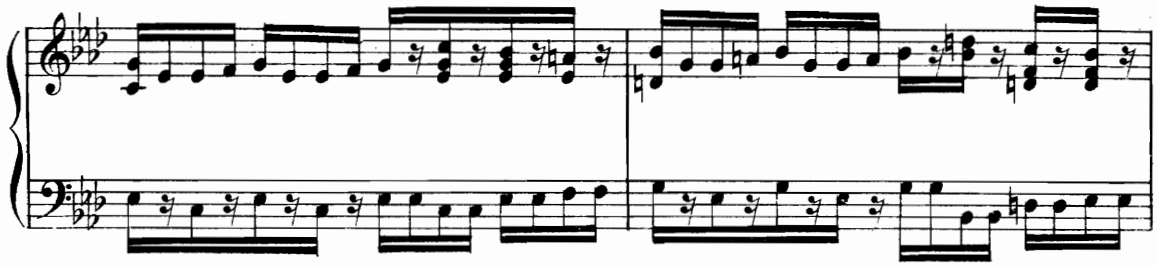
LE CHŒUR "Divinités libératrices, le sang des bœufs et des génisses, va ruisseler sur vos autels."

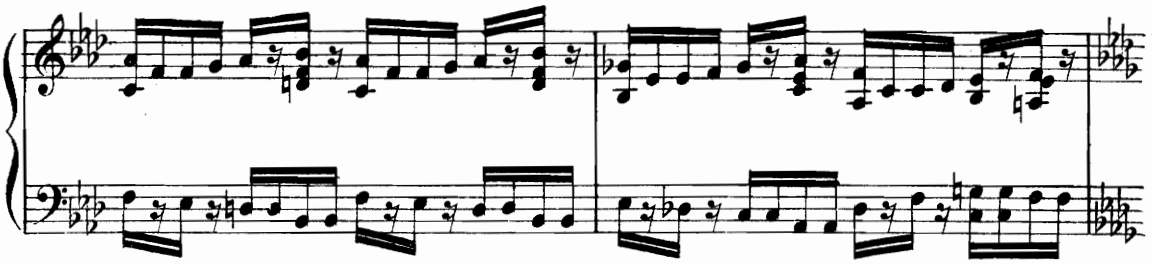


(Départ des Barbares.)

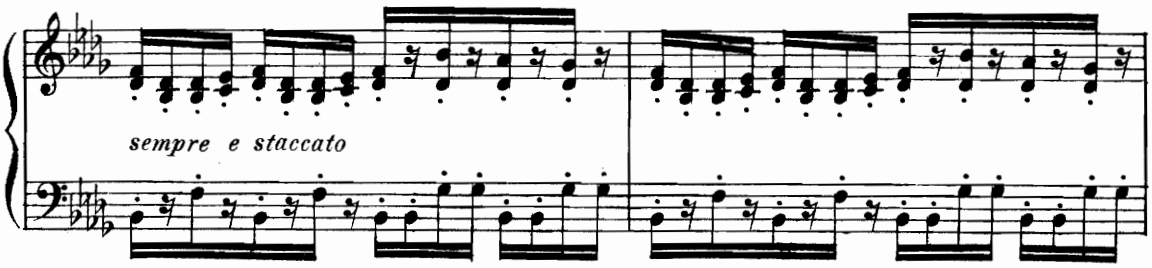
I° tempo



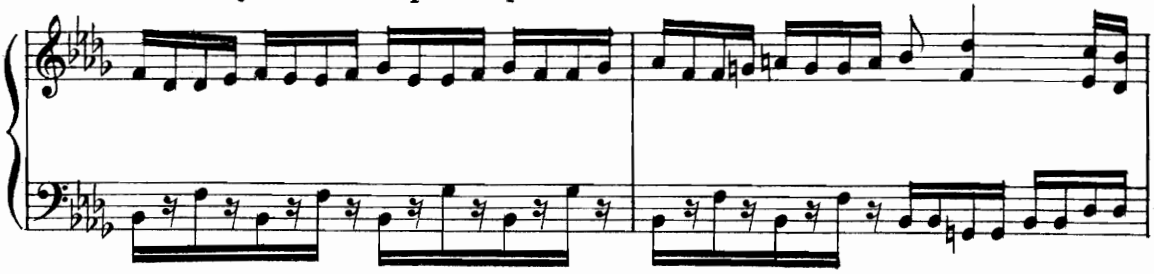


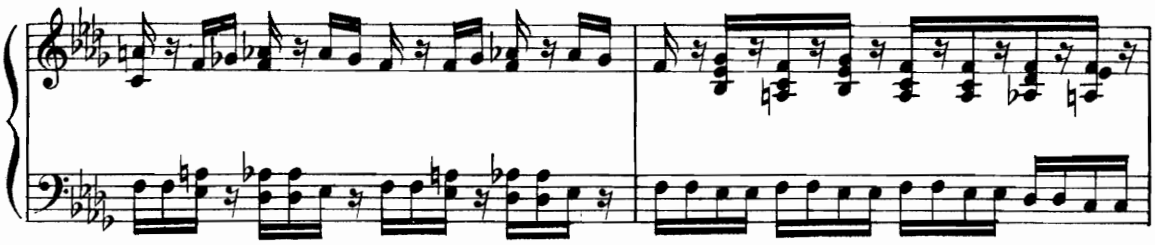


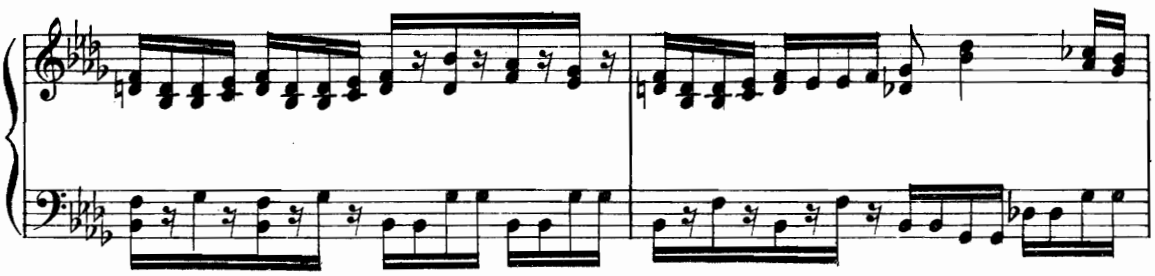
LES HABITANTS "Ils partent! Peuple

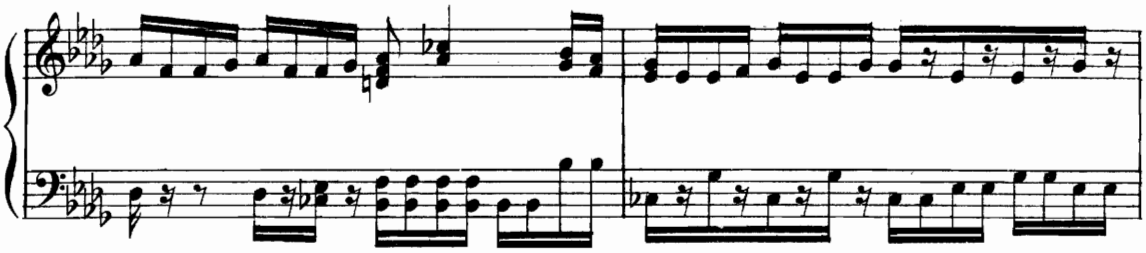


de bandits! Voyez le butin qu'il emporte!"

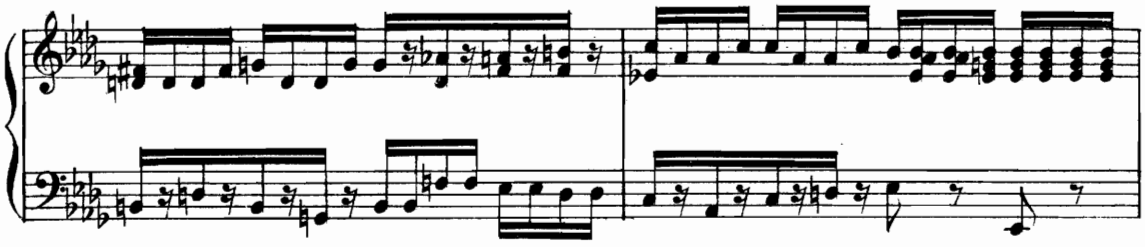


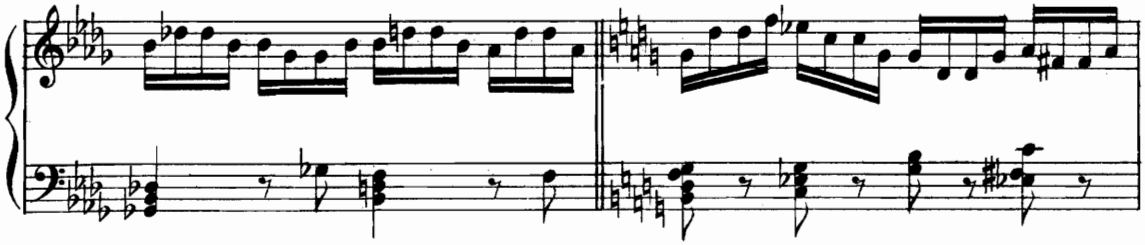






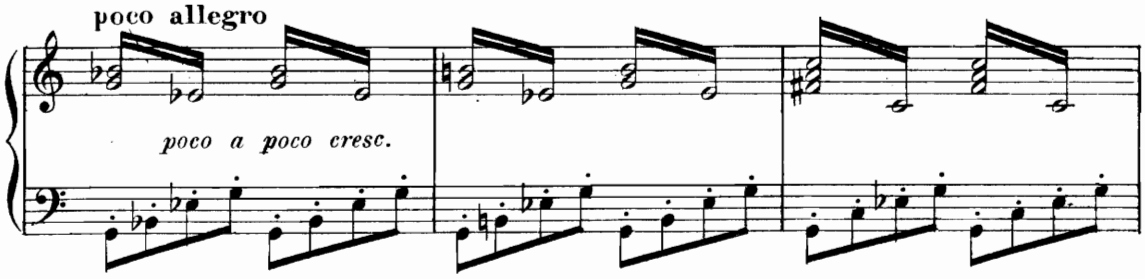
poco a poco più animato





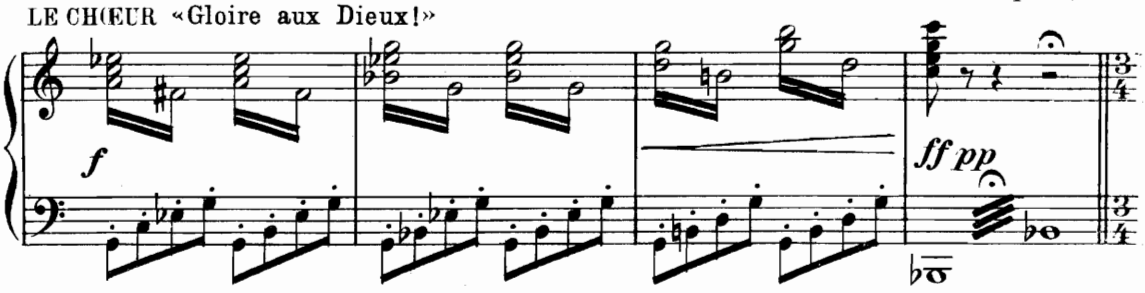
SCAURUS «Gloire aux Dieux!»

poco allegro



(les Barbares ont disparu)

LE CHŒUR «Gloire aux Dieux!»



(Trompes, très loin.) LE VEILLEUR (du haut d'une tour) « Les Germains ont franchi

Récit

pp *mf marqué* *pp*

les remparts ! »

LE CHŒUR « Gloire aux Dieux ! »

Modéré, sans lenteur

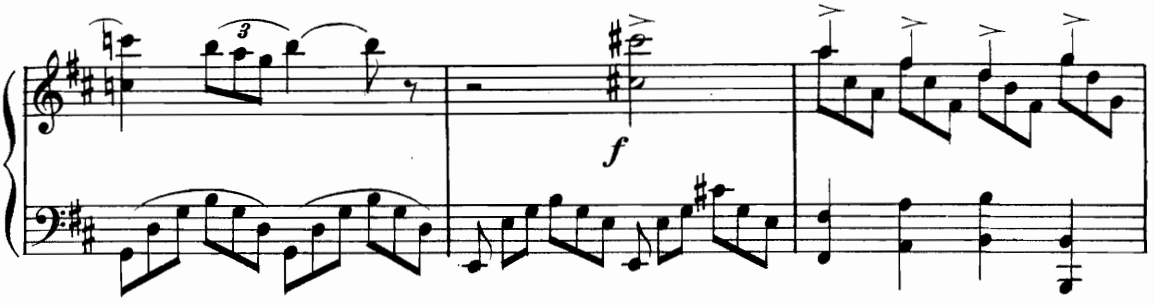
cresc. *ff*

SCAURUS « Divinités libératrices, le

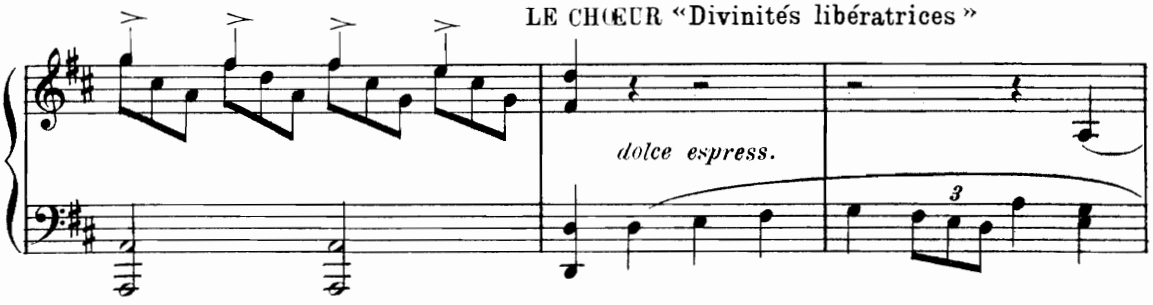
pp *p* *mf*

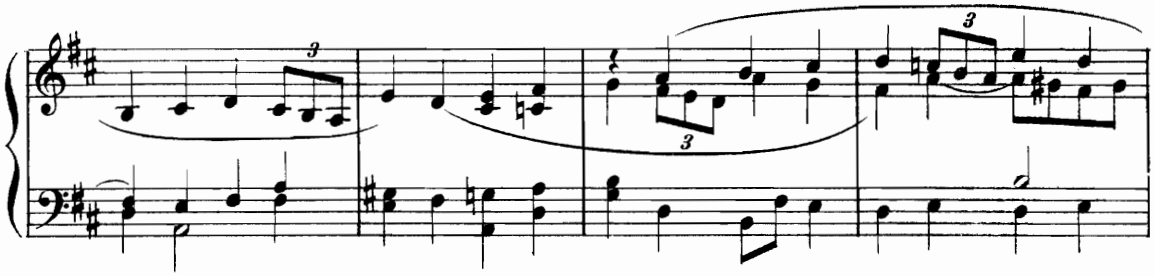
sang des bœufs et des génisses va ruisseler sur vos autels ! »

cresc.

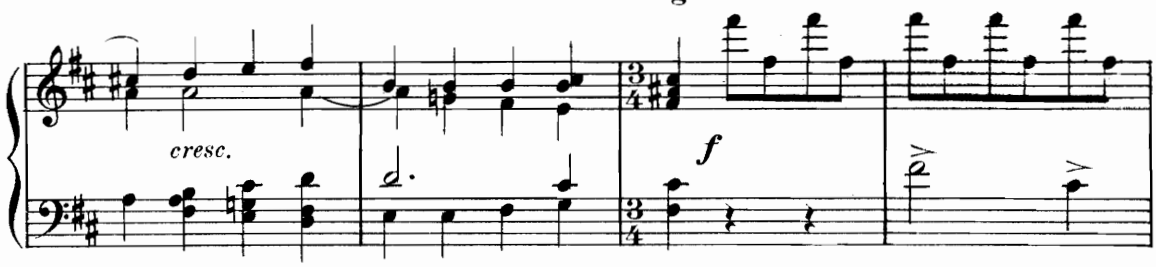


LE CHŒUR "Divinités libératrices"

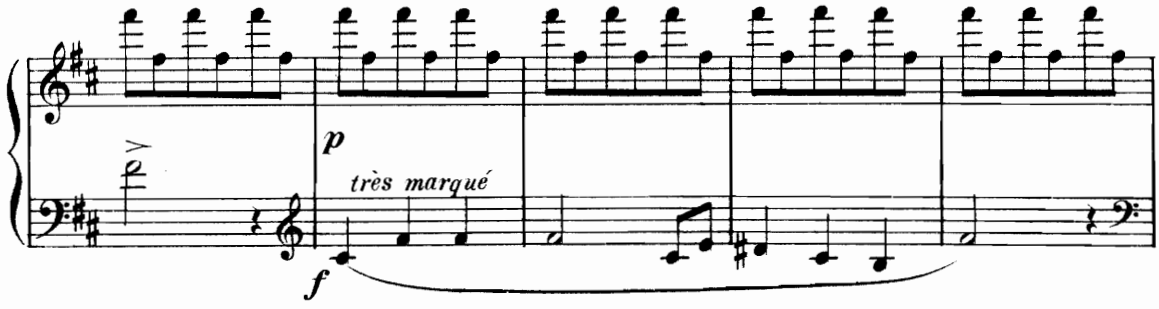


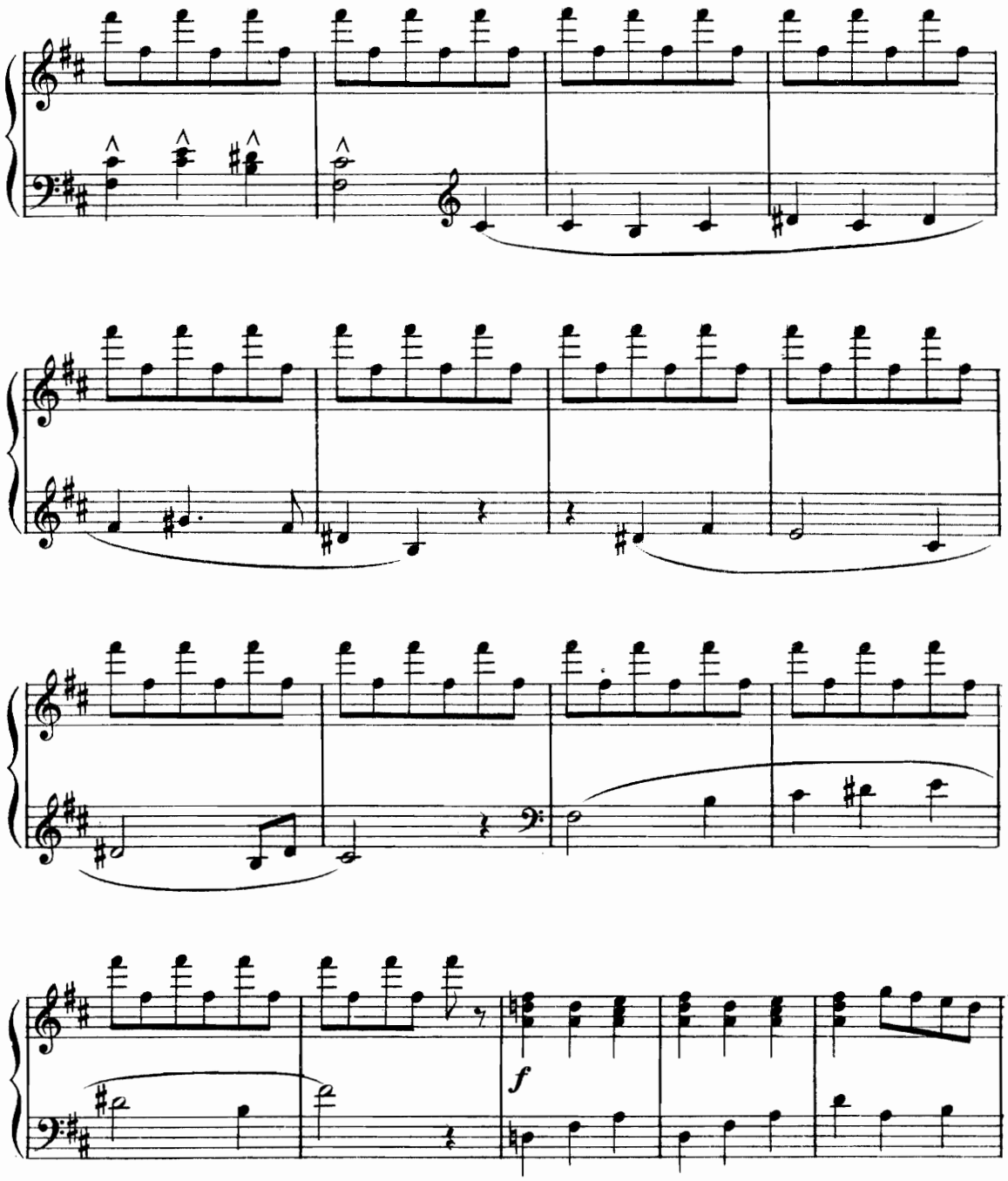


Allegro molto

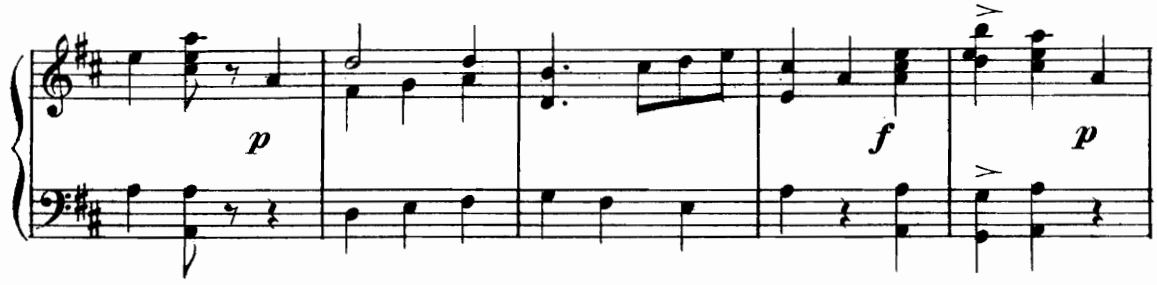


LE VEILLEUR (sur une terrasse) "C'est Apollon qui les met en déroute!"

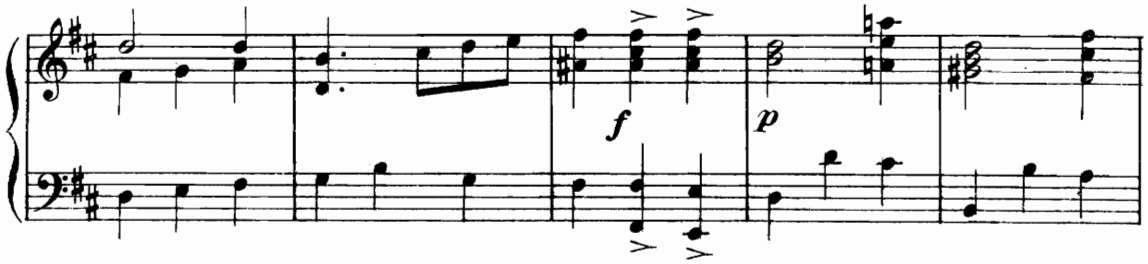


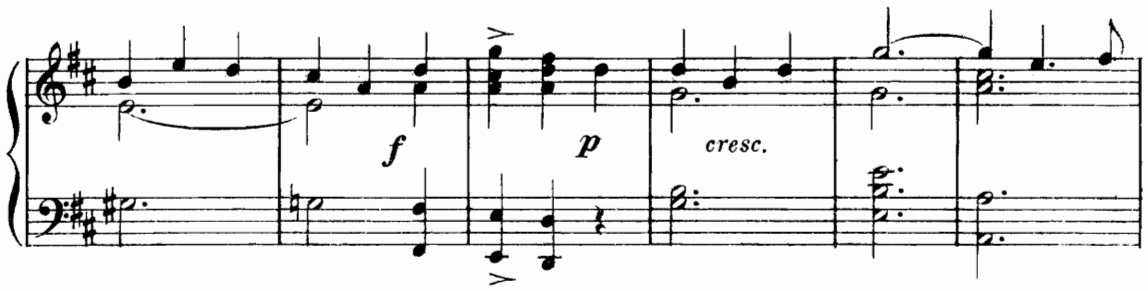


LE VEILLEUR «Vêtu de pourpre orientale, Le Dieu du jour à son réveil, Chasse au loin la

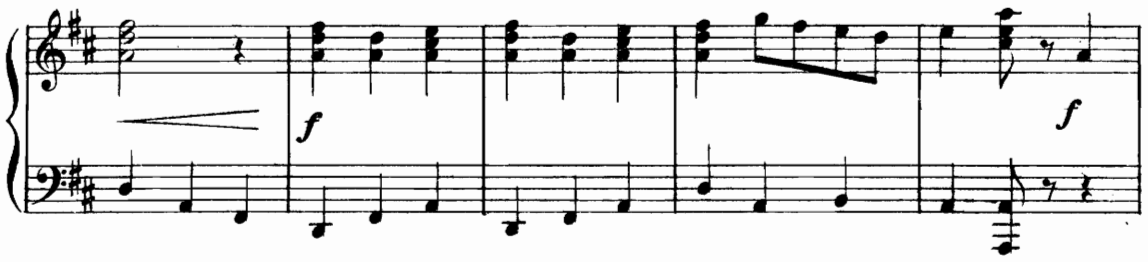


horde brutale Qui vient du pays sans soleil!»

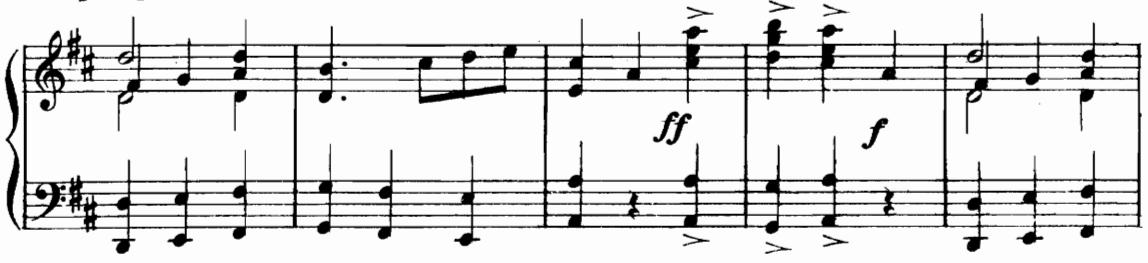


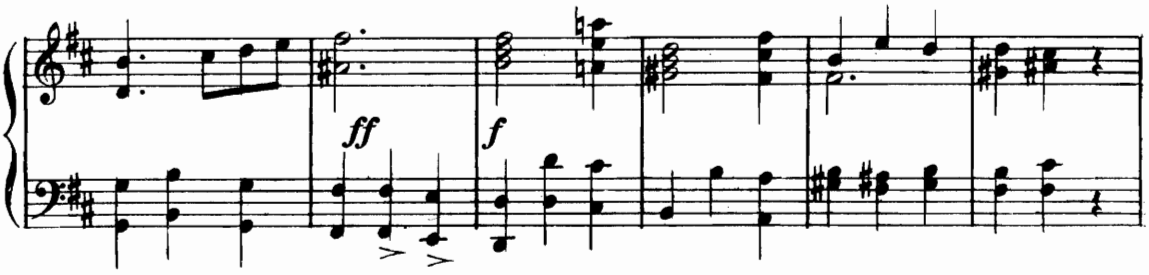


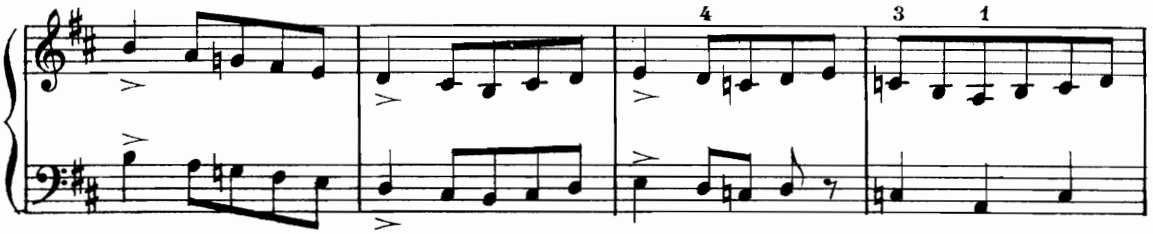
LE CHŒUR «Vêtu



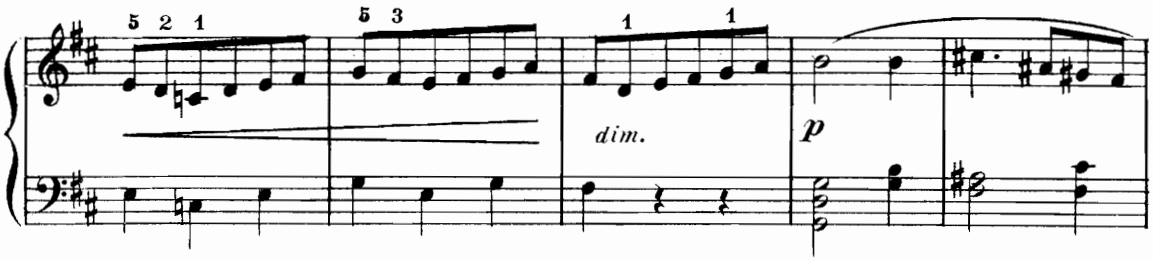
de pourpre orientale!»



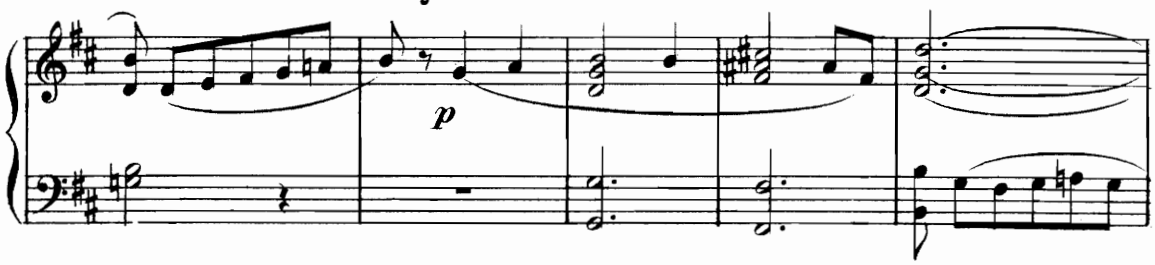


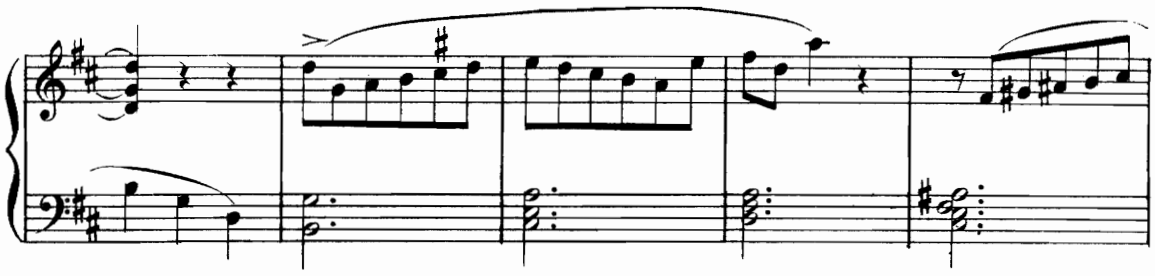


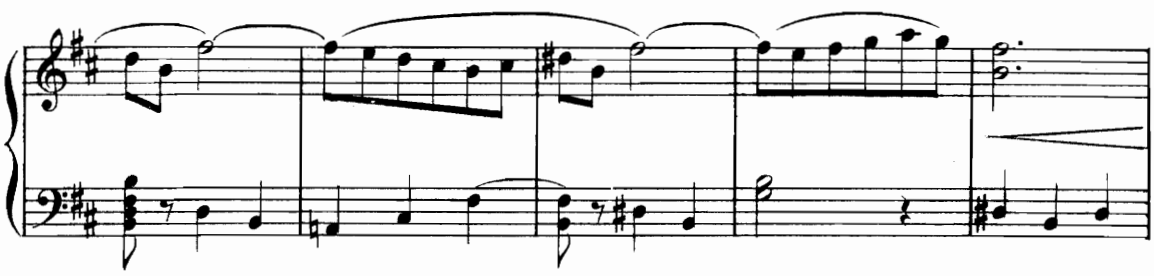
SCAURUS «Bannis la crainte de ton cœur!



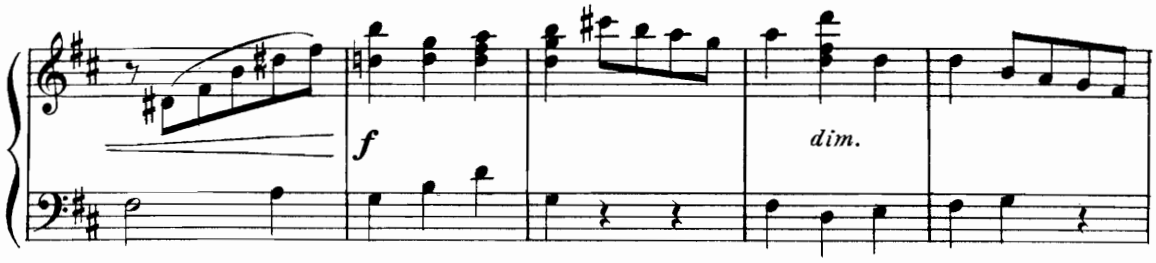
Donne libre cours à ta joie!»



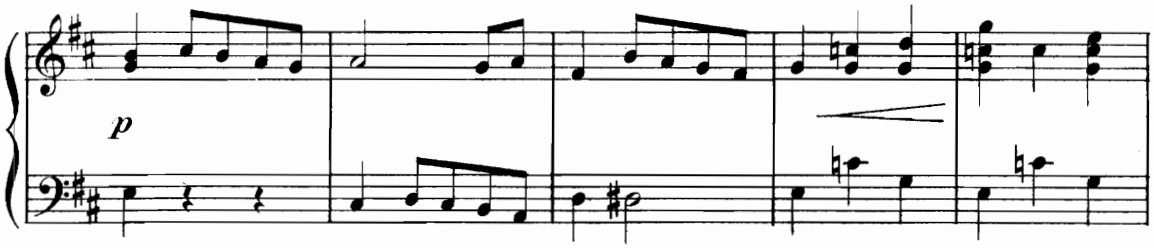


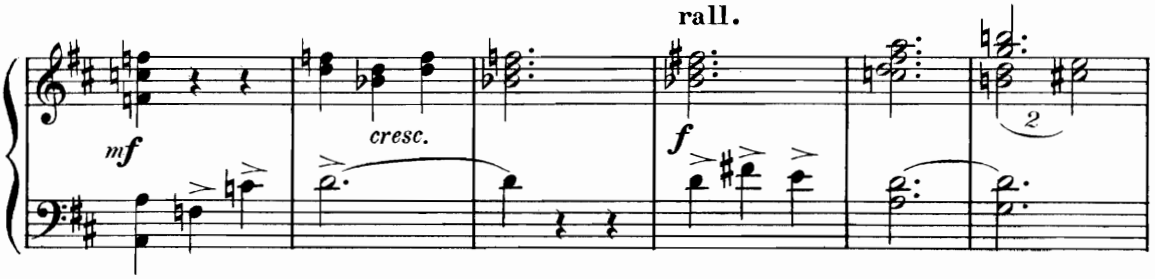


SCAURUS «Par les jeux,



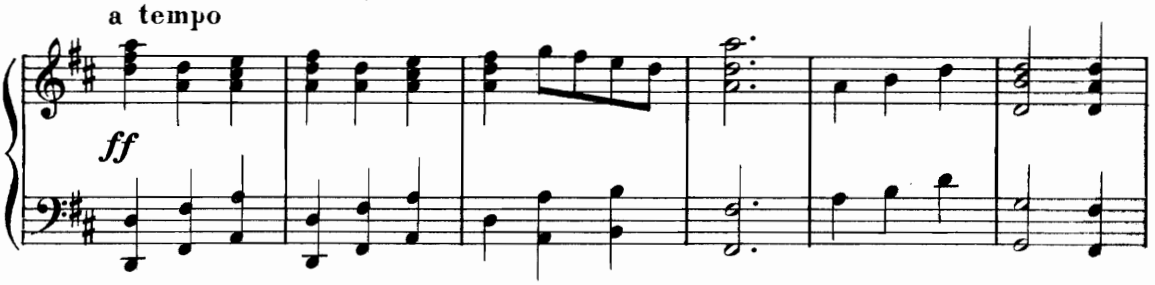
les cris et les chants et la danse Fêtez ce jour de délivrance !»

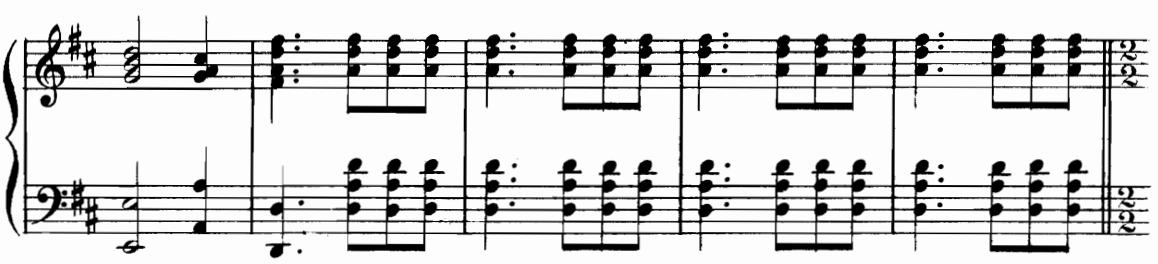




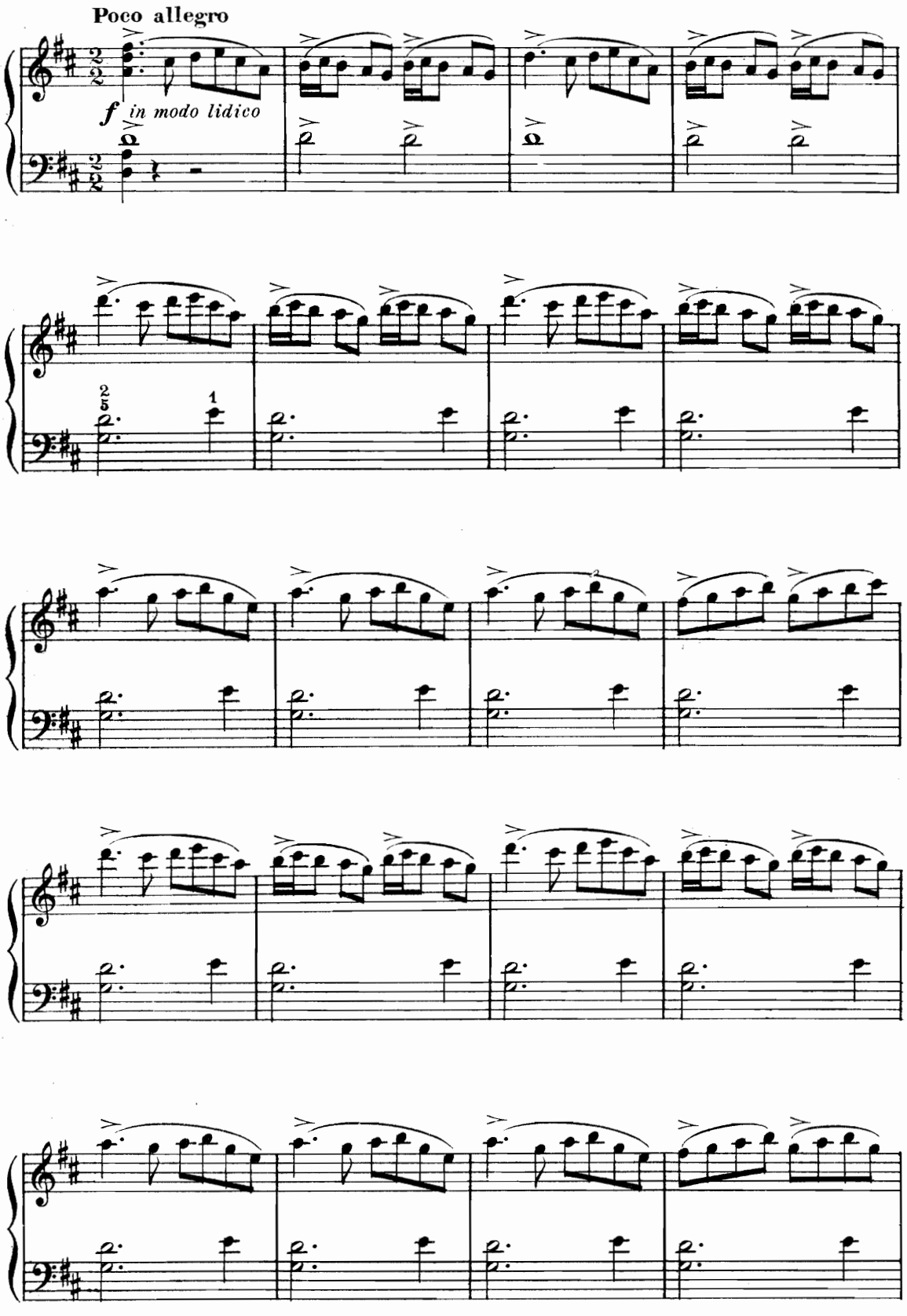
LE CHŒUR «C'est Apollon, c'est le dieu du soleil Qui nous délivre à son réveil !»

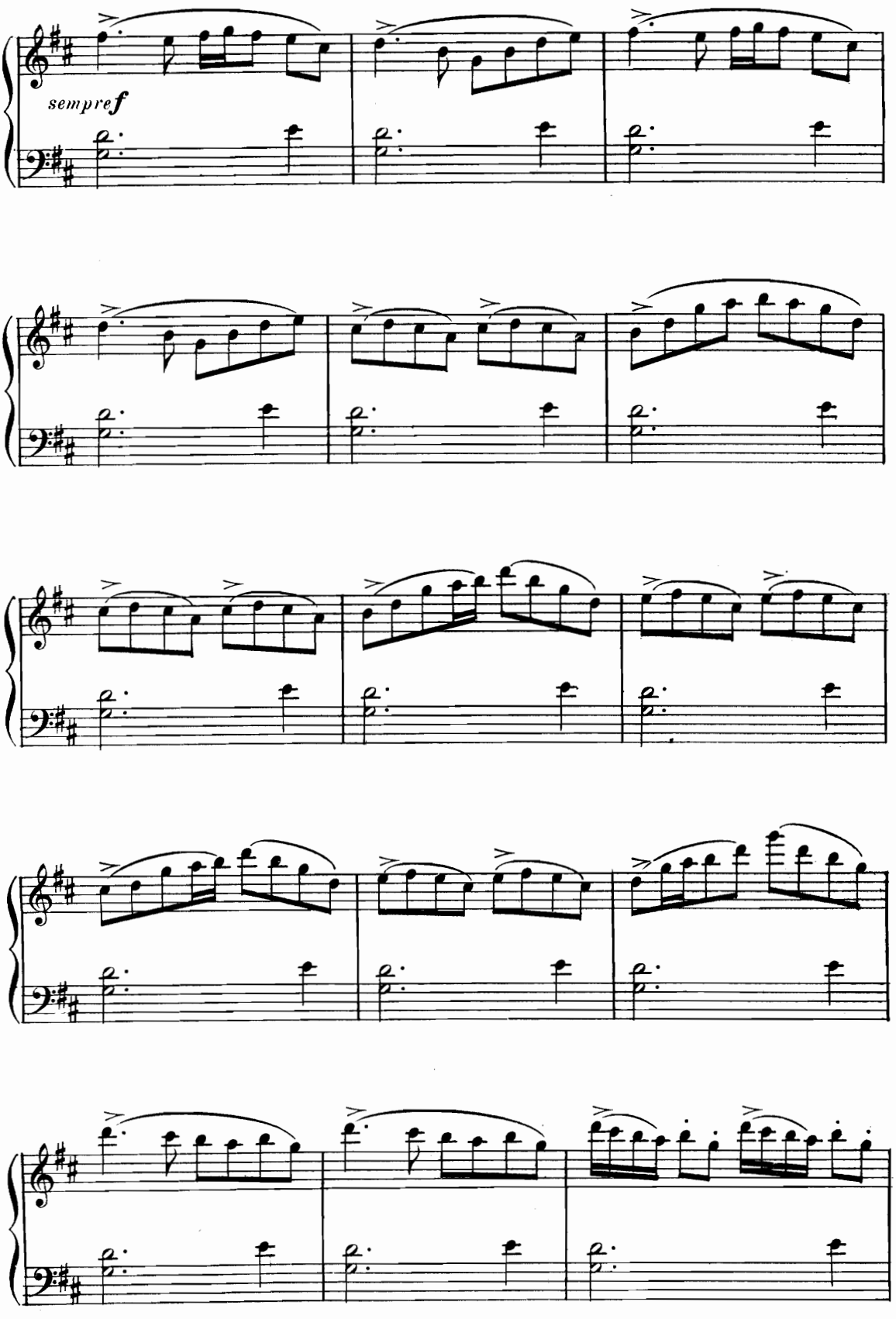
a tempo

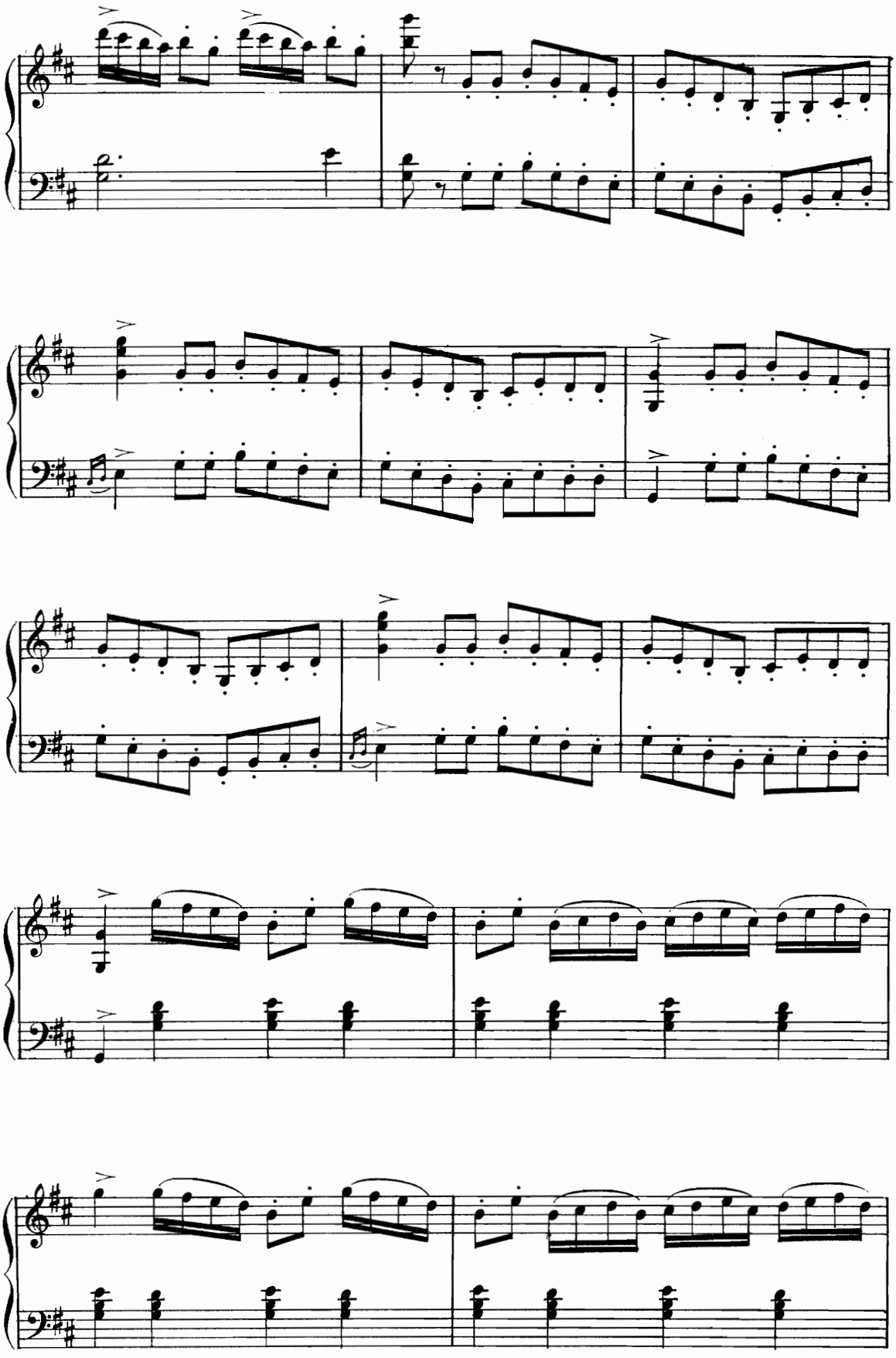


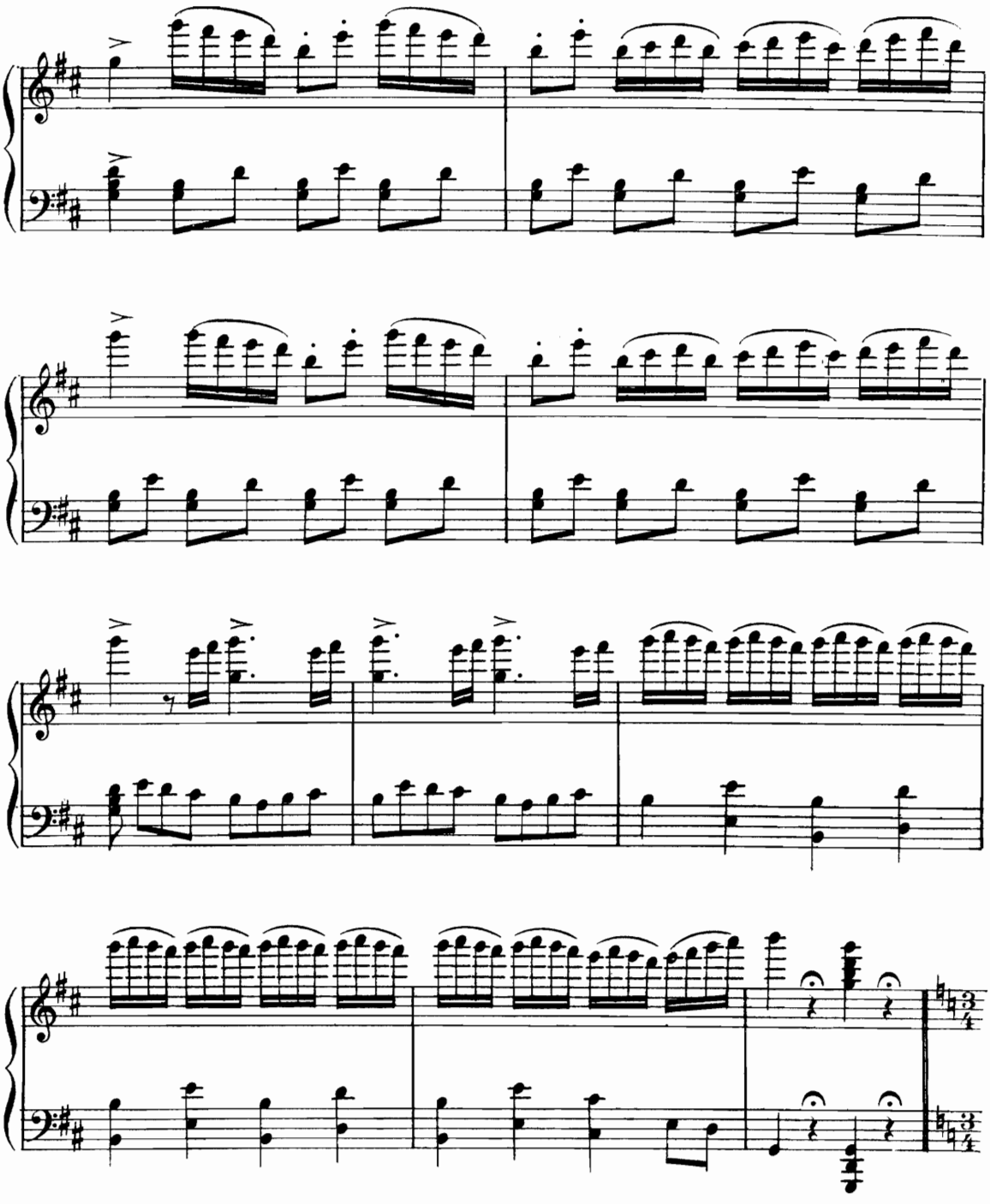


(On voit sortir de l'une des rues en pente, précédés d'une foule qui court en descendant rapidement, des joueurs et des joueuses de flûte, se balançant sur un pied.)



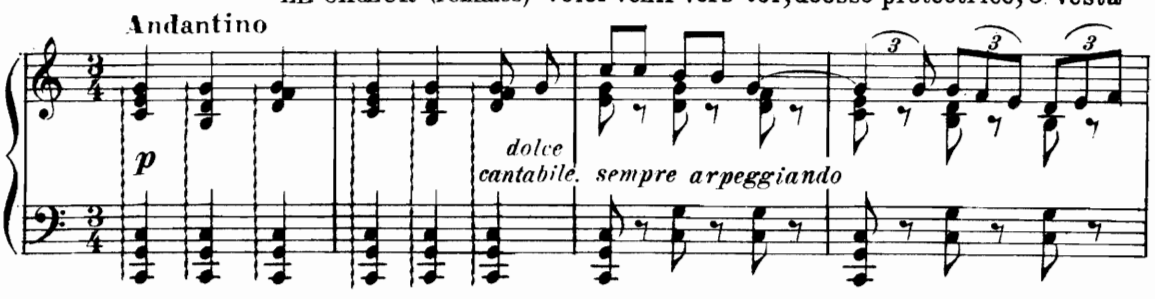

sempre f

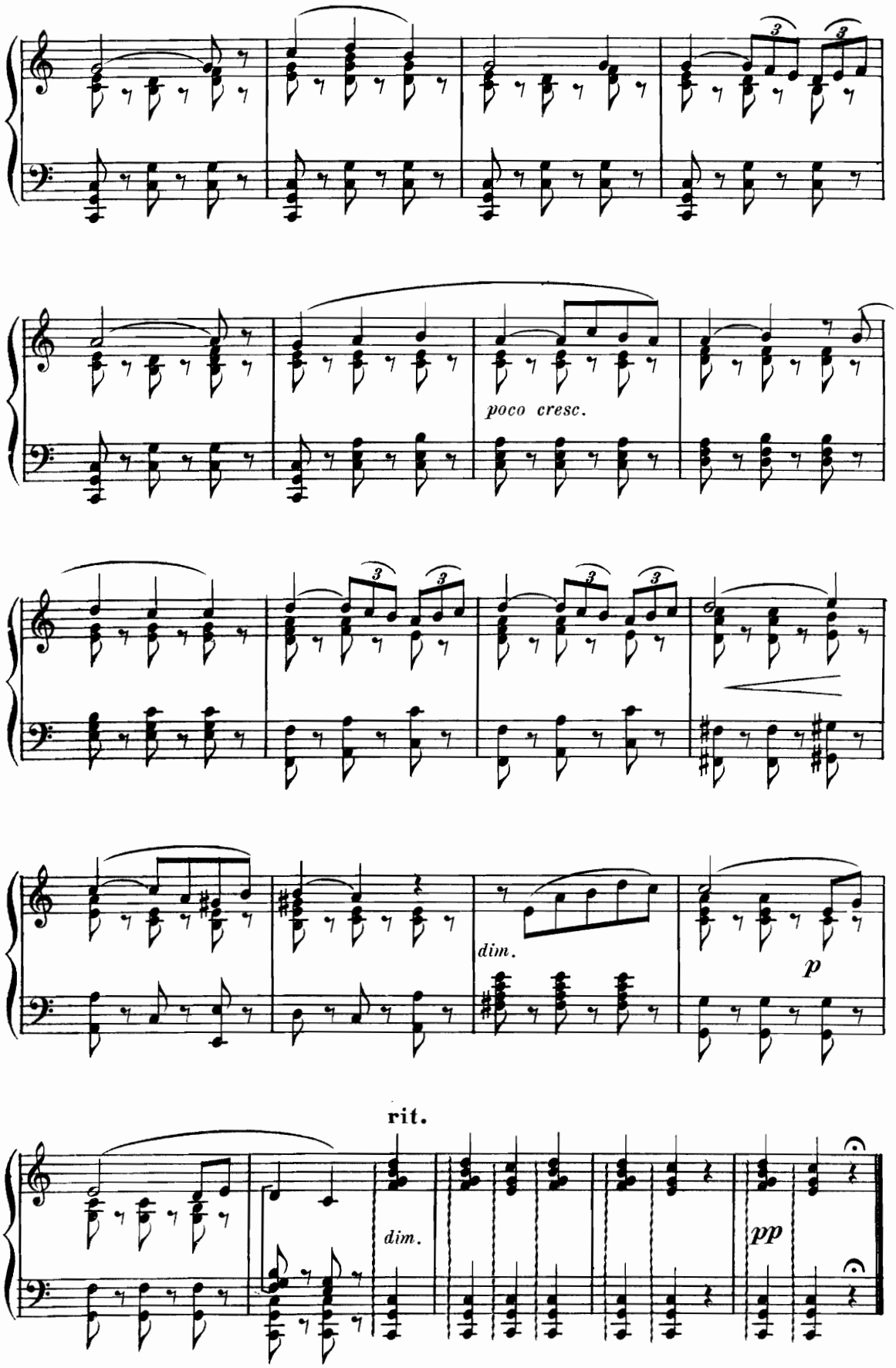




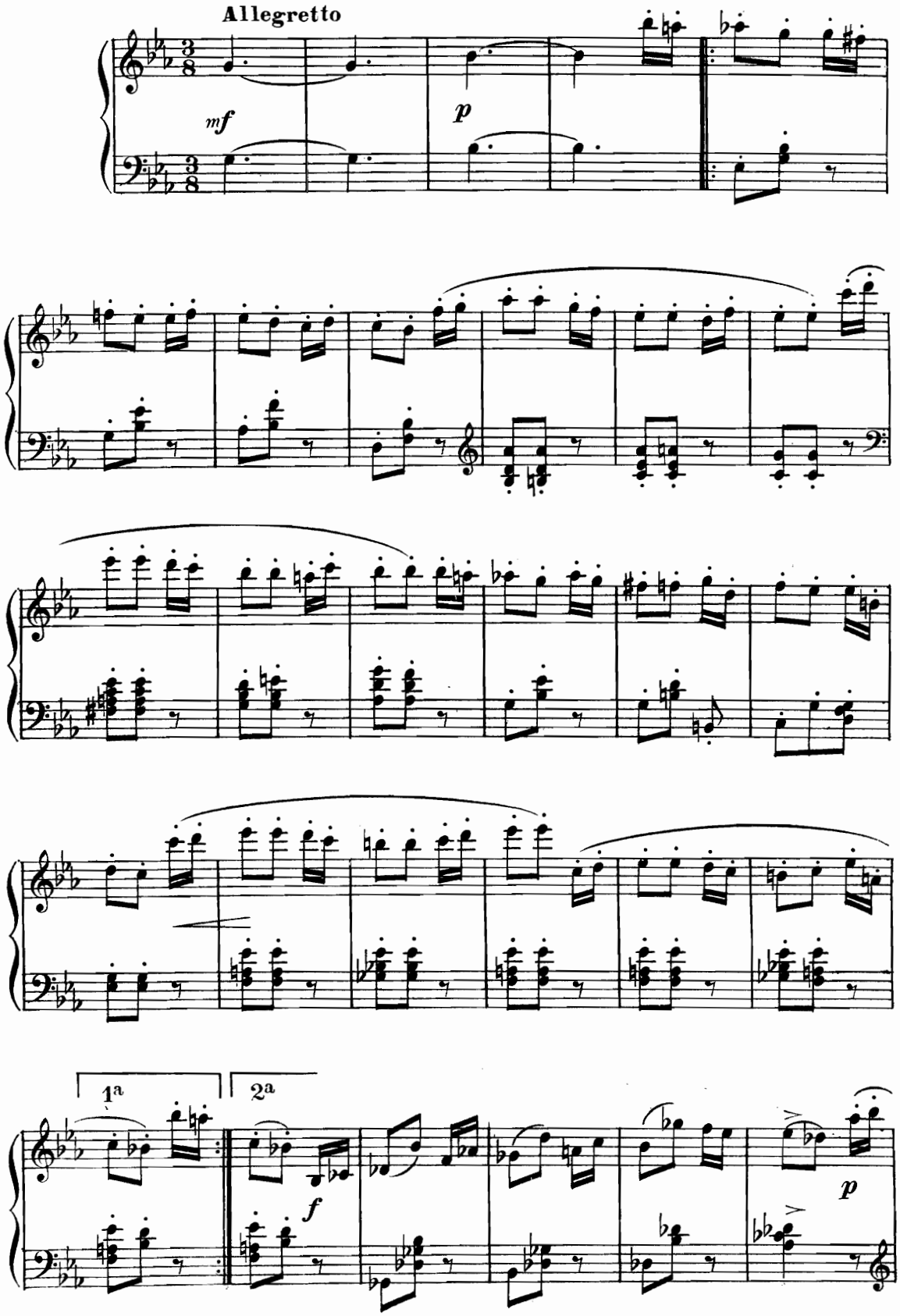
(Entrée des sacrificateurs et de tout le cortège du sacrifice qui pénètre dans le Temple.)

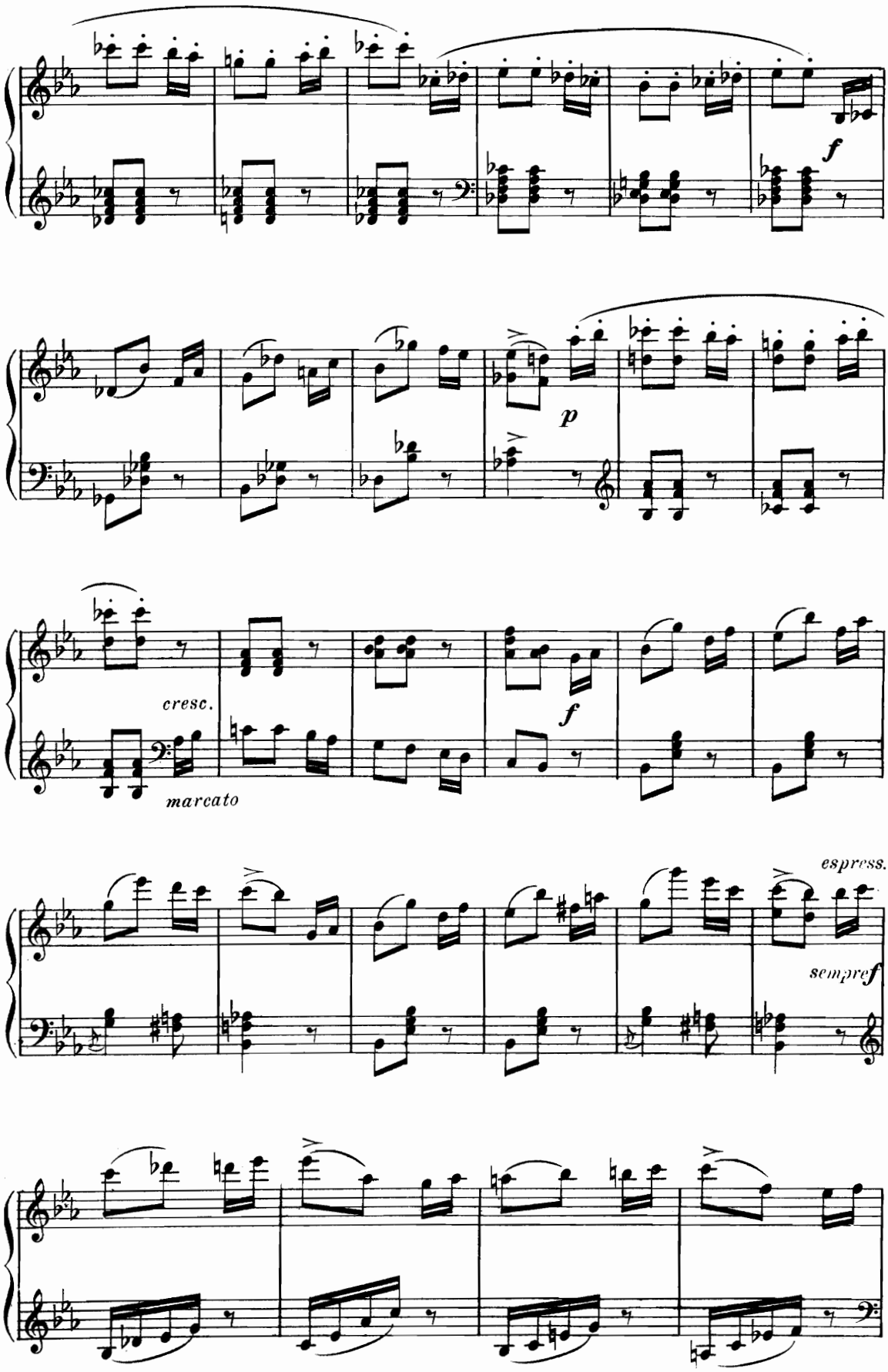
LE CHŒUR (Femmes) "Voici venir vers toi, déesse protectrice, O Vesta"

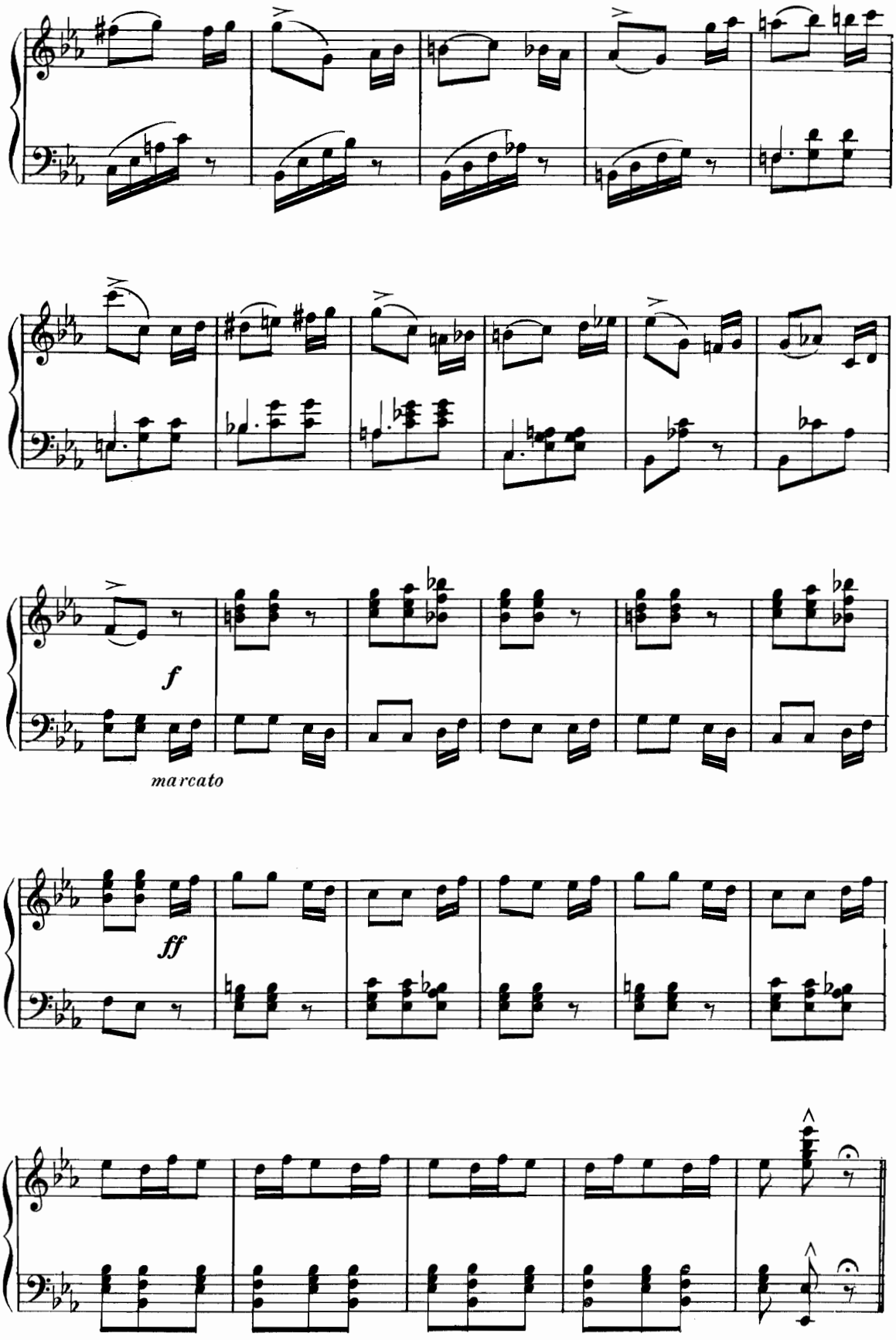


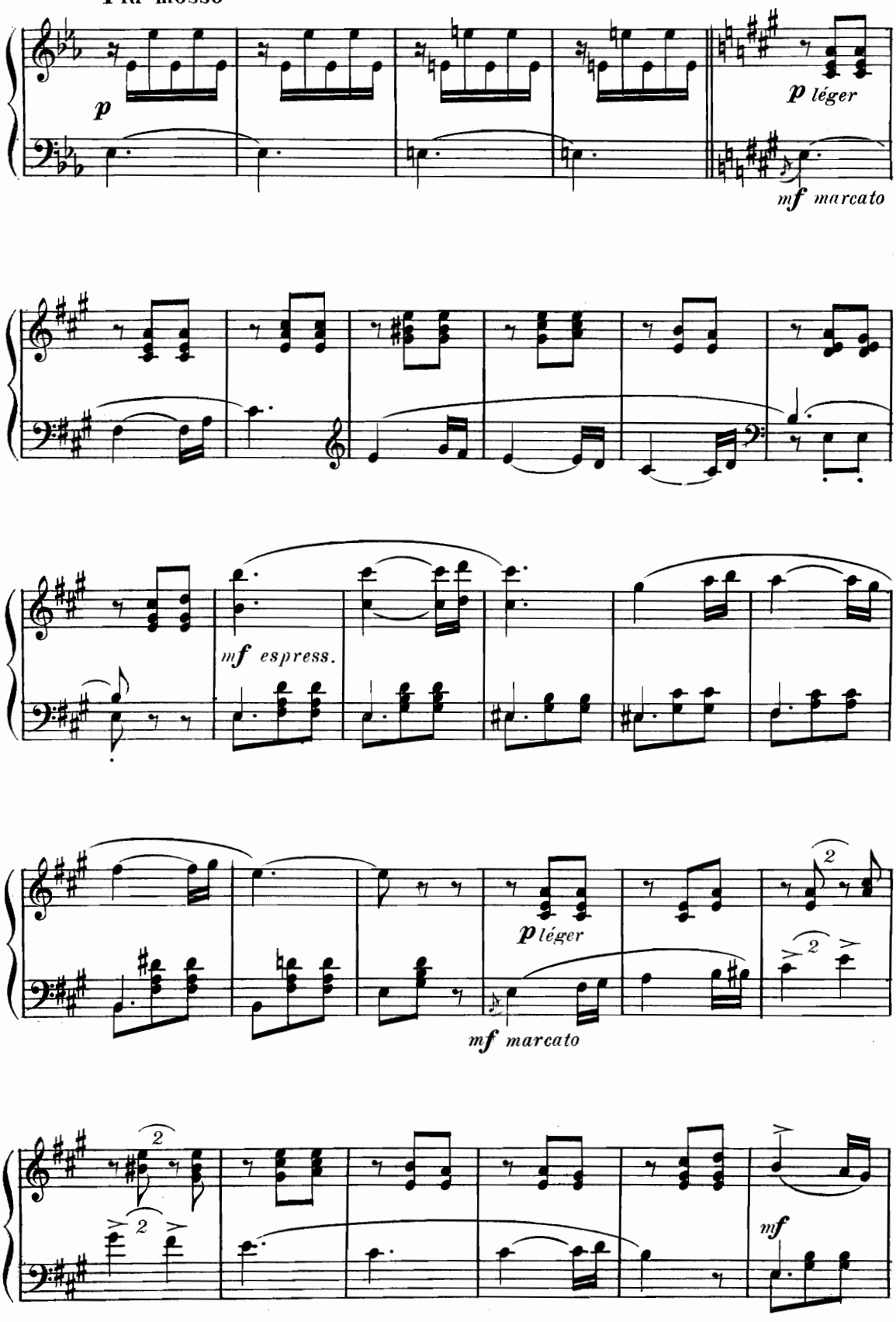

poco cresc.
dim.
p
rit.
dim.
pp

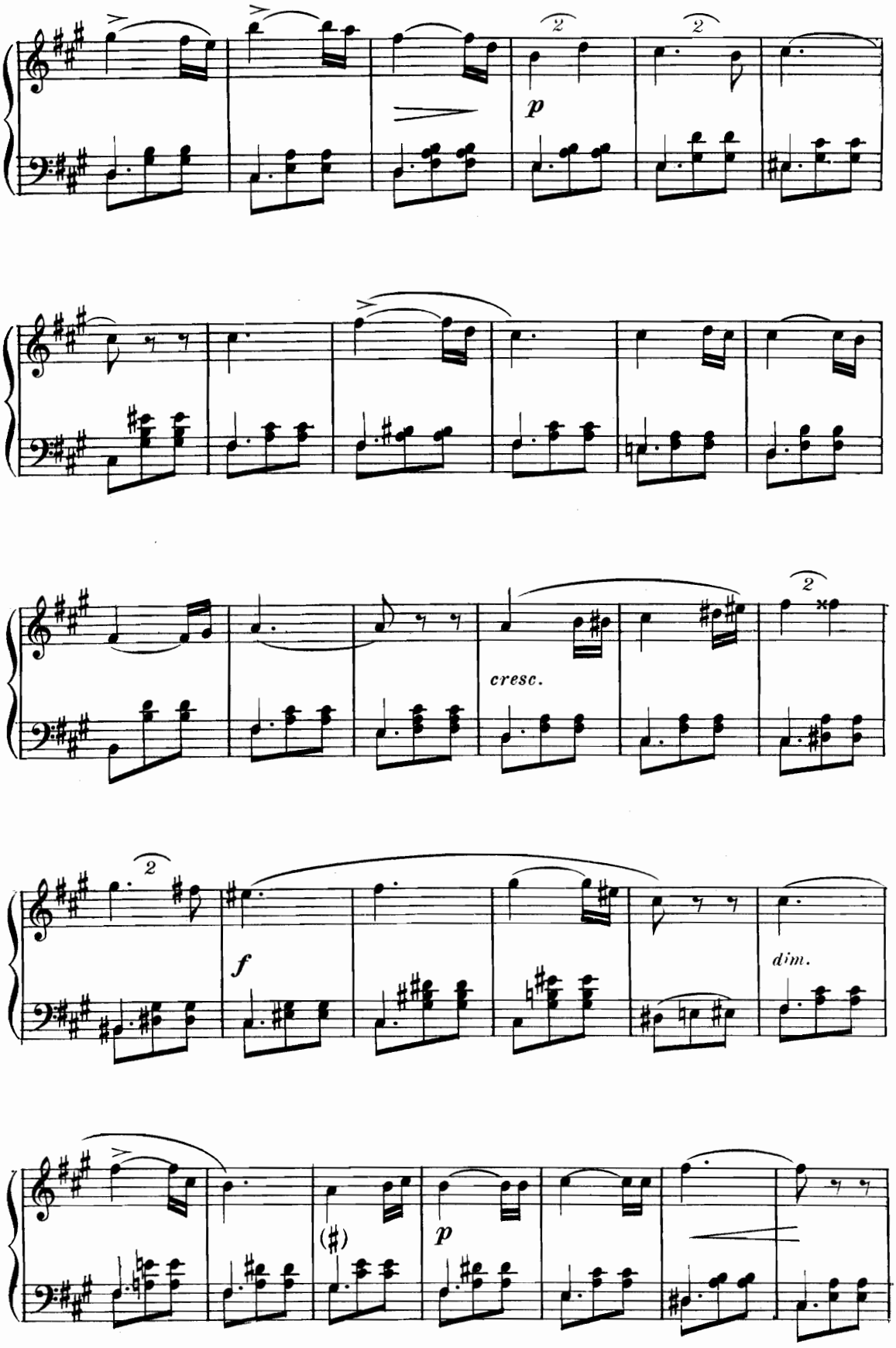
1er Air de Ballet

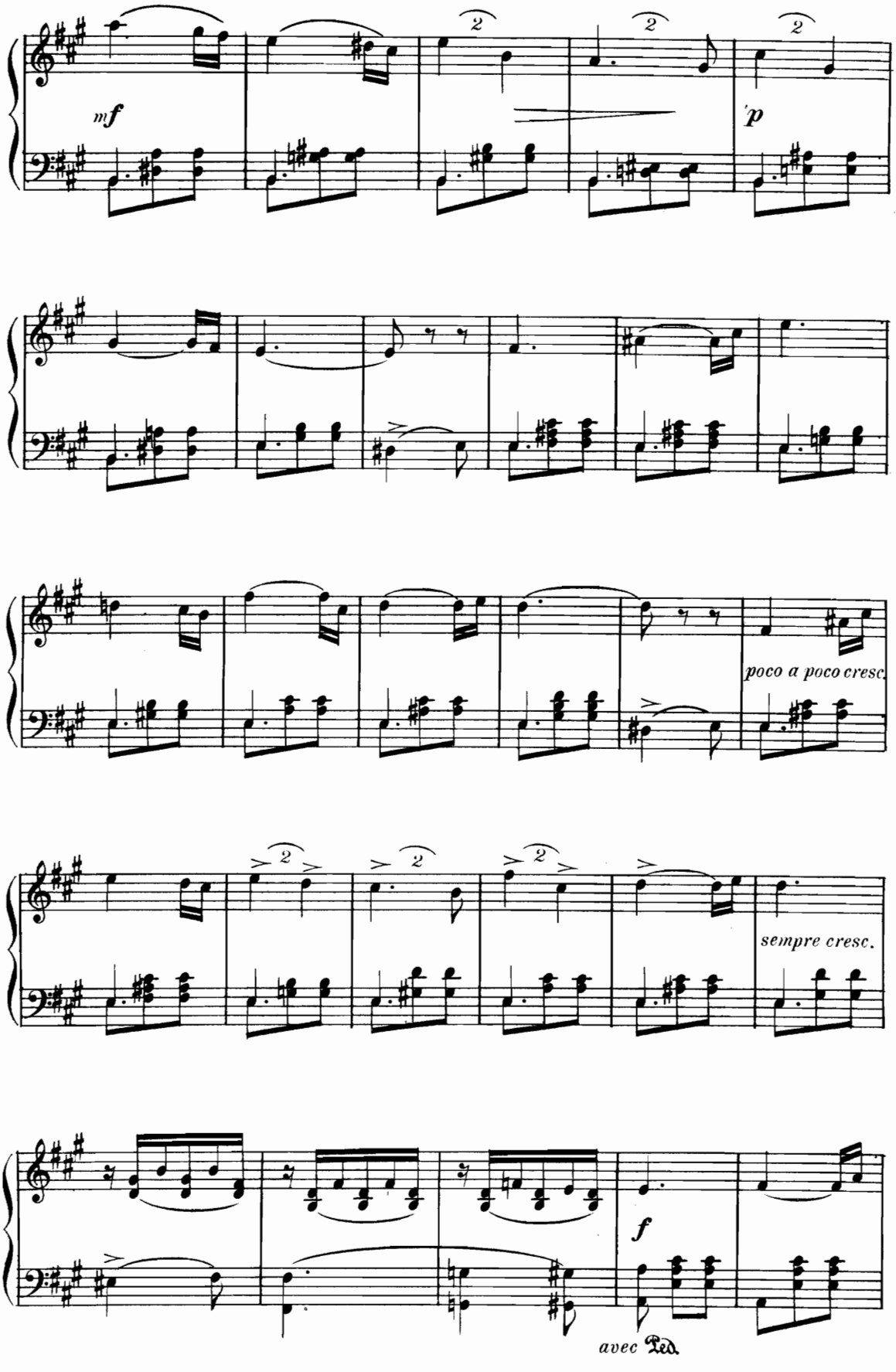


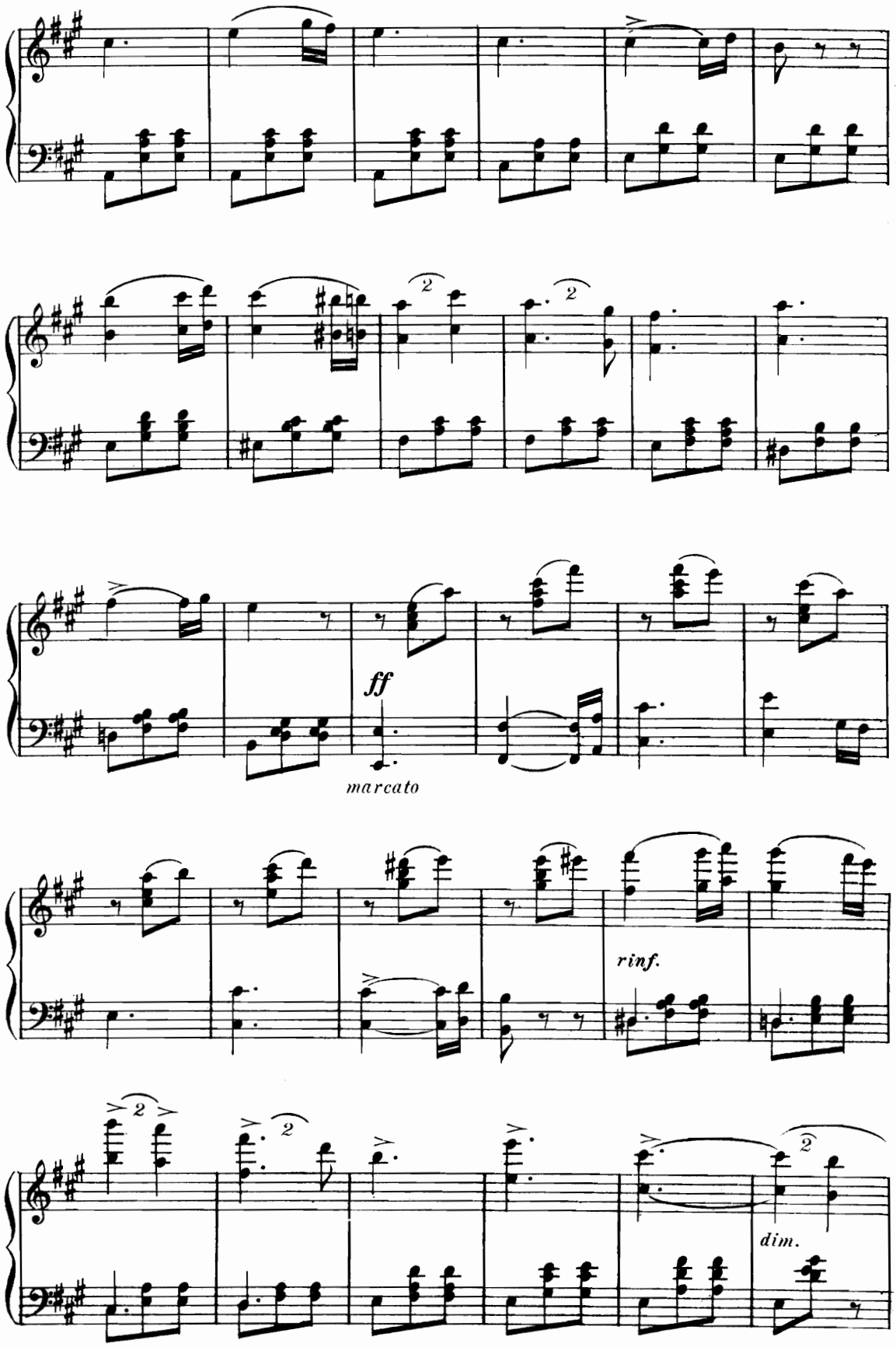

f
p
cresc.
f
marcato
espress.
sempref

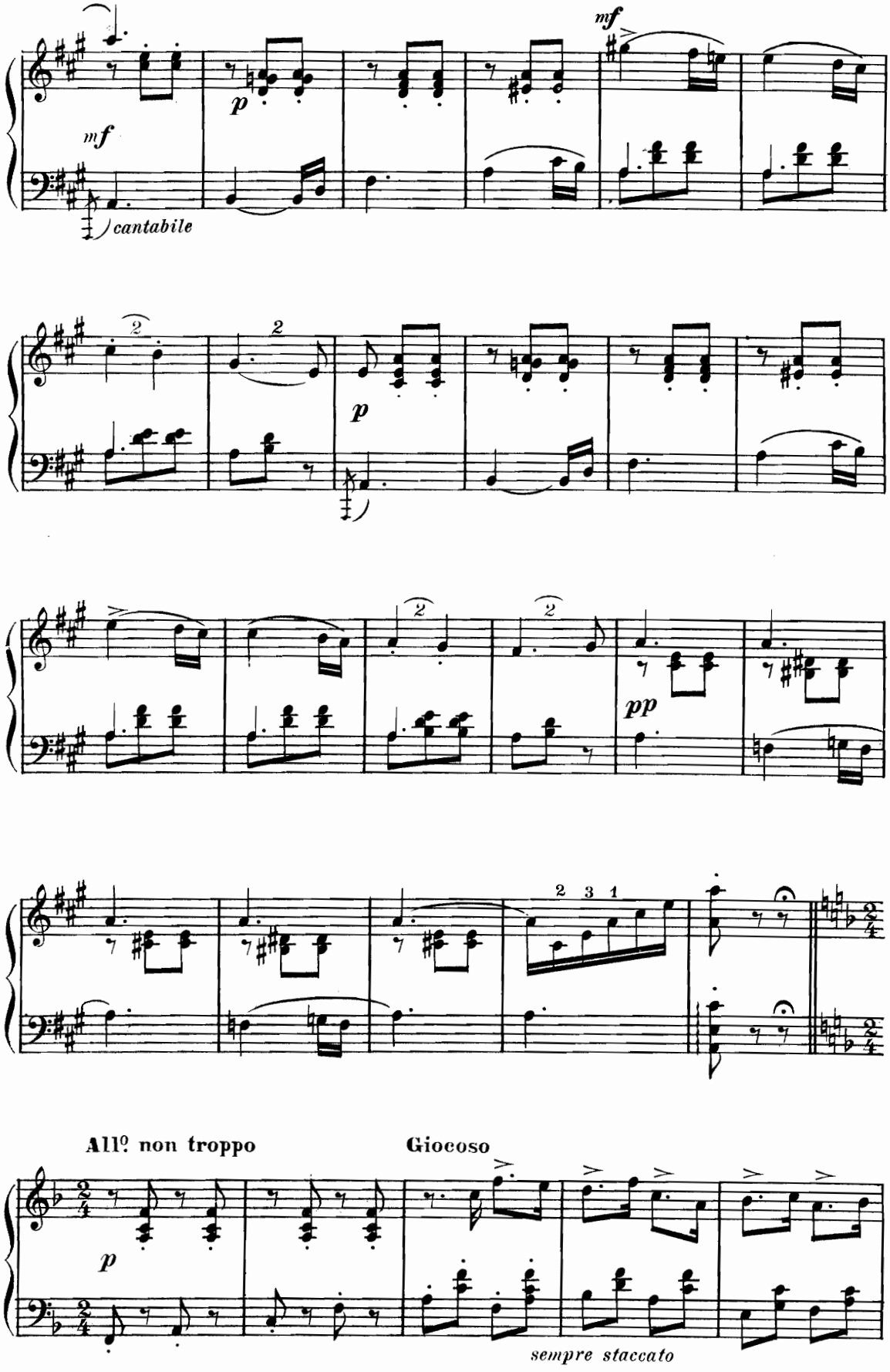

f
marcato
ff

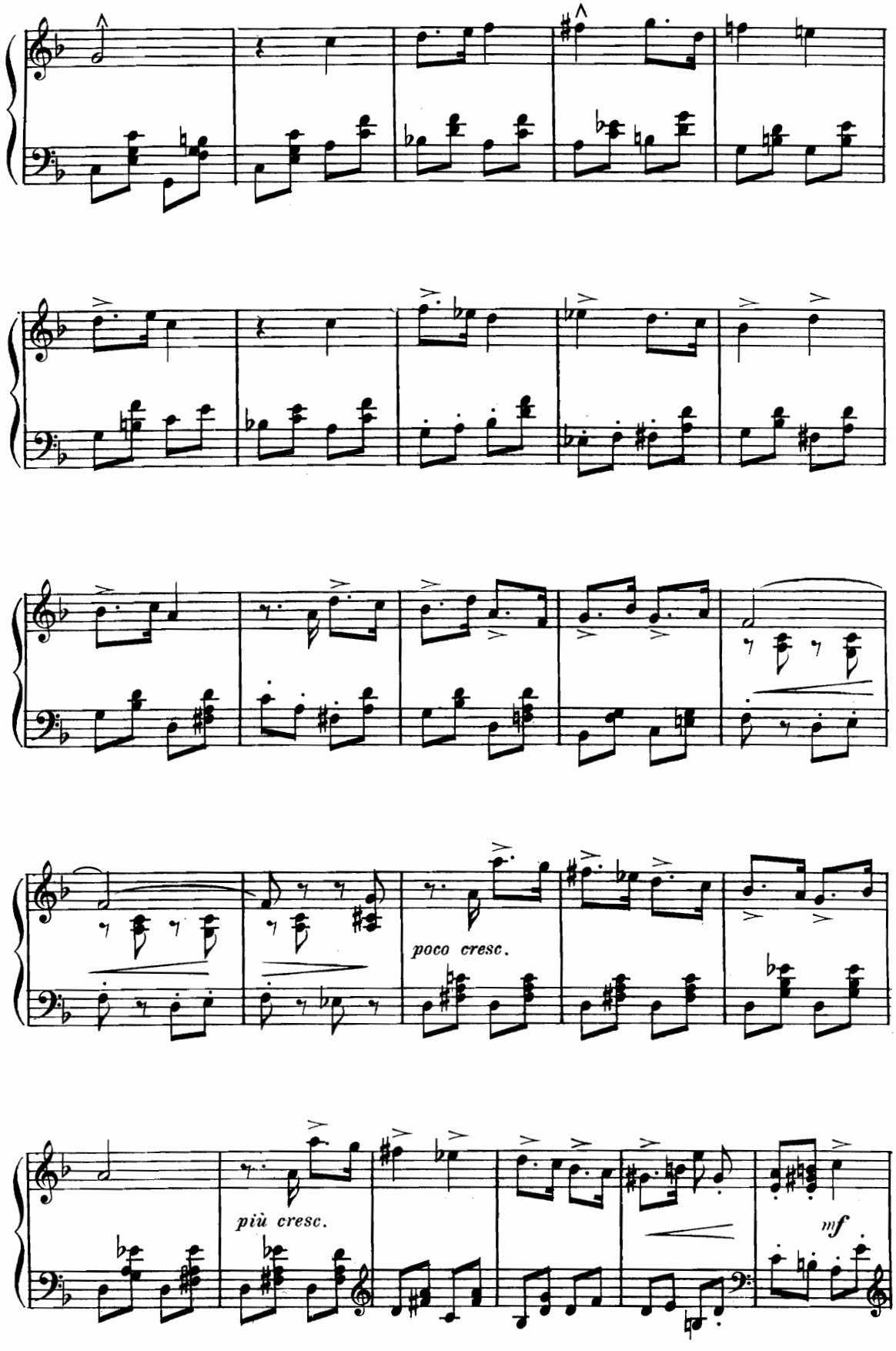

Più mosso
p
p léger
mf marcato
mf espress.
p léger
mf marcato
mf

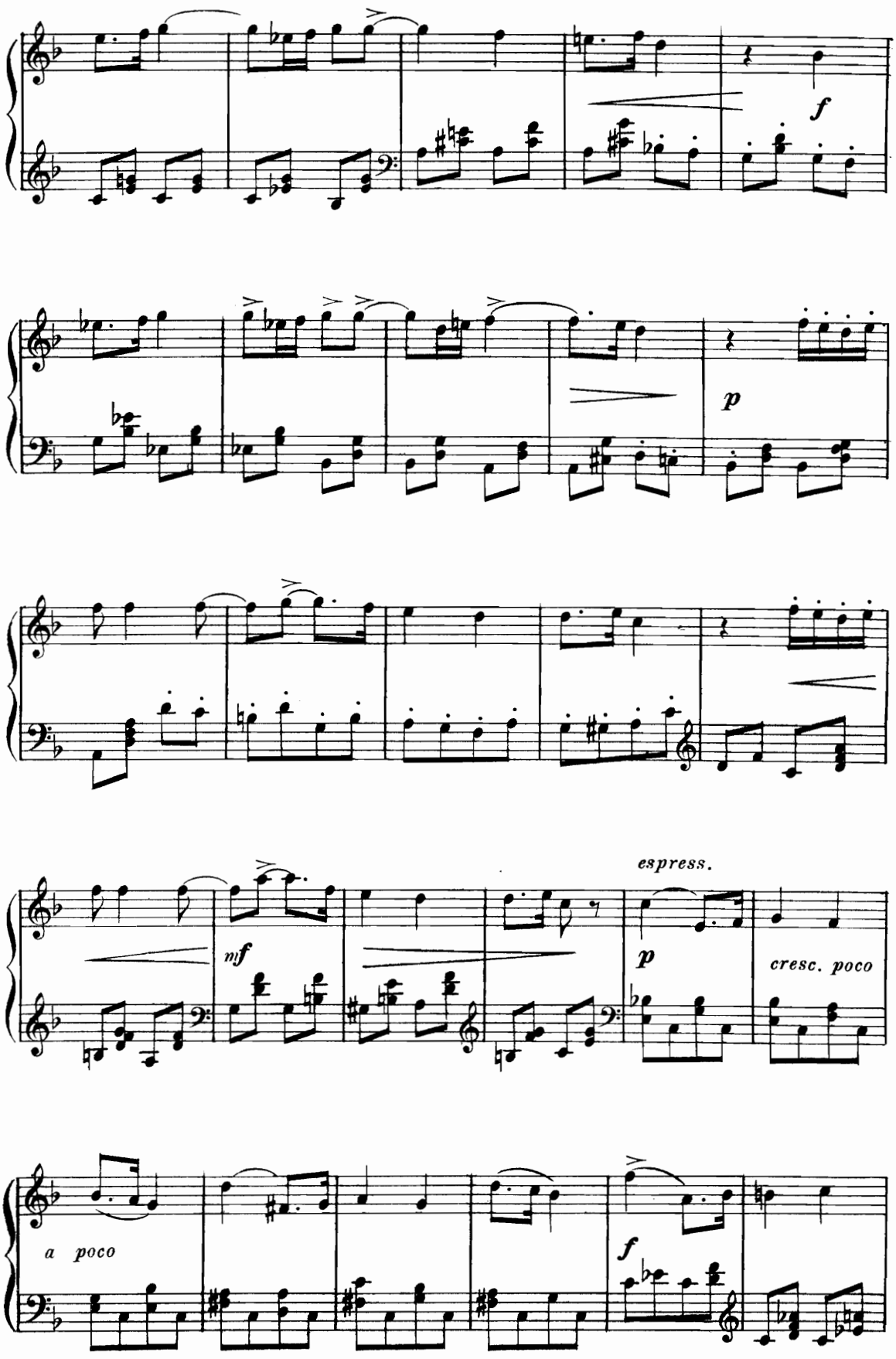

p
cresc.
f
dim.
p

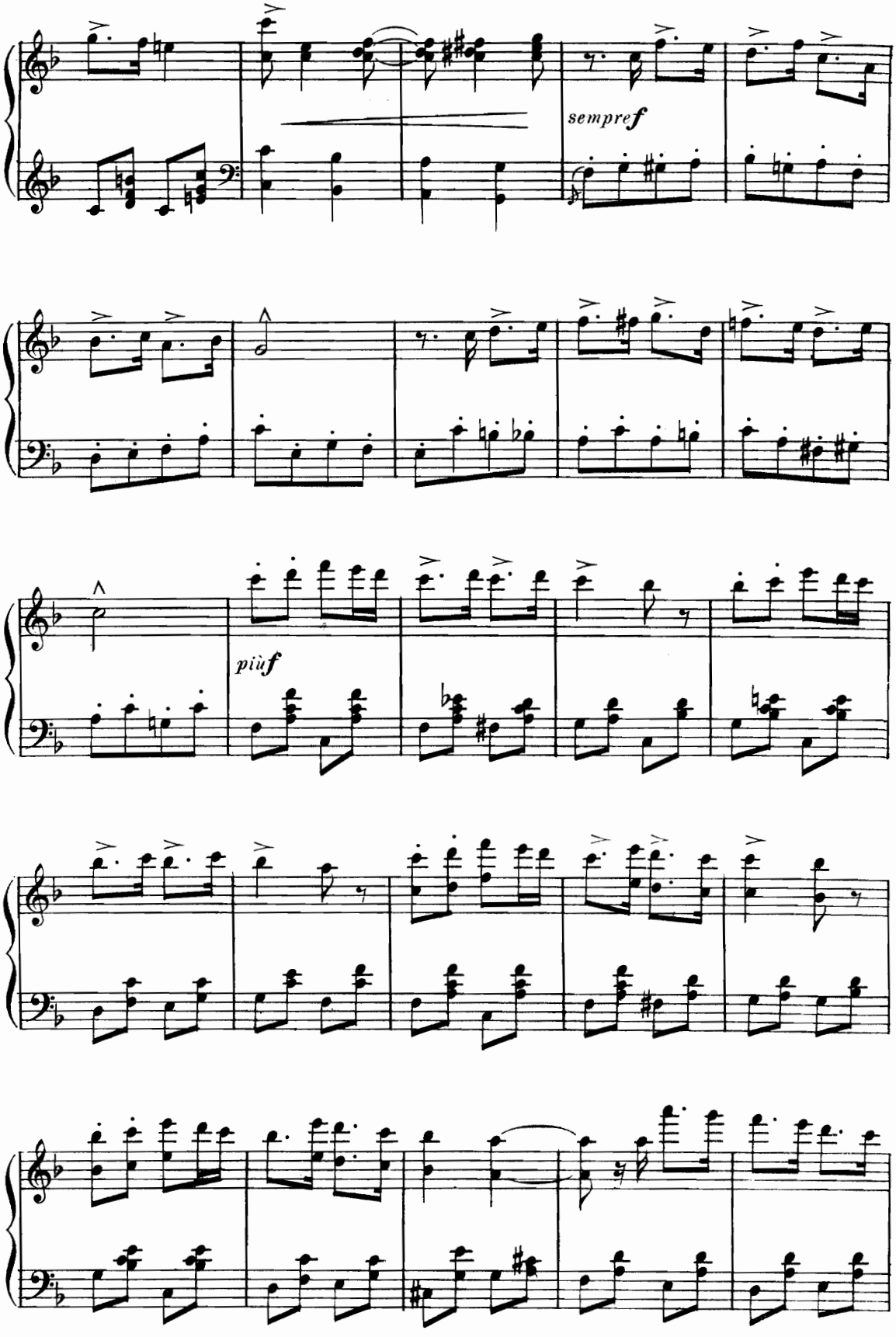

mf
p
poco a poco cresc.
sempre cresc.
f
avec Ped.

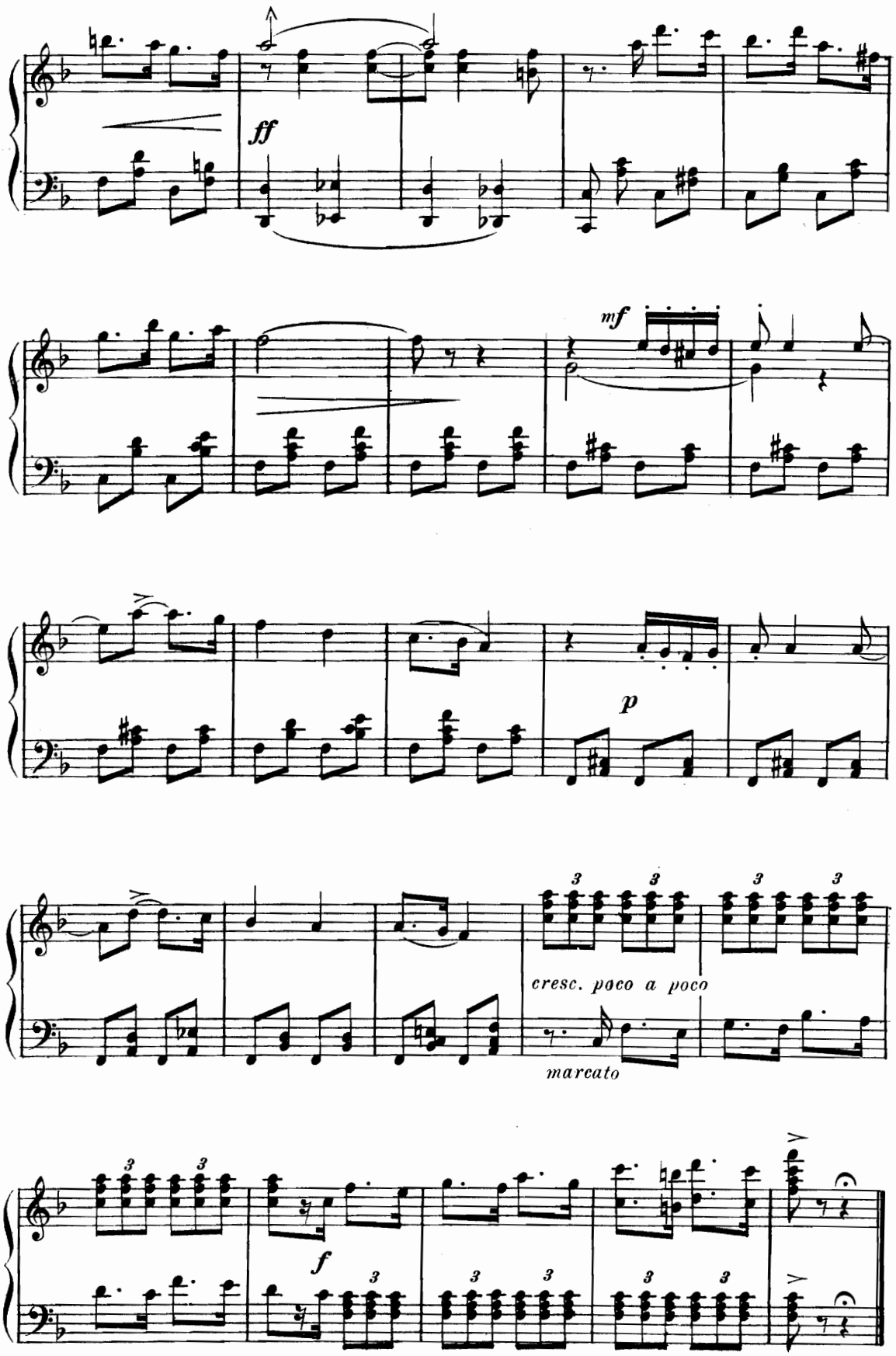

ff
marcato
rinf.
dim.


mf
p
mf
cantabile
2
2
p
pp
2
3
1
All.º non troppo
Giocoso
p
sempre staccato

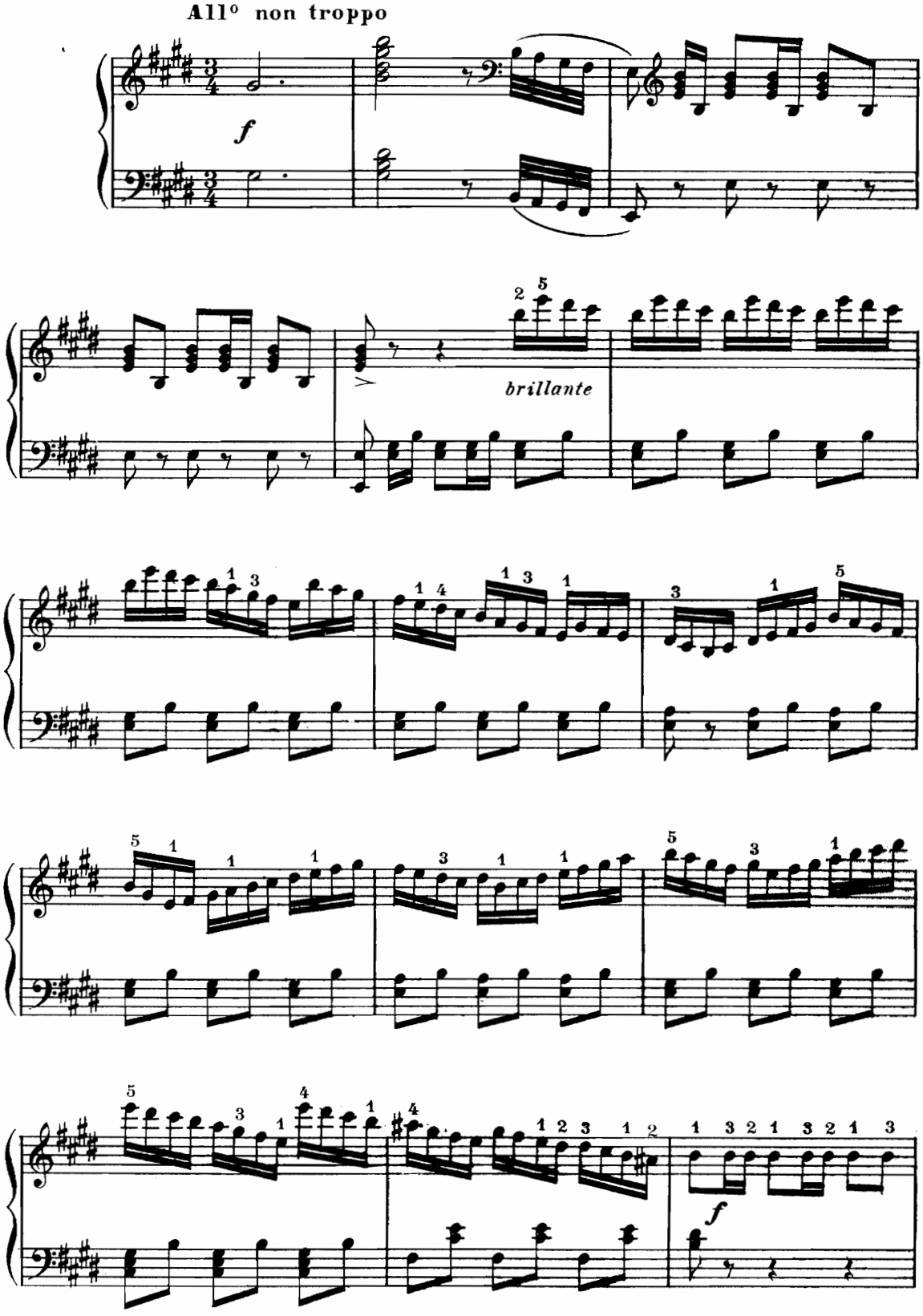

poco cresc.
più cresc.
mf

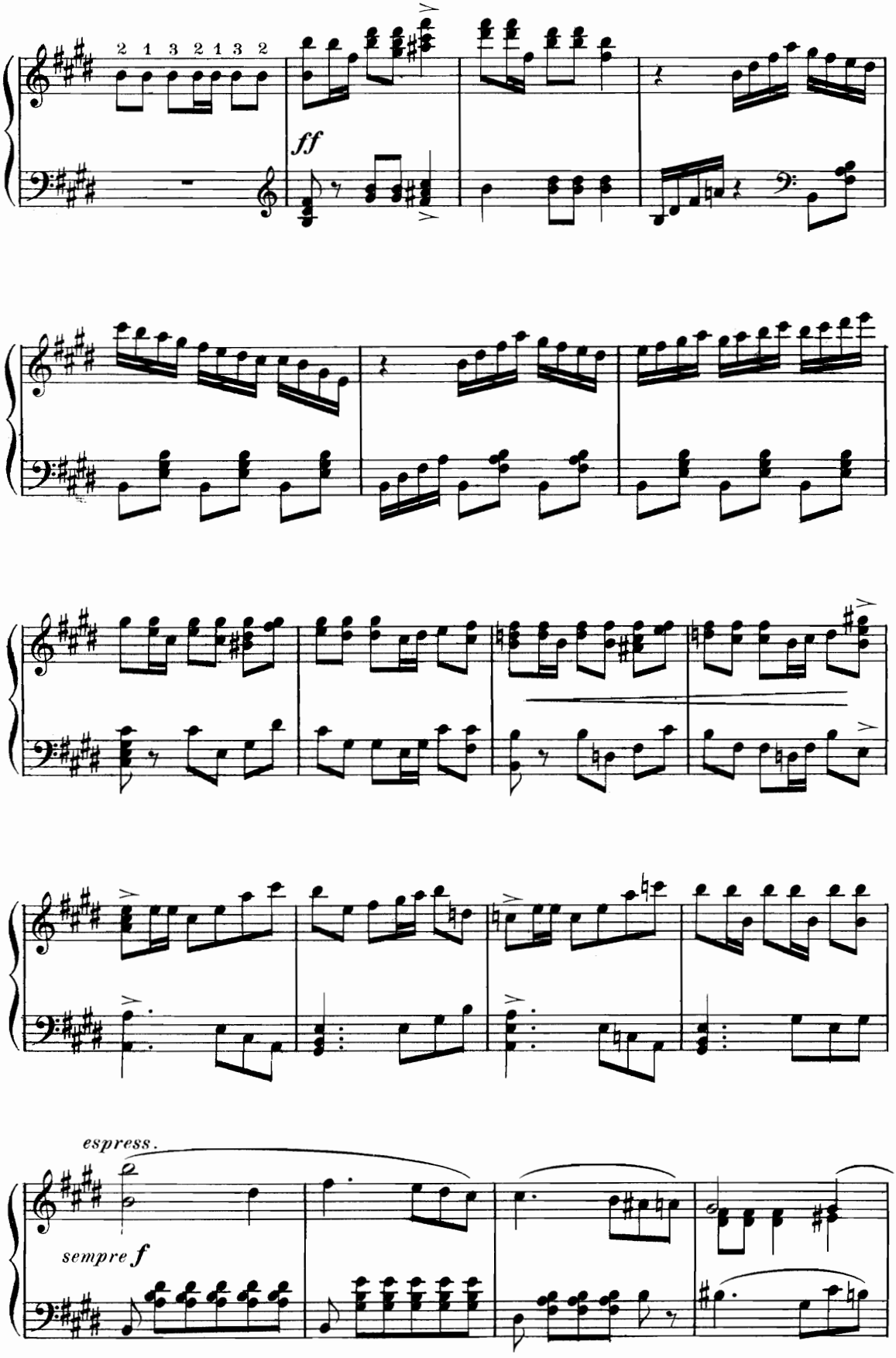

f
p
mf
espress.
p
cresc. poco
a poco
f

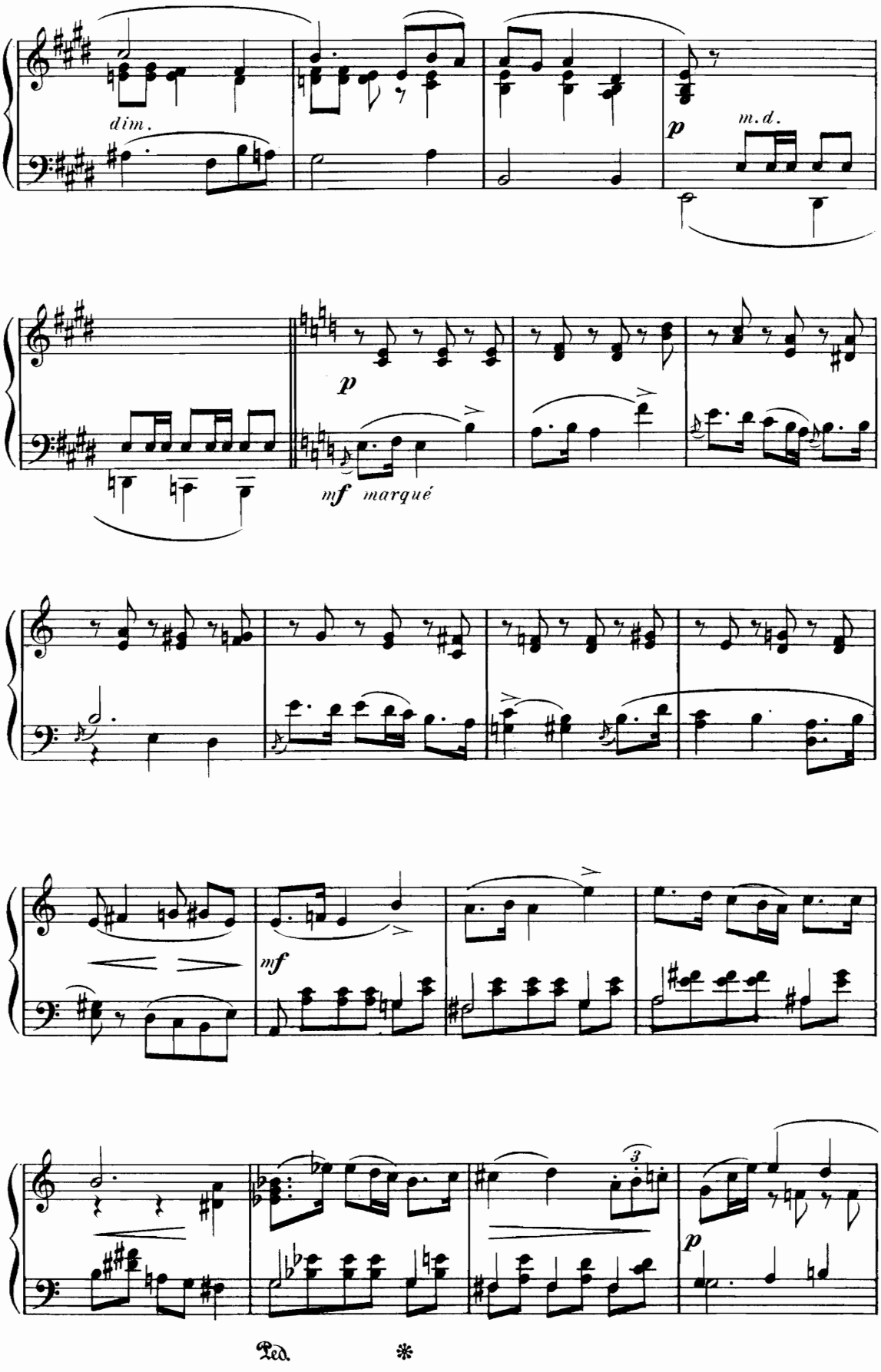

sempre f
più f

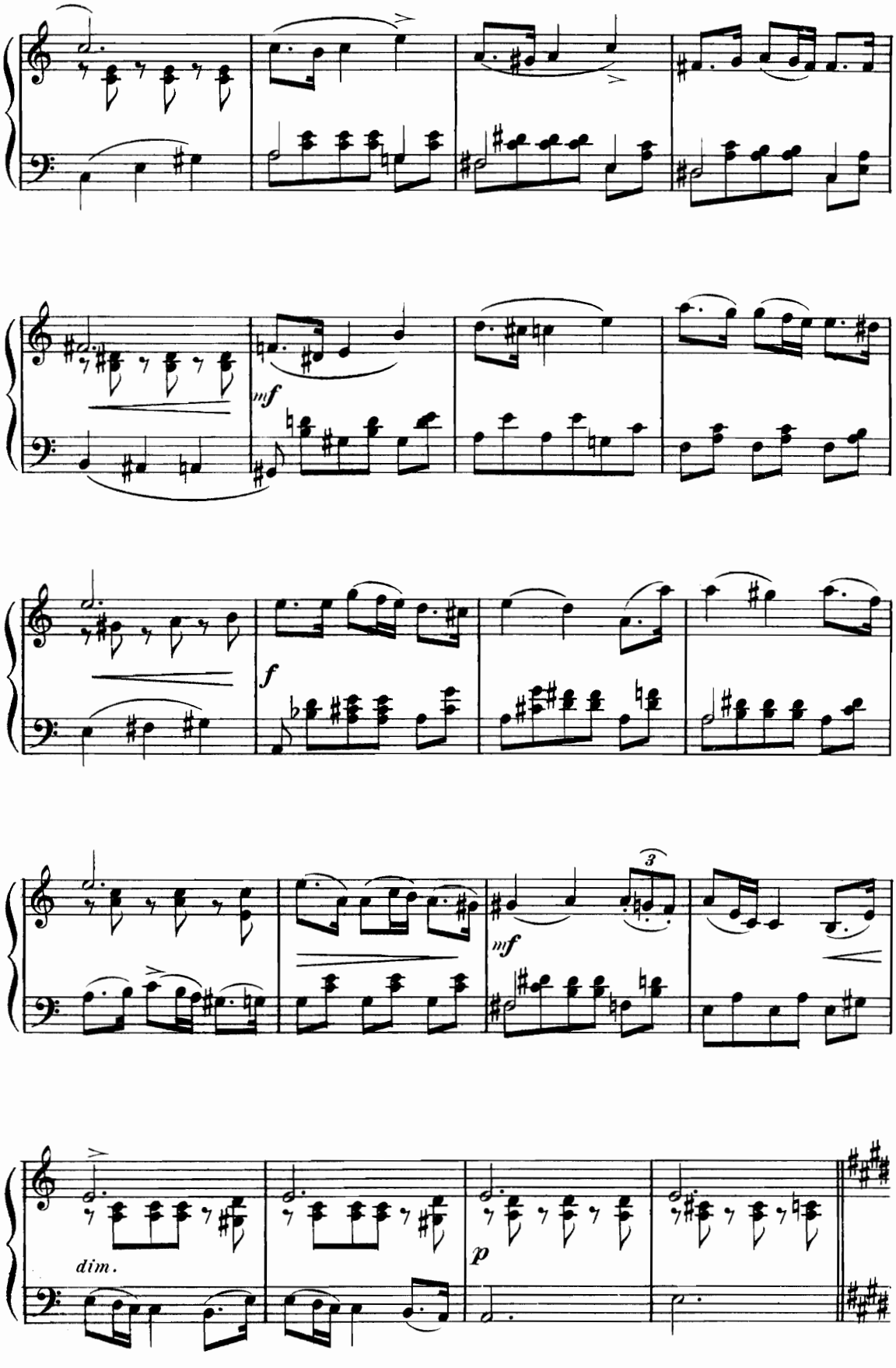

ff
mf
p
cresc. poco a poco
marcato
f

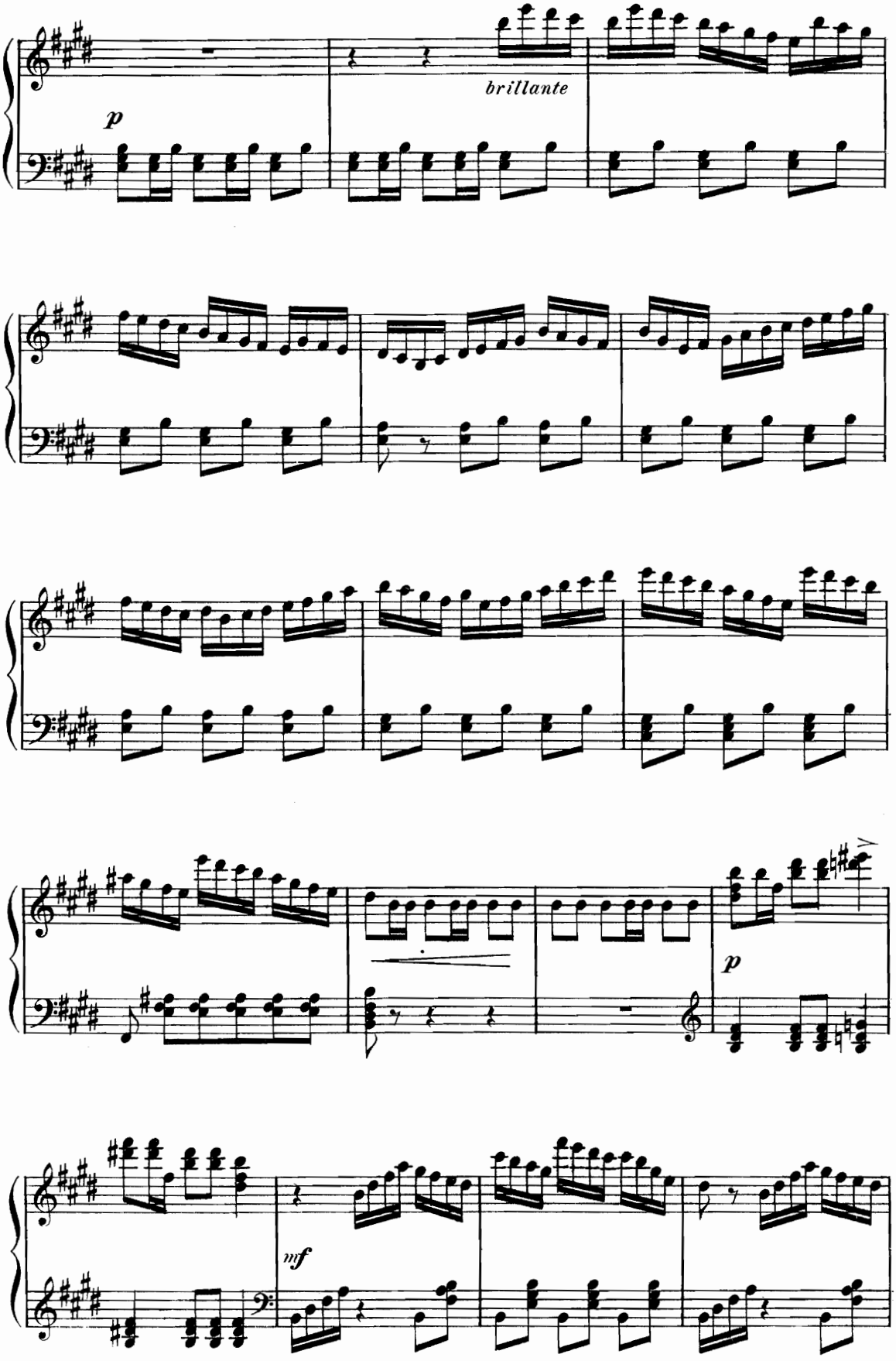
2ème Air de Ballet

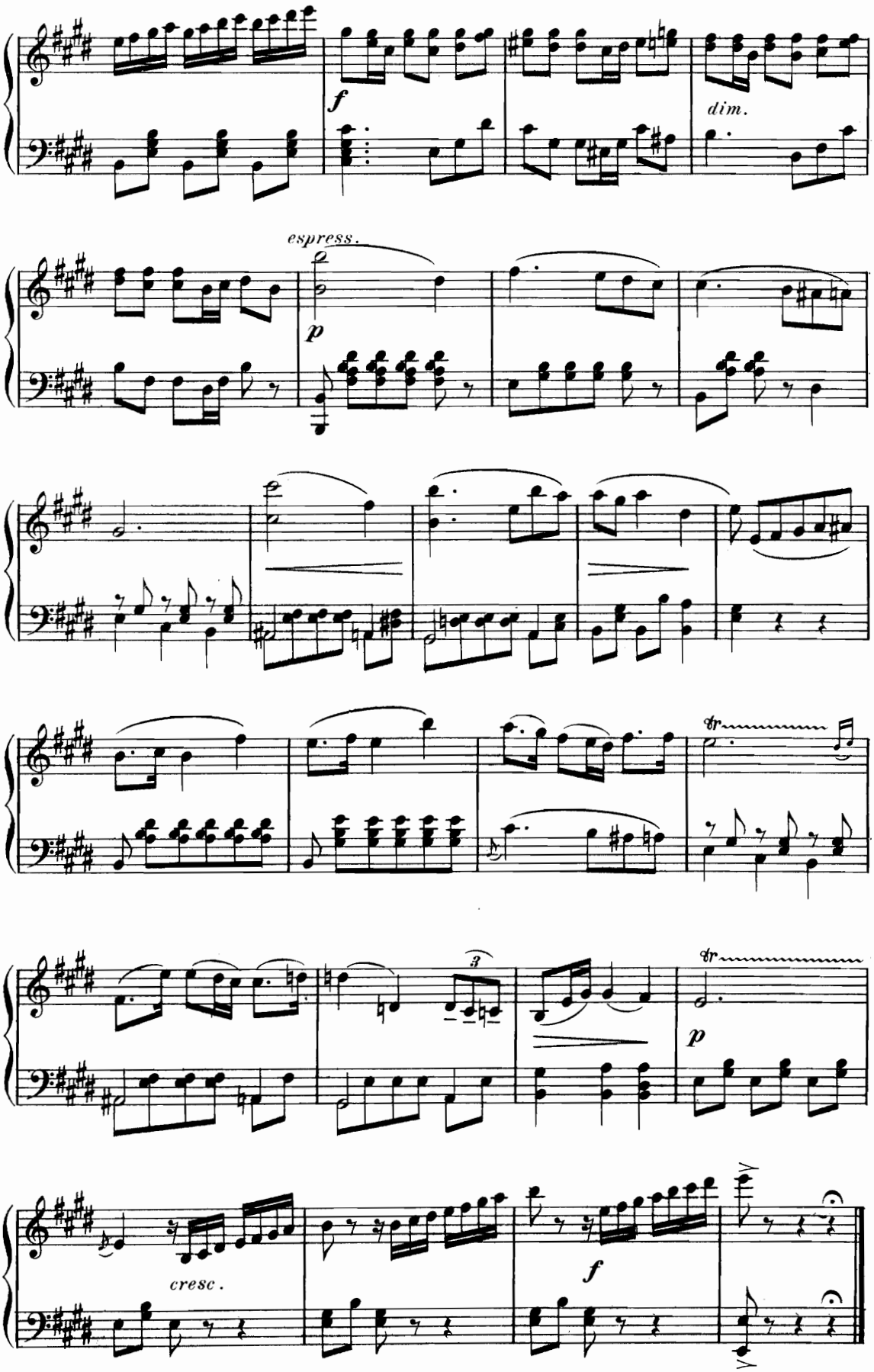



2 1 3 2 1 3 2
ff
espress.
sempre f


dim.
p
m.d.
p
mf marqué
mf
3
p
Ped.
*


mf
f
mf
3
dim.
p

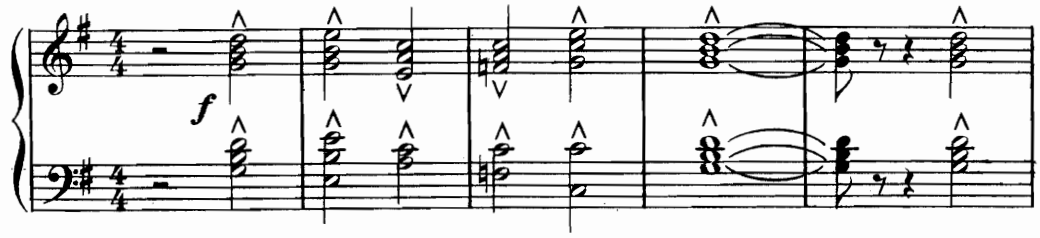

brillante
p
p
mf


f
dim.
espress.
p
tr
3
tr
p
cresc.
f

Invocation et Farandole

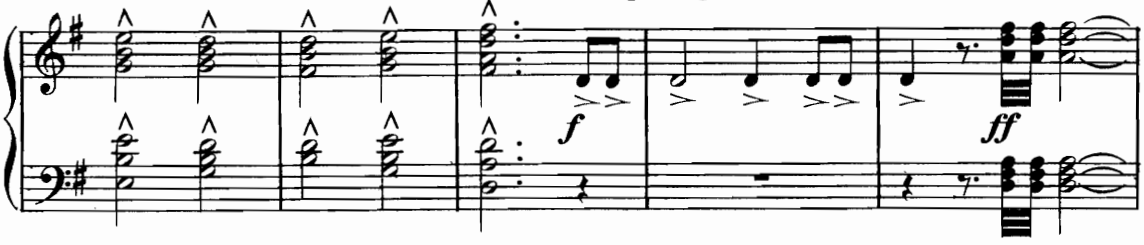
(Le Grand Sacrificateur sort du Temple, suivi du Cortège du Sacrifice.)

Maestoso

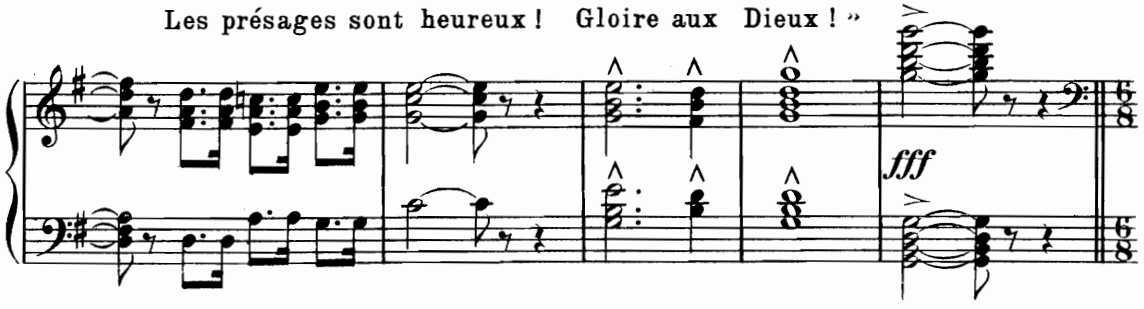


LE Gd SACRIFICATEUR — « Les présages sont heureux ! »

LE CHŒUR — Evohé !

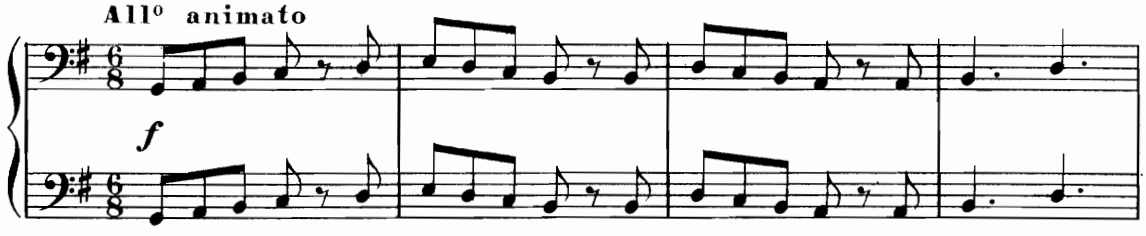


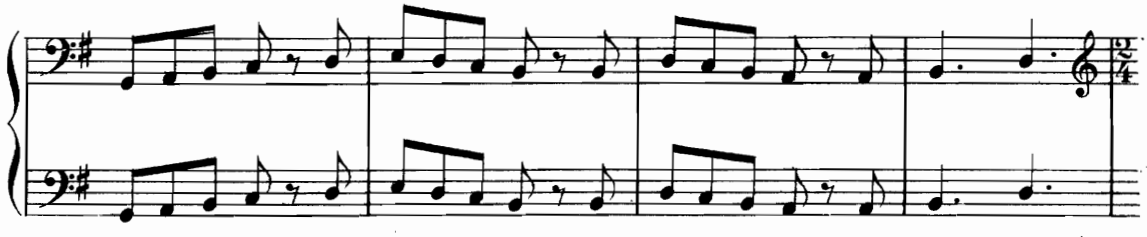
Les présages sont heureux ! Gloire aux Dieux ! »

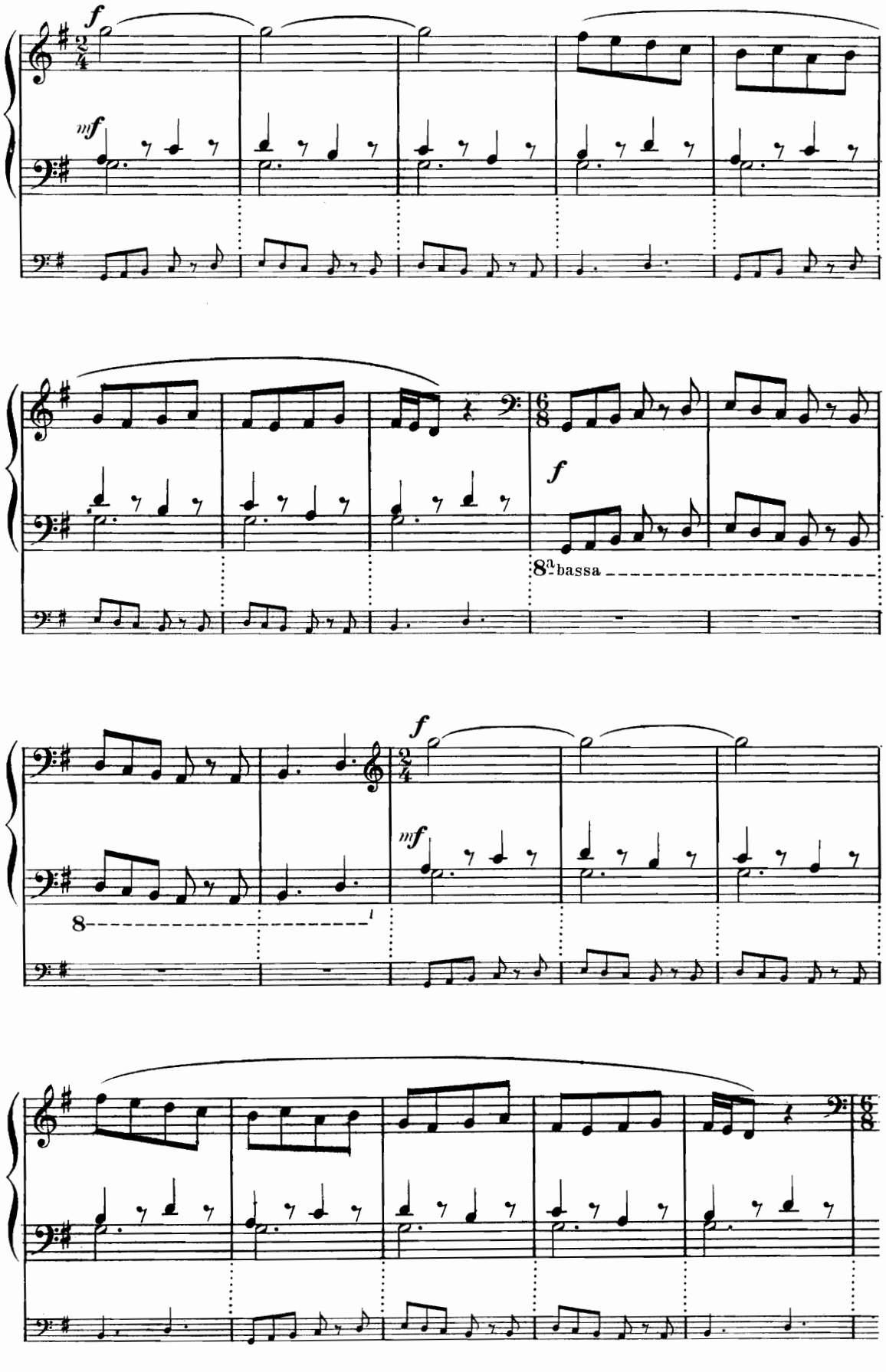


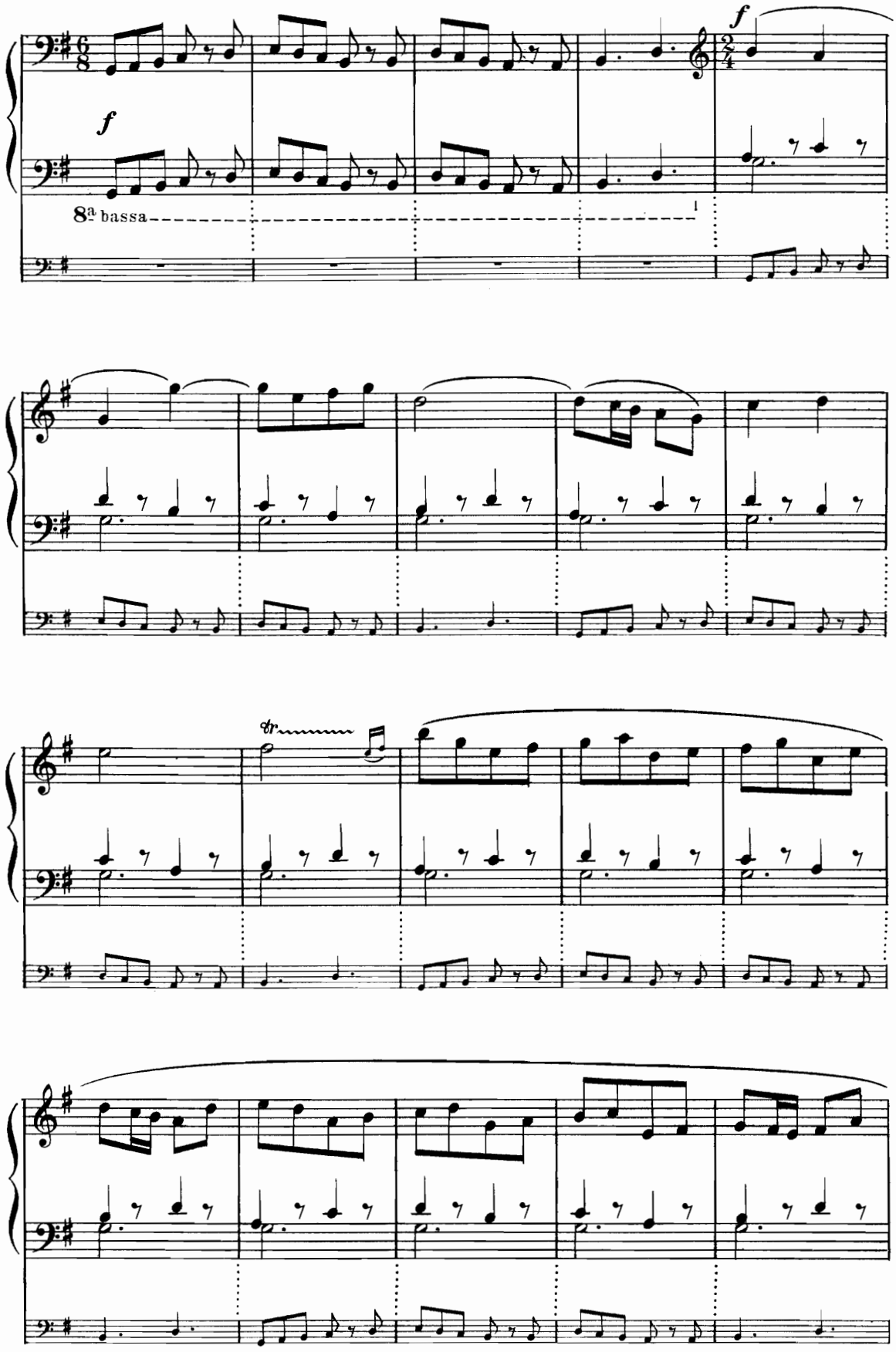
La danse reprend; elle se déroule sur la scène, monte par une rue, descend par l'autre, la foule s'y associe; tous dansent avec un mouvement de plus en plus rapide jusqu'a l'apparition de Floria et des Vestales.

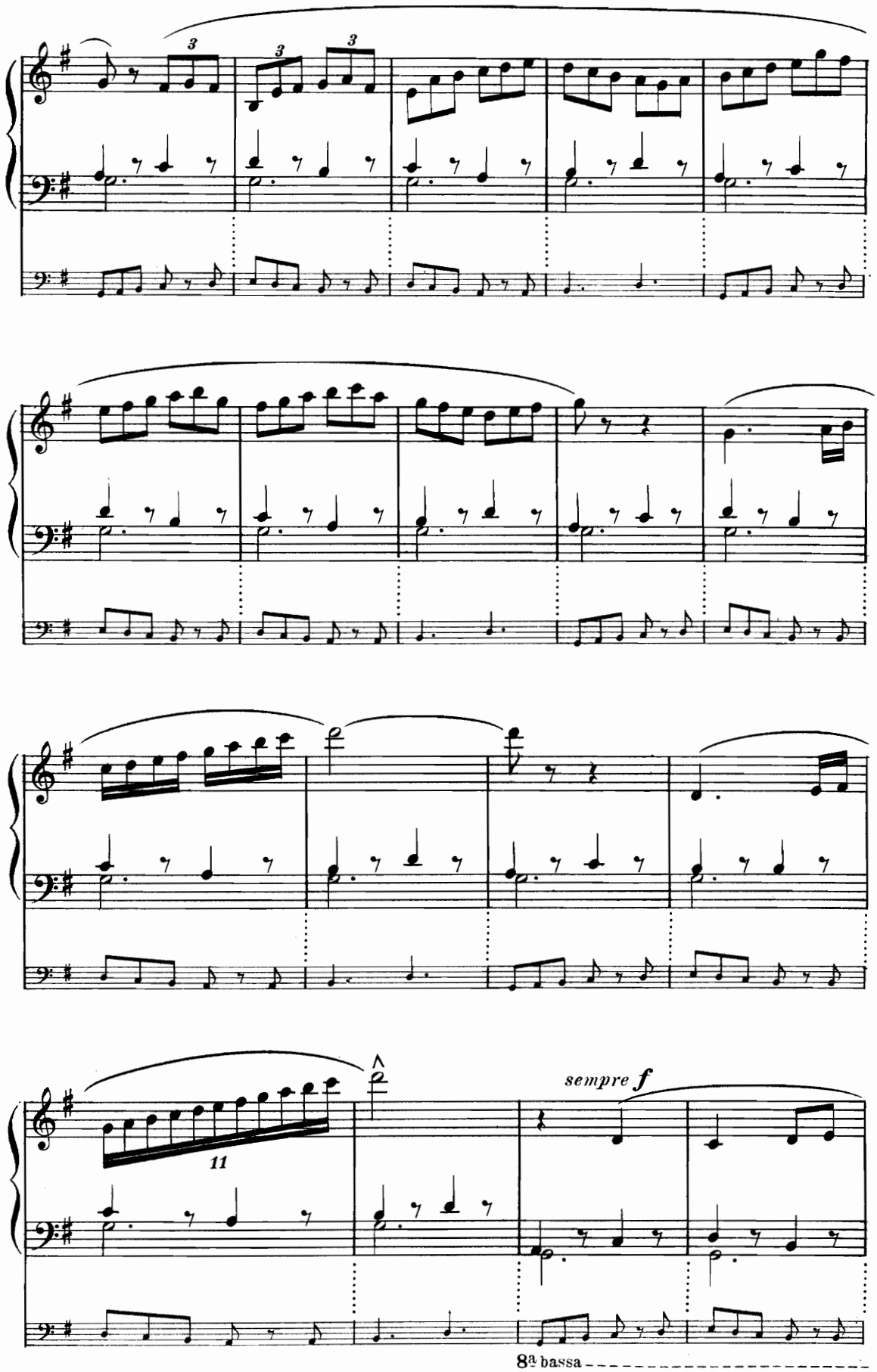
All° animato

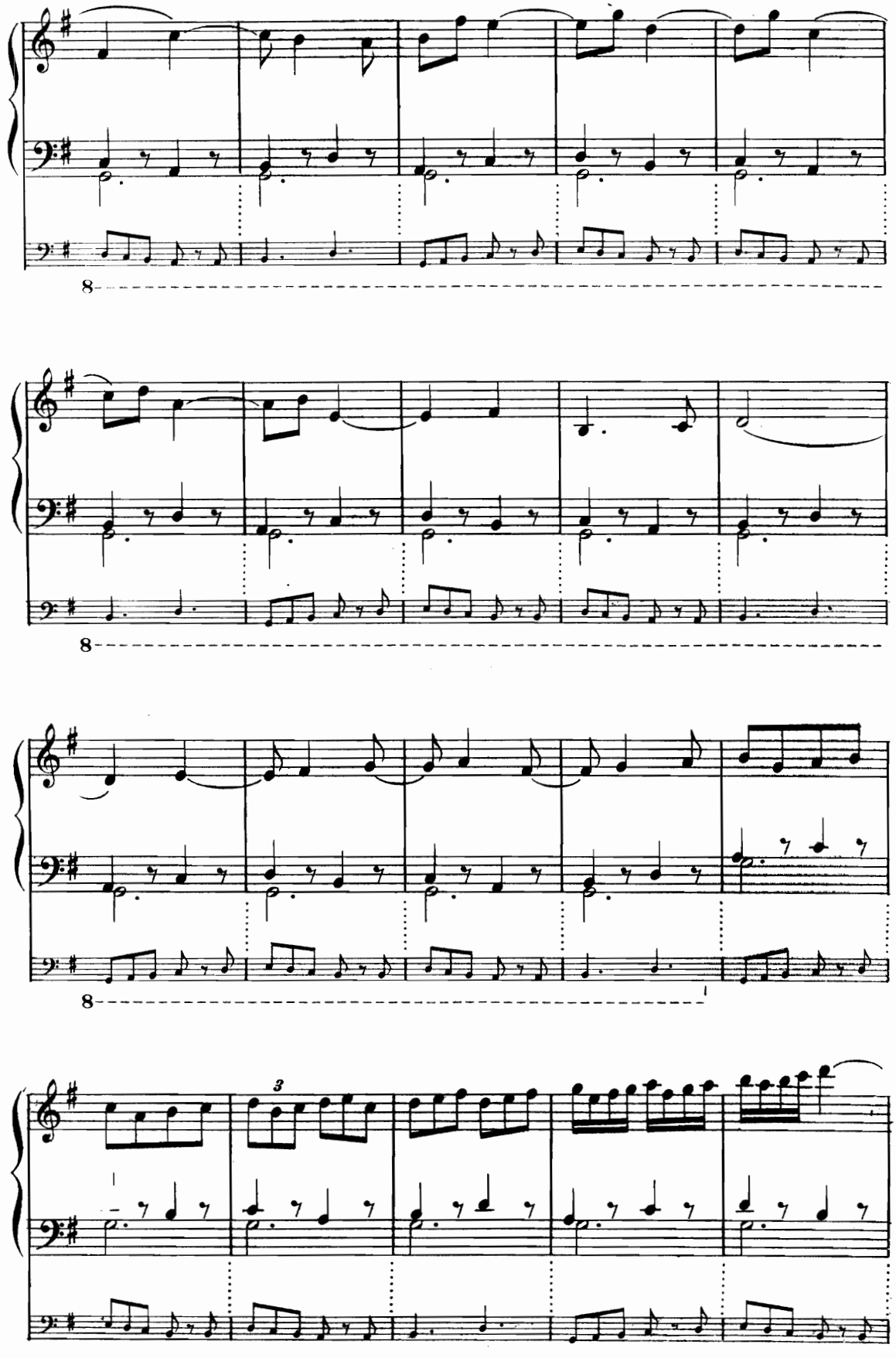


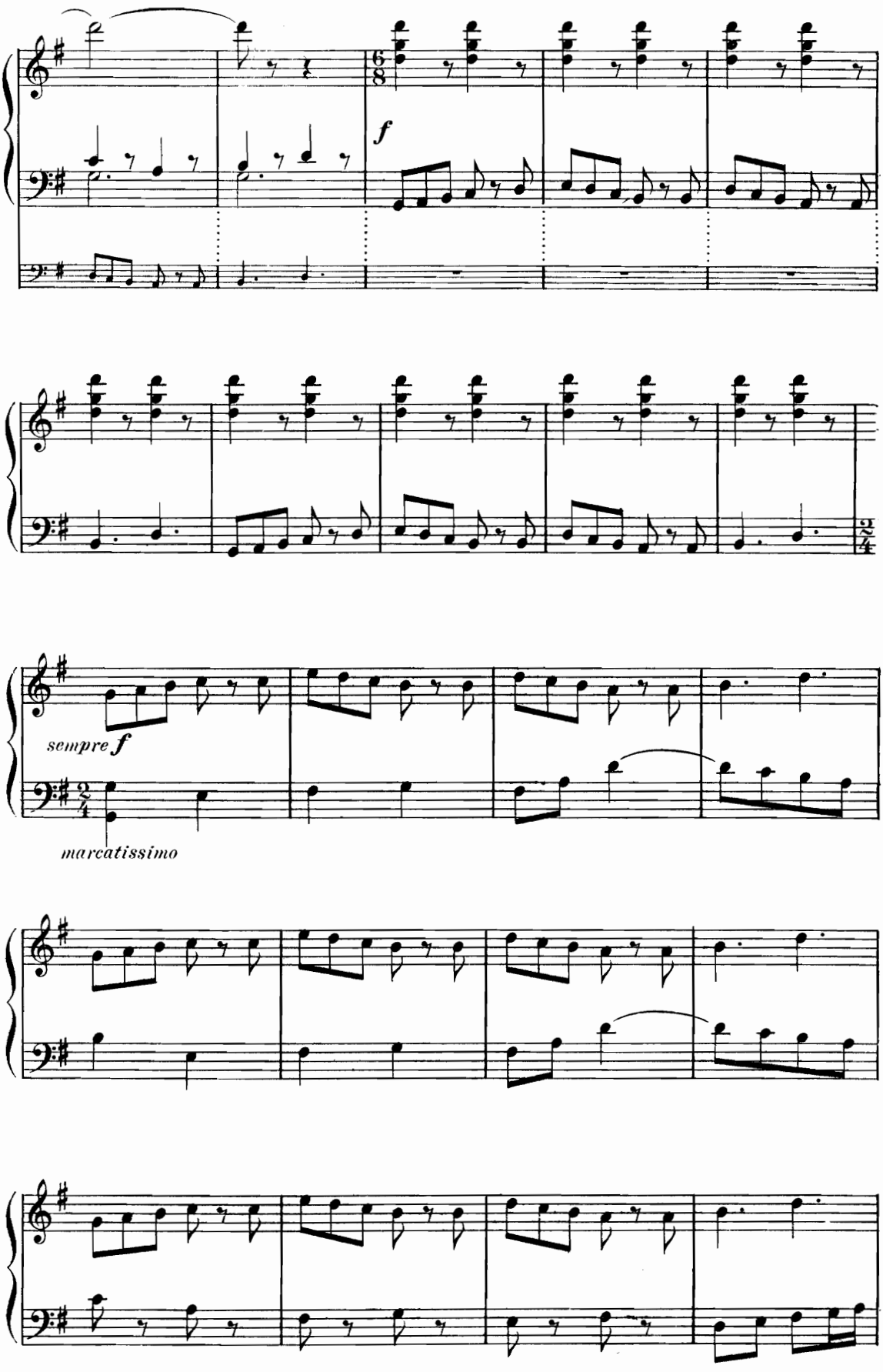


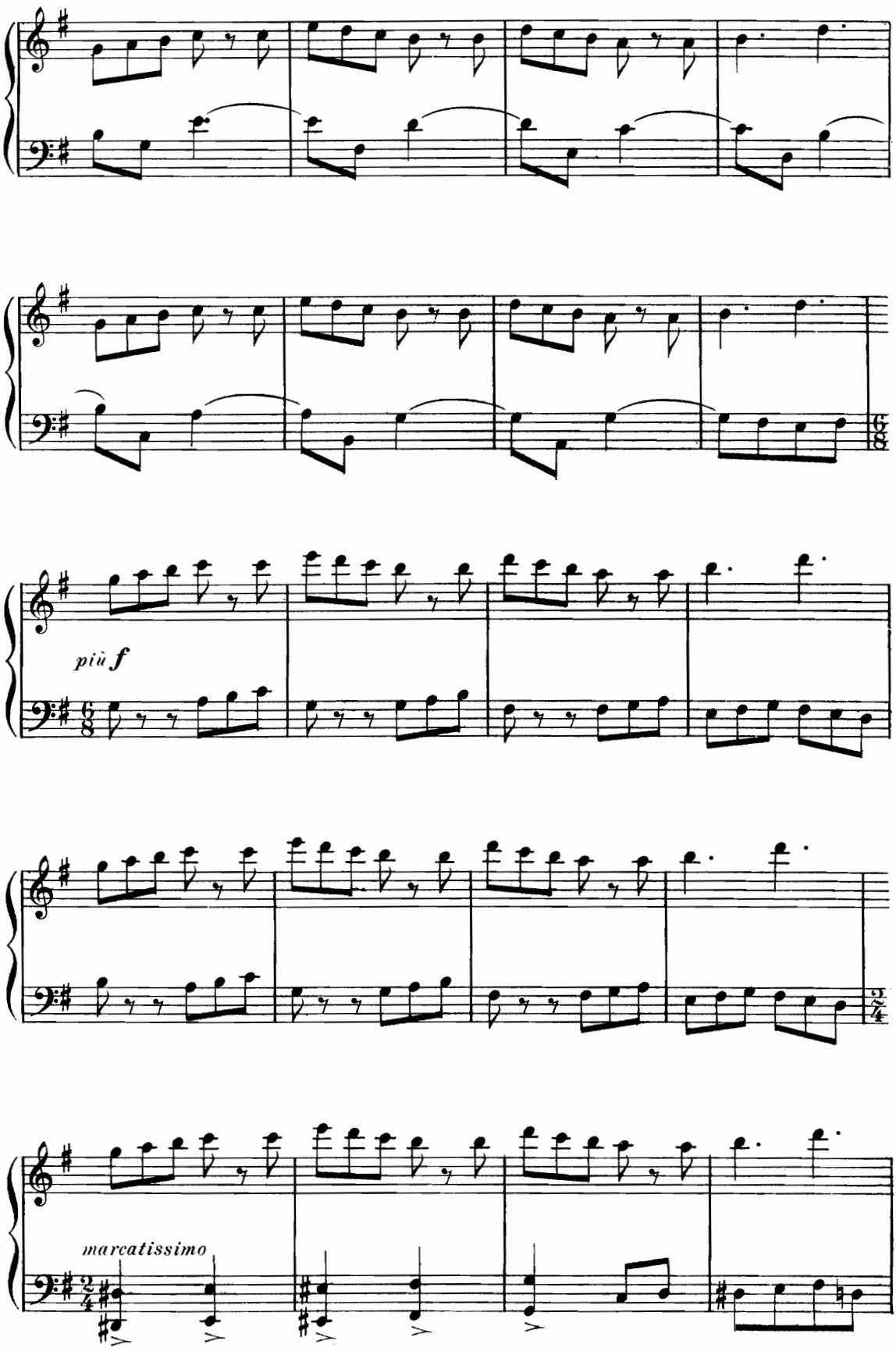

f
mf
f
8ª bassa
8
f
mf

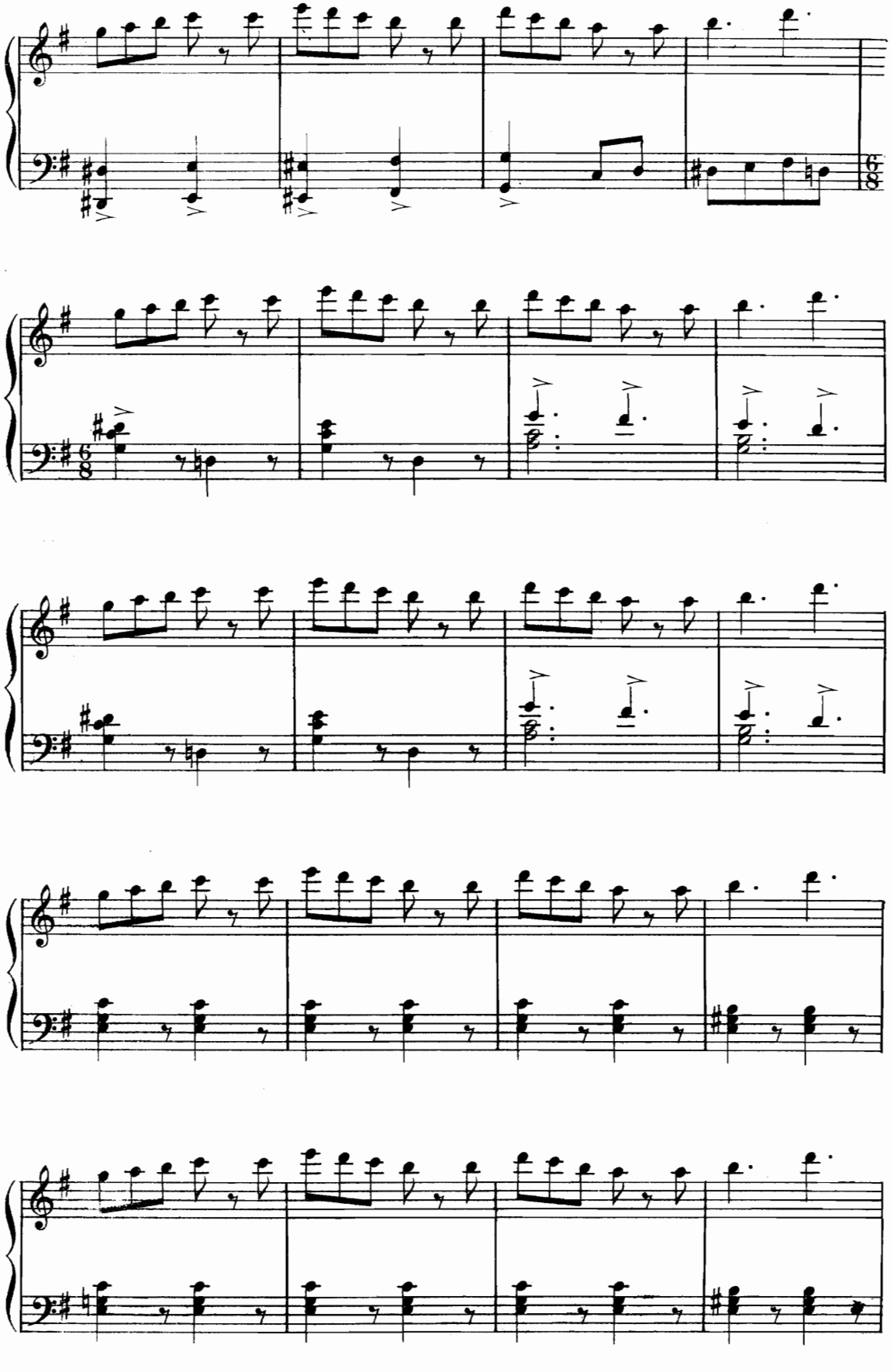

f
f
8ª bassa
1
f
tr

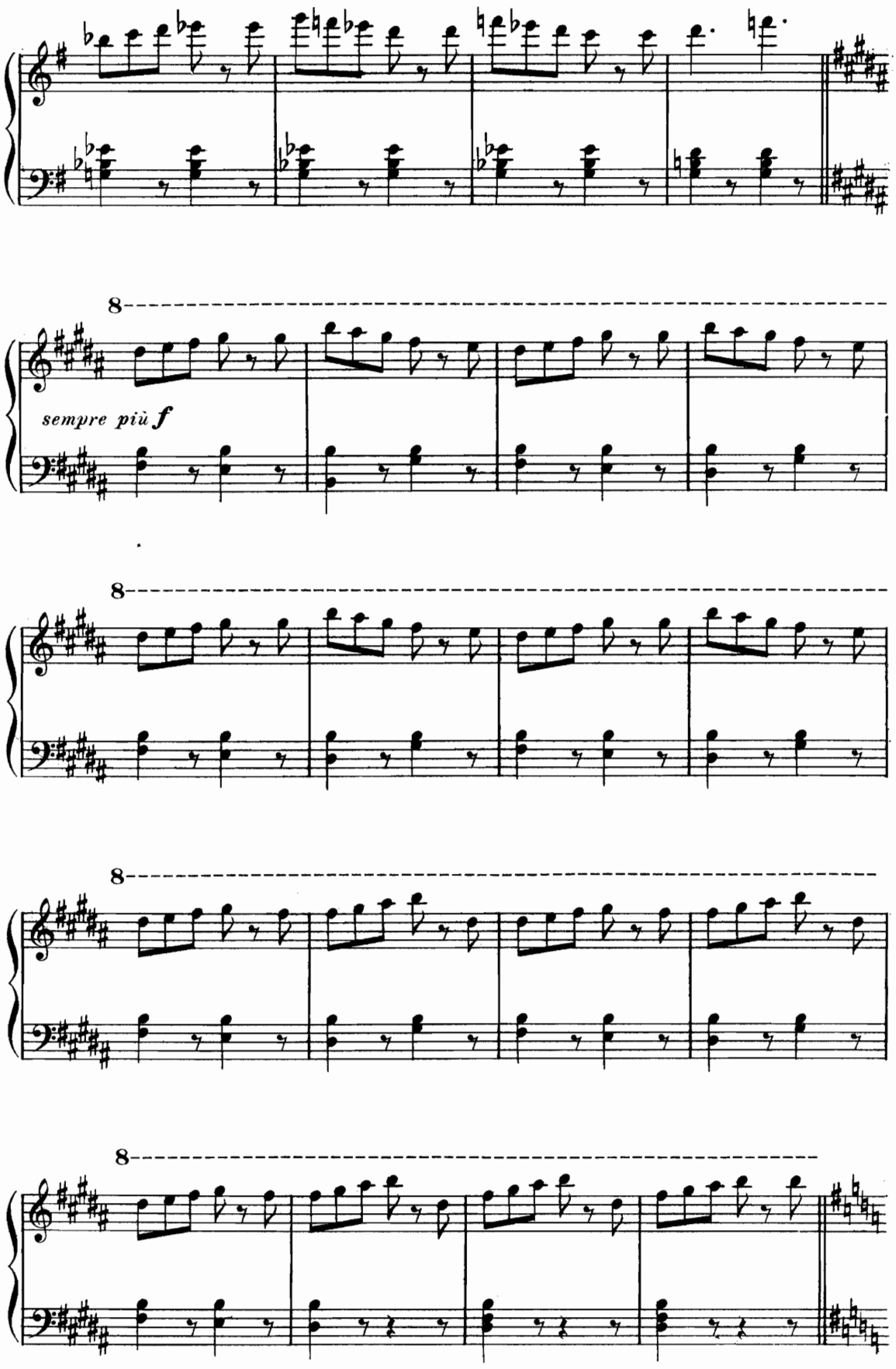

3
3
3
11
sempre f
8ª bassa

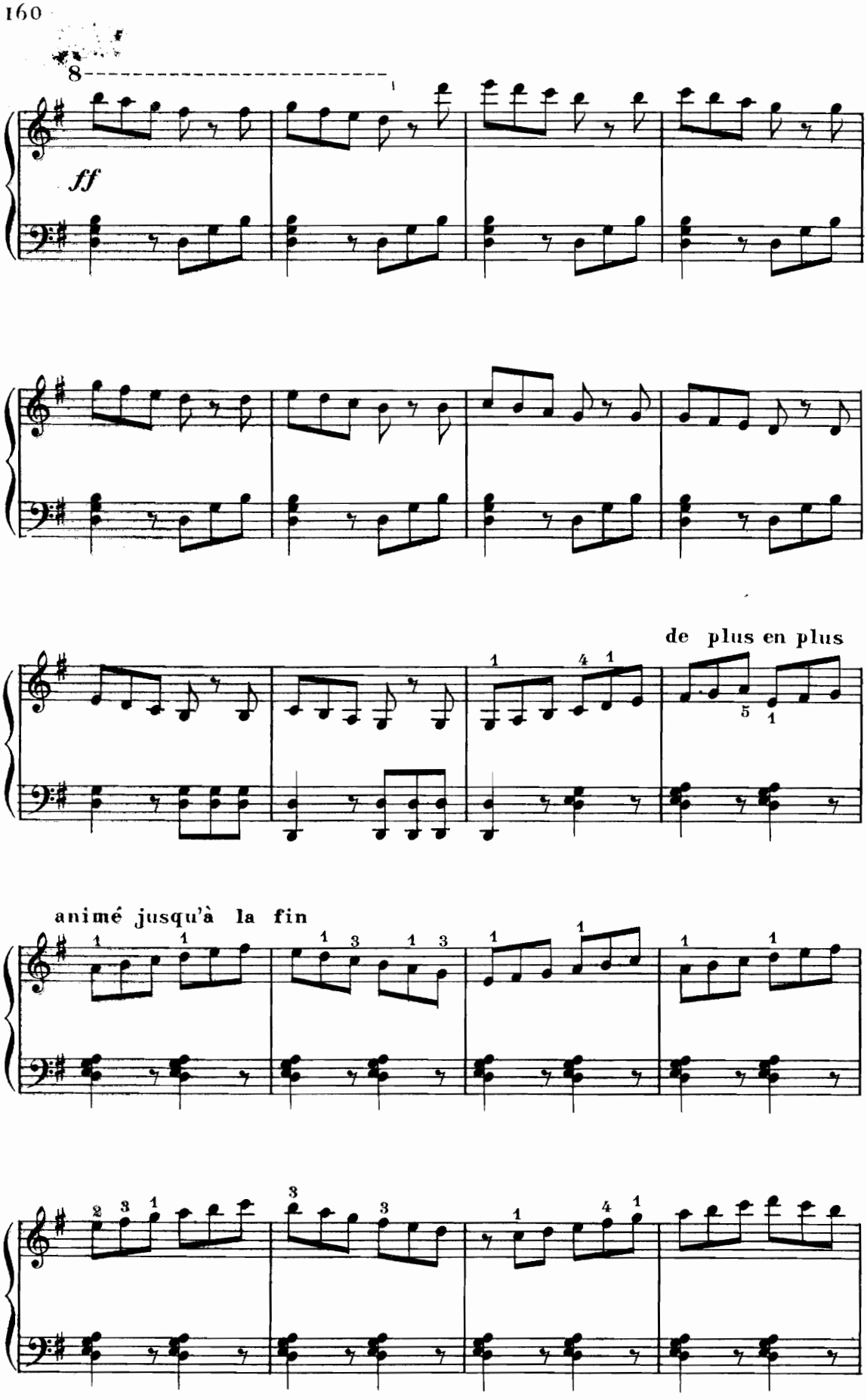

8
8
8
3

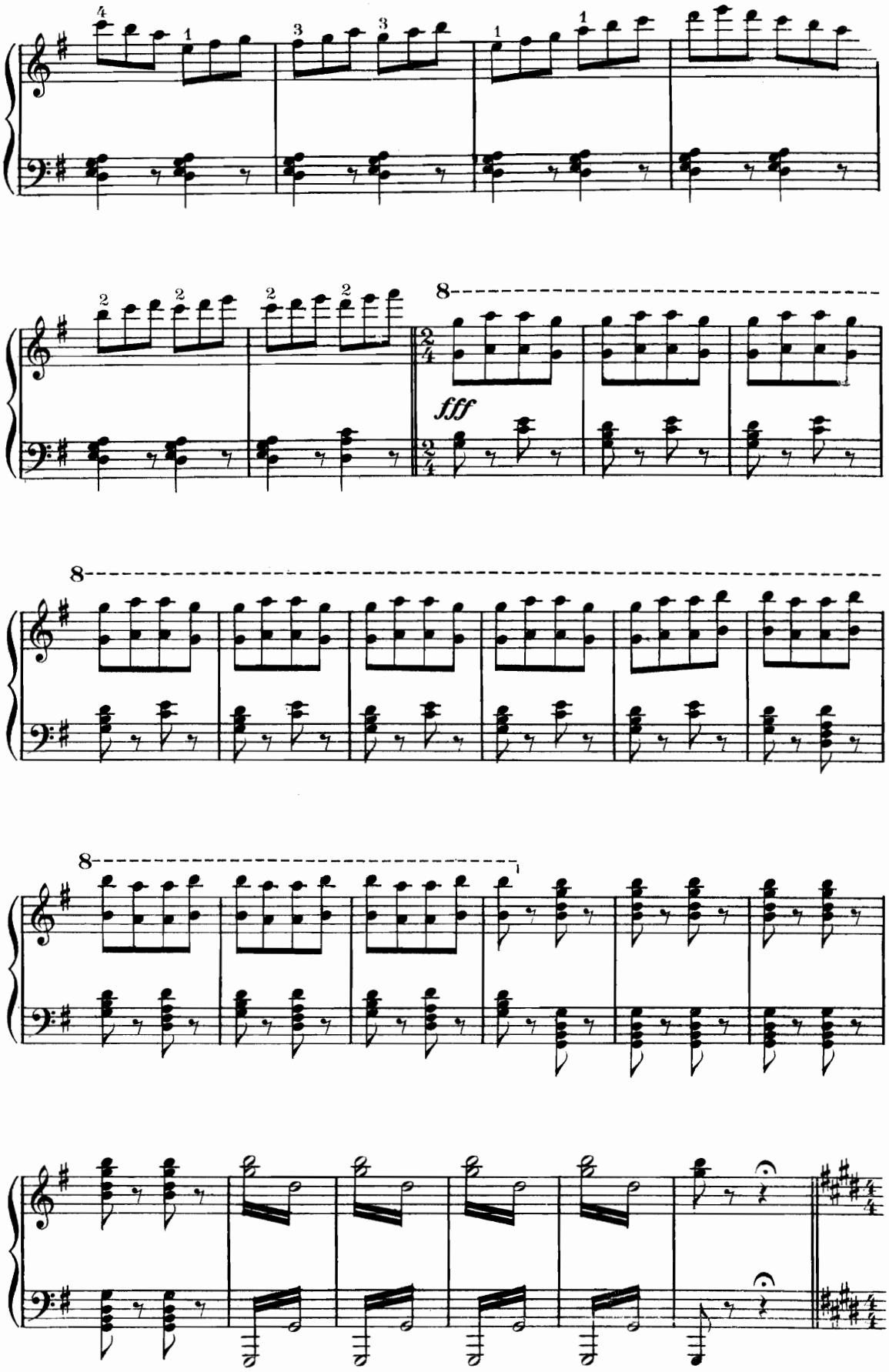

f
sempre f
marcatissimo


più f
marcatissimo

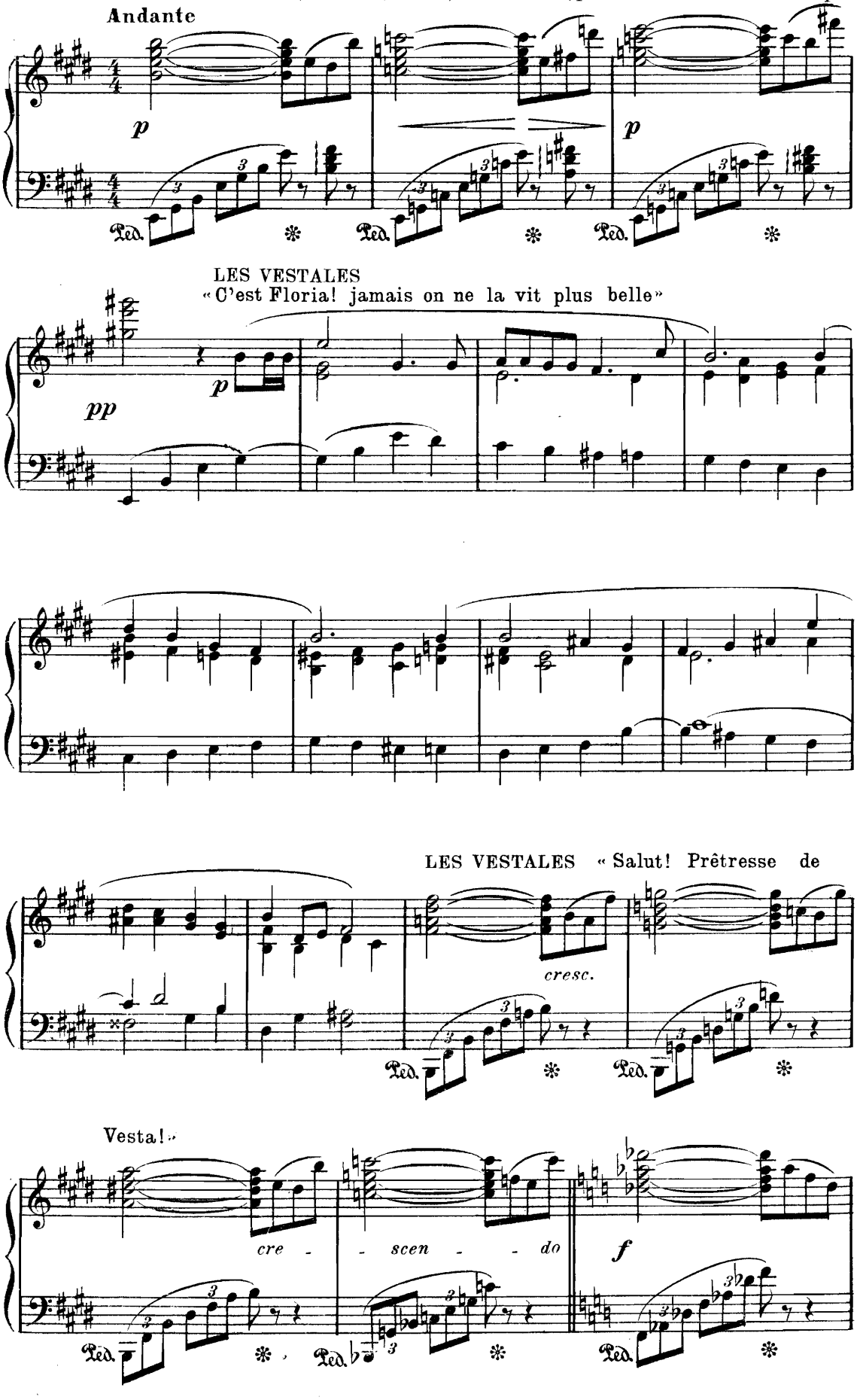



8
sempre più f
8
8
8

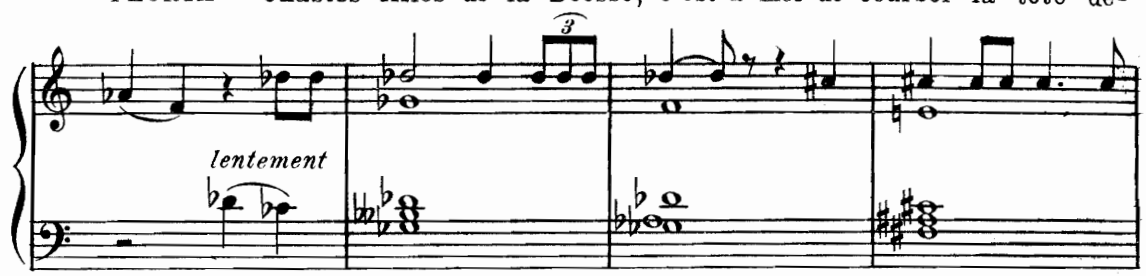

8
ff
de plus en plus
animé jusqu'à la fin


fff

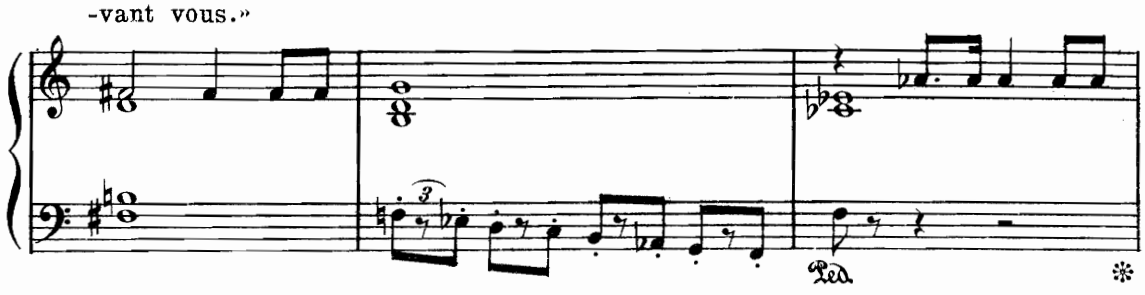
Scène II. – Les Précédents, FLORIA, LIVIE, Les Vestales, paraissent sur le seuil du temple.



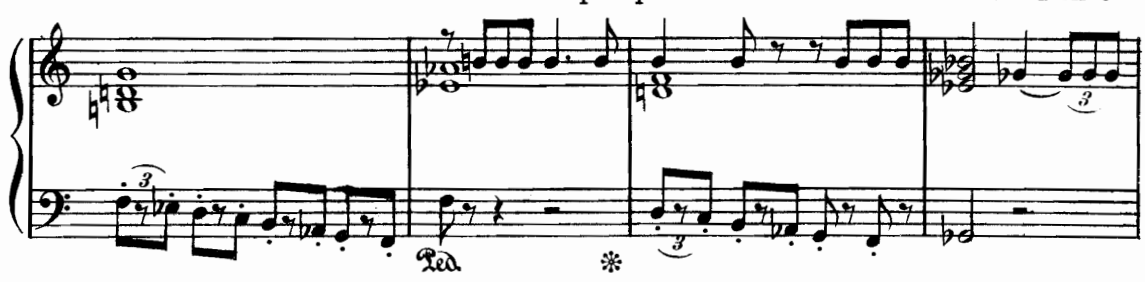
FLORIA « Chastes filles de la Déesse, c'est à moi de courber la tête de-



-vant vous.»

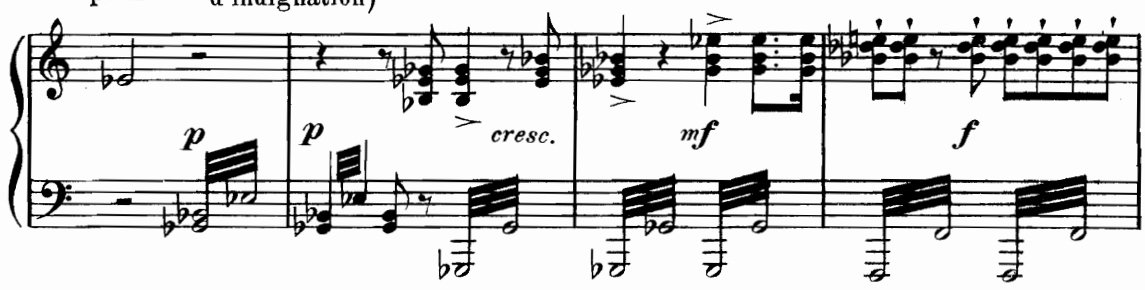


FLORIA « Je ne suis plus prêtresse: Et Marcomir est mon é-



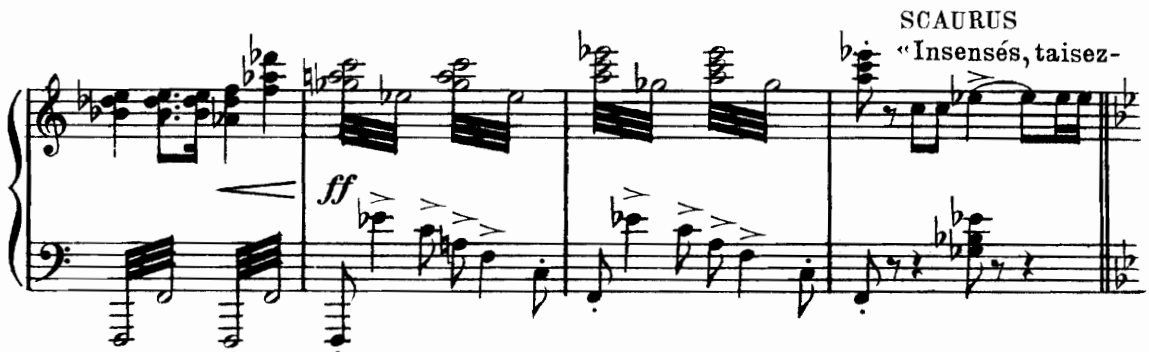
LE CHŒUR

-poux » (Mouvement général d'indignation) «Son époux! un barbare! O Vestale infidèle!



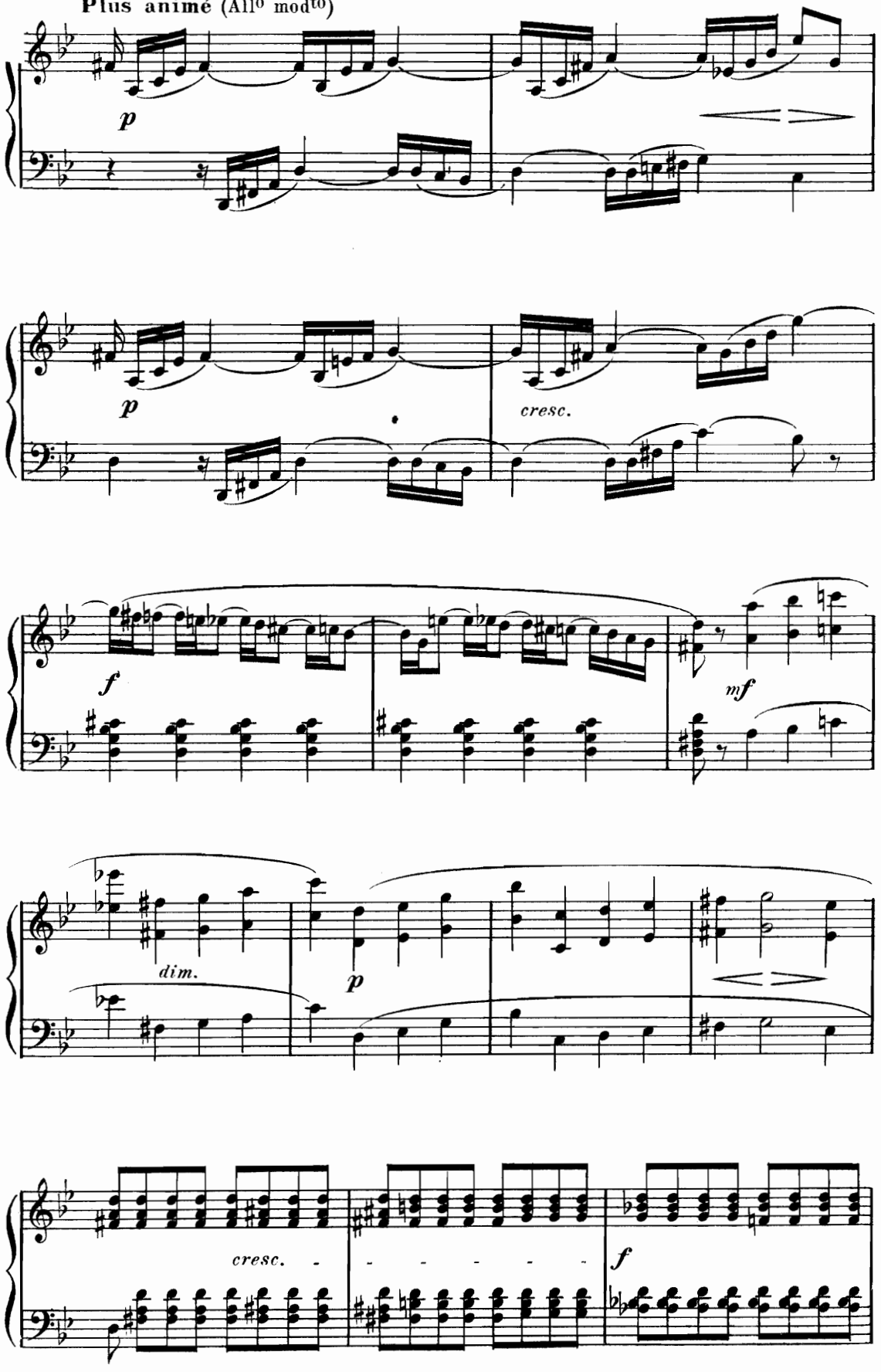
SCAURUS

«Insensés, taisez-

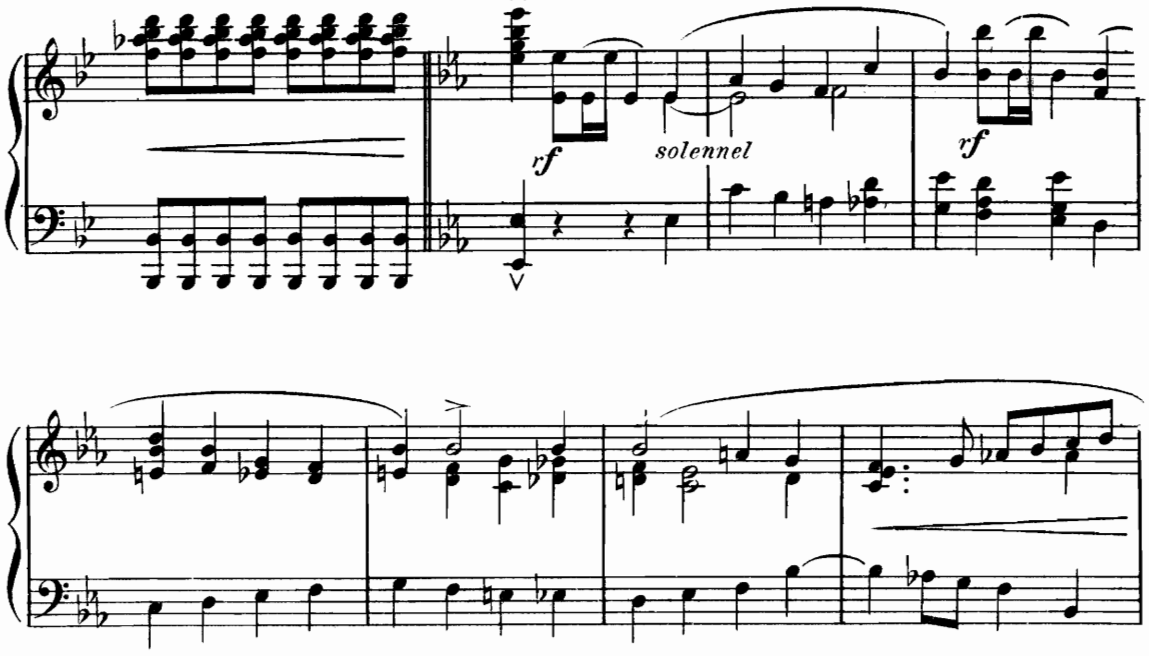


vous! Elle a trahi ses vœux pour le salut de tous.»

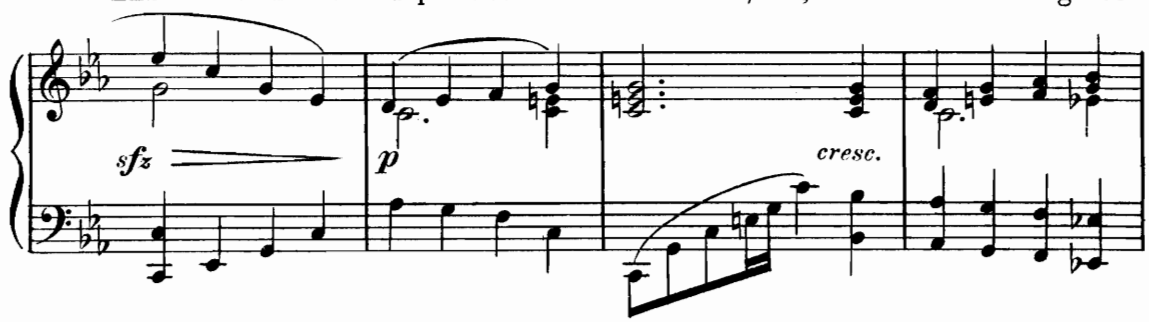
Plus animé (All^{o} mod^{to})



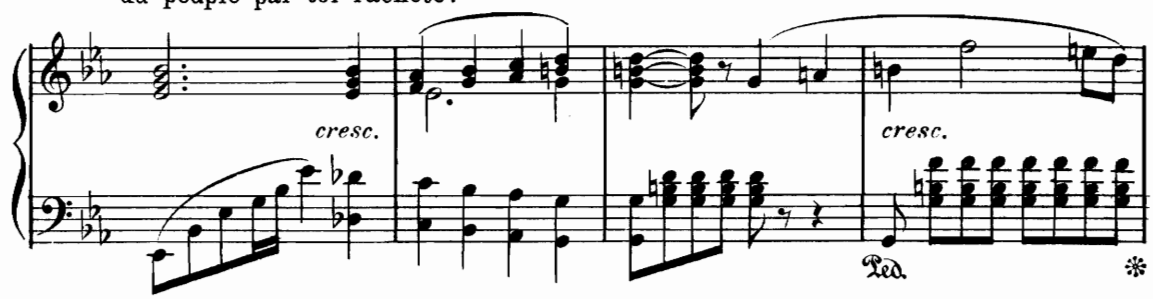
« Romaine! que la ville échappée au massacre

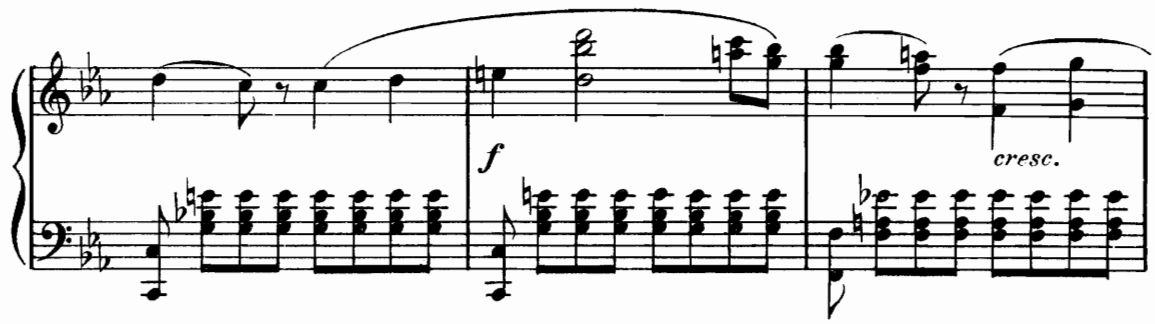


LES VESTALES «De tes pas nous baisons la trace; reçois les actions de grâce



du peuple par toi racheté!»





poco allarg.

A T°

ff

fff

FLORIA

"Je ne mérite pas ce glorieux hommage!

LIVIE "Toi

p

mf

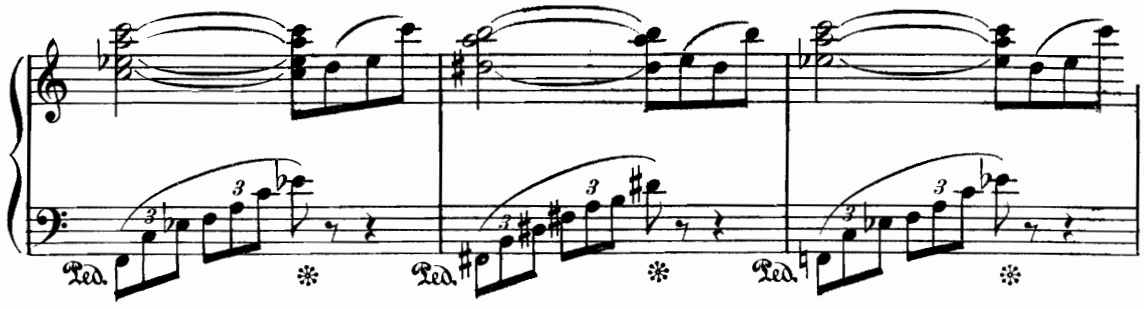
dim.

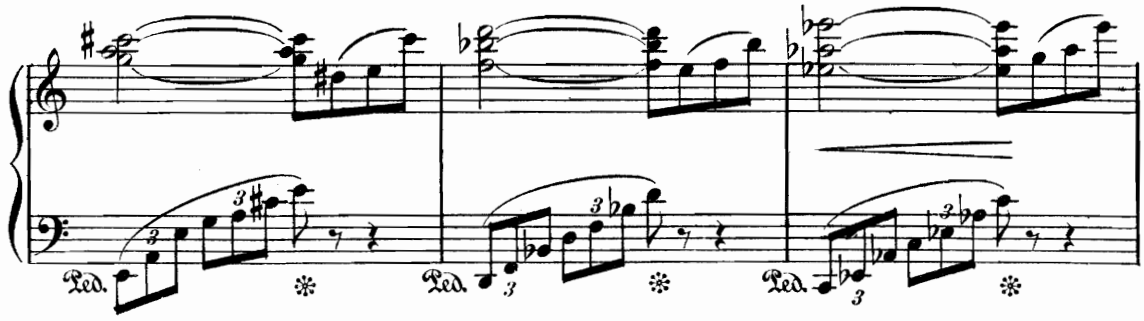
qui pour les sauver du plus cruel outrage sans amour a subi la loi de ton

And^te^

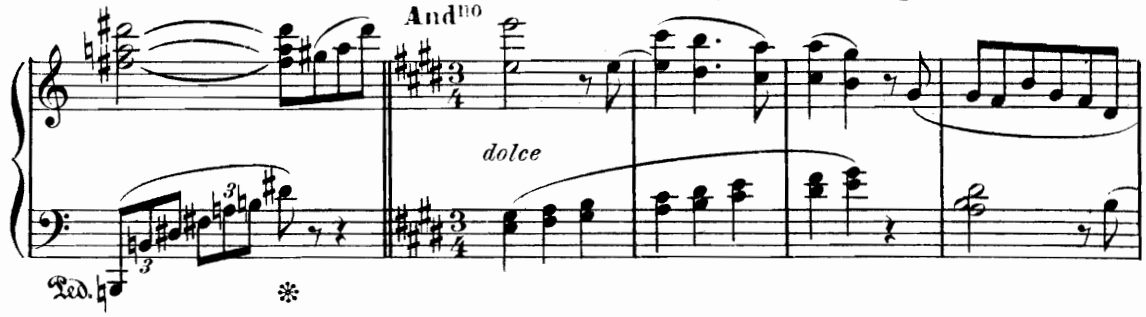
pp

vainqueur! »

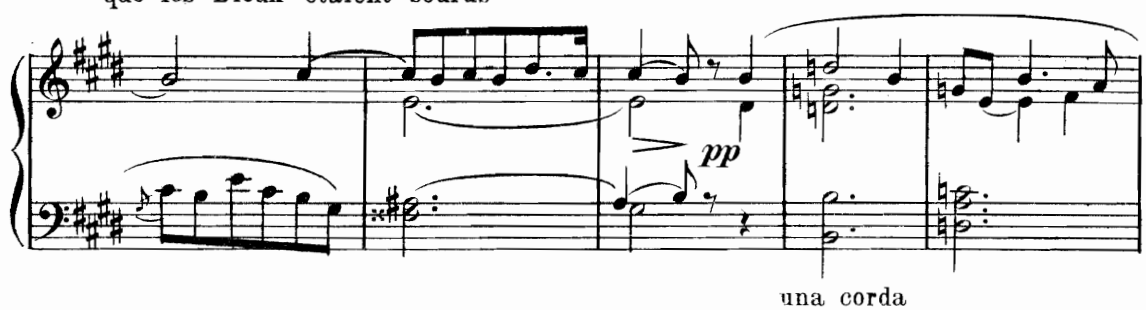


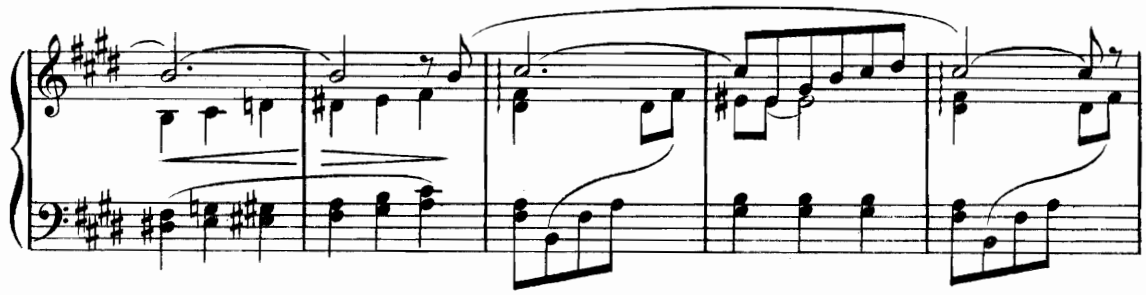


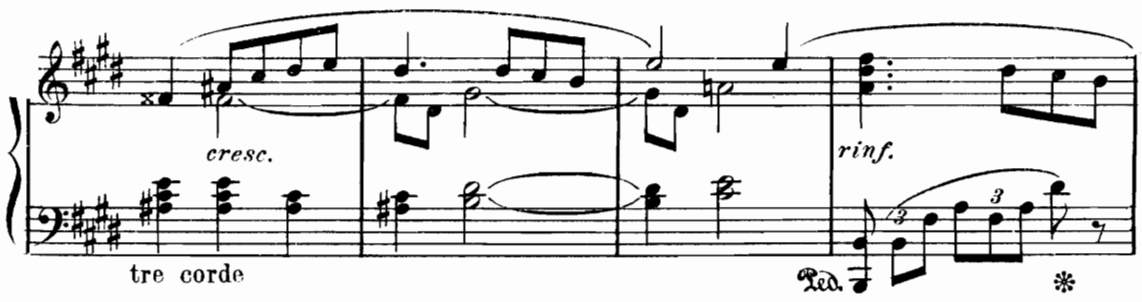
FLORIA « Marcomir, le noble roi qui m'aime alors



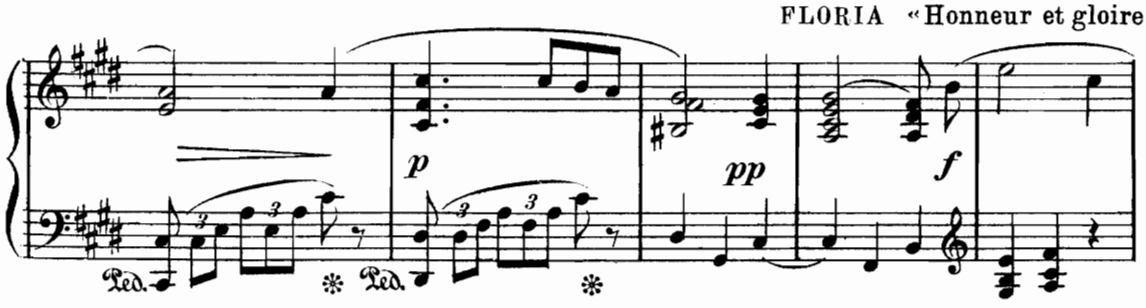
que les Dieux étaient sourds »



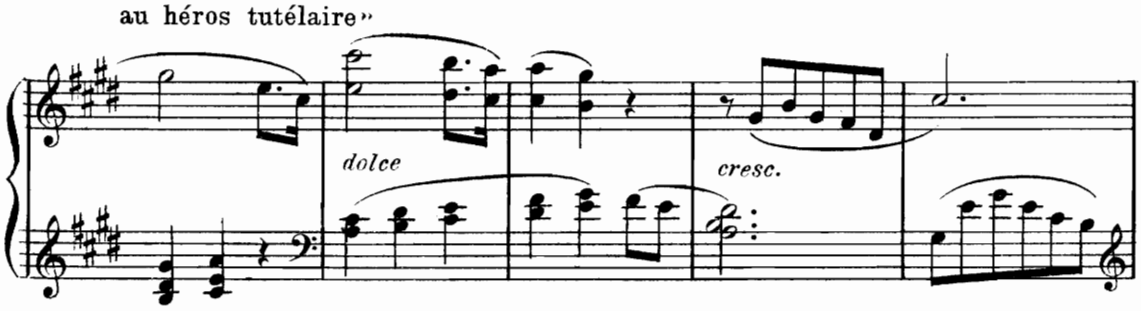


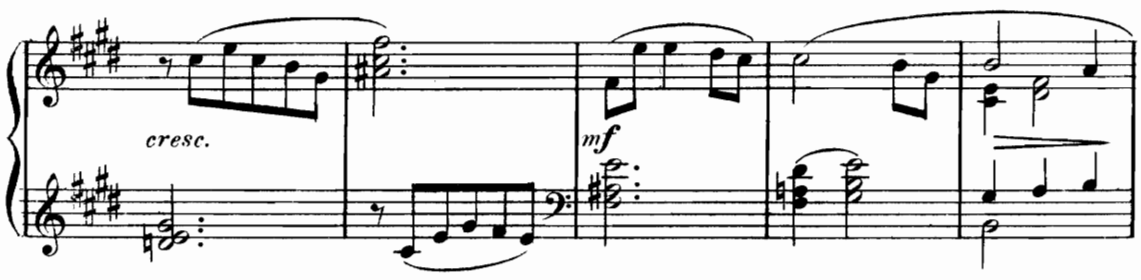


FLORIA «Honneur et gloire



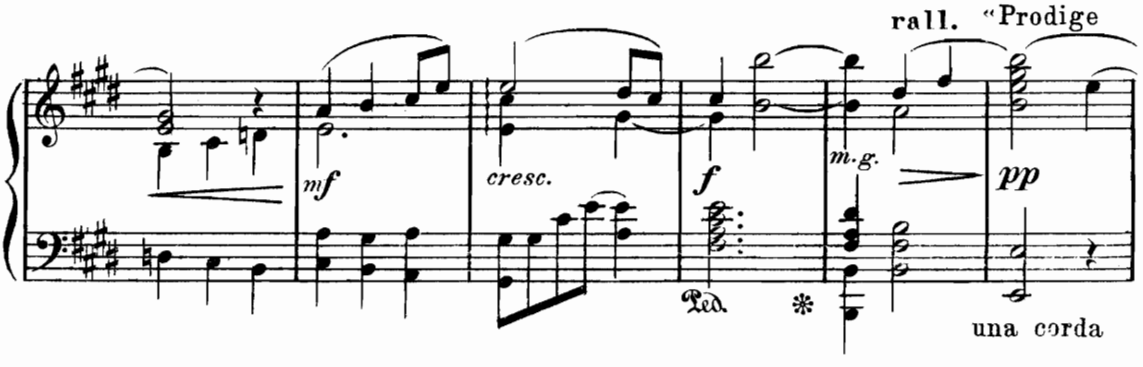
au héros tutélaire»



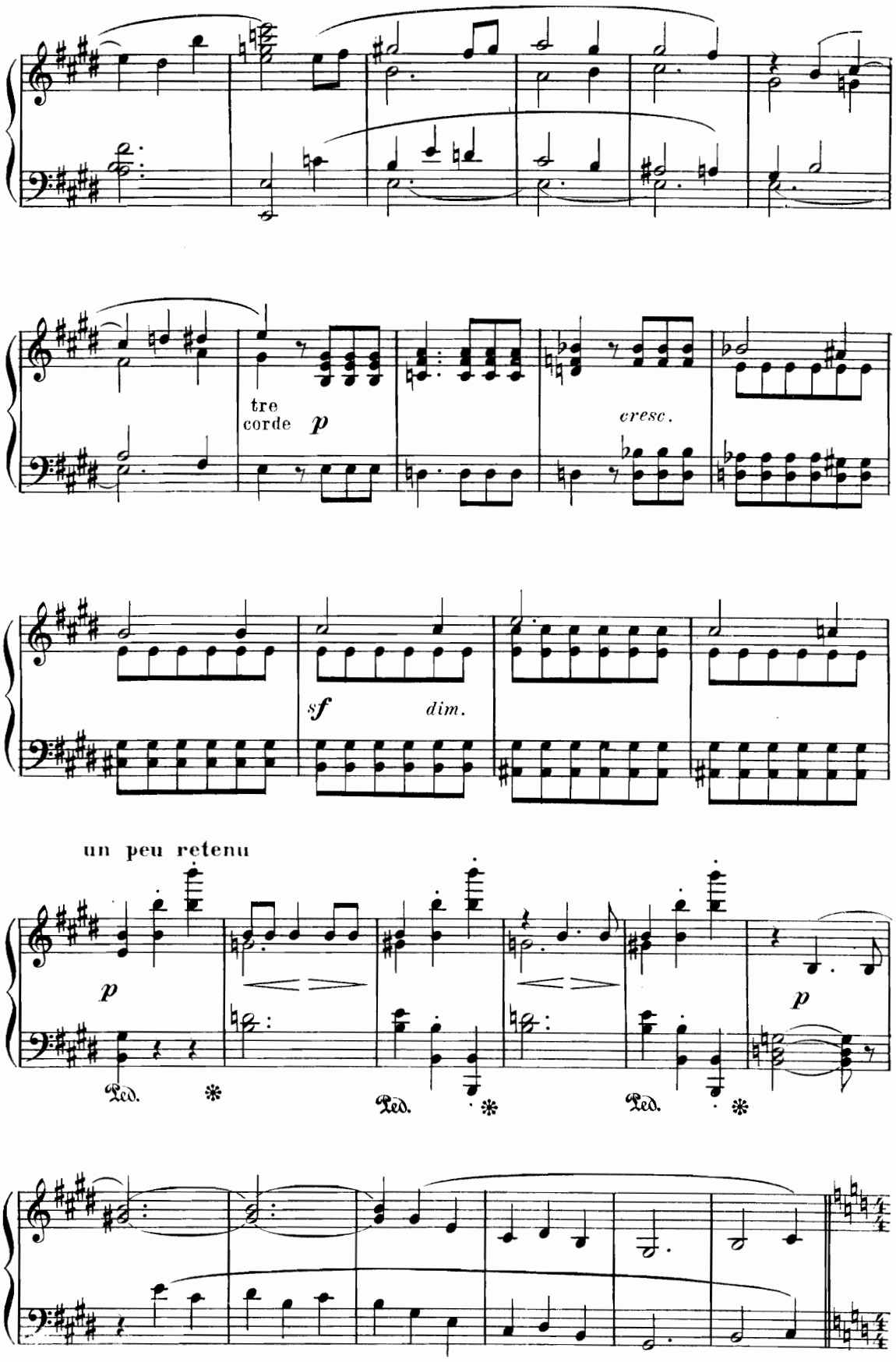


LE CHŒUR

rall. «Prodige

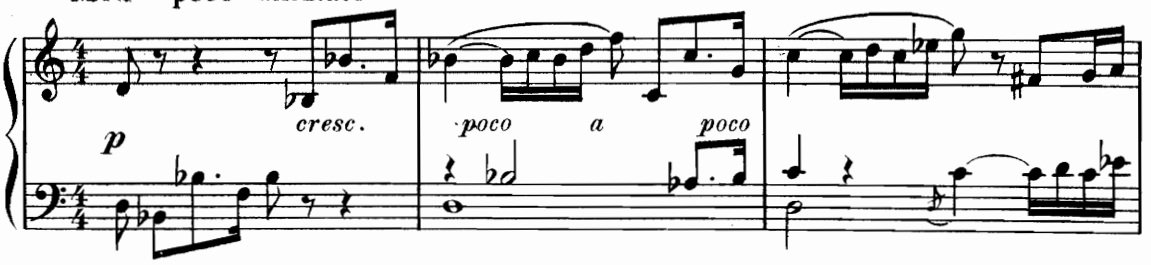


nouveau, l'amour transfigure la vierge vouée à l'autel."



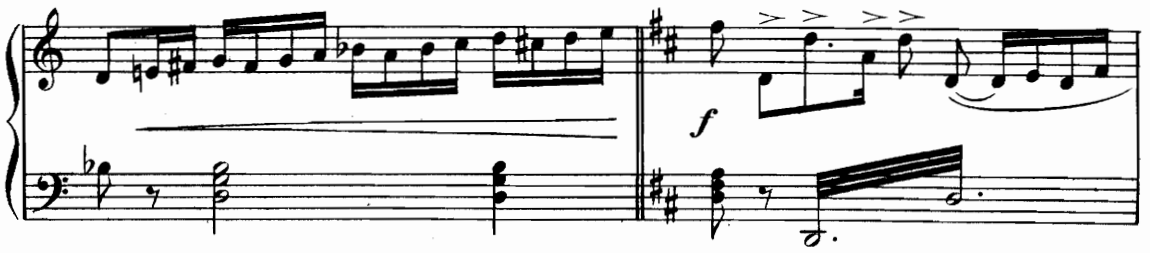
Scène III. - Les Précédents, MARCOMIR à cheval.

Mod^to poco animato

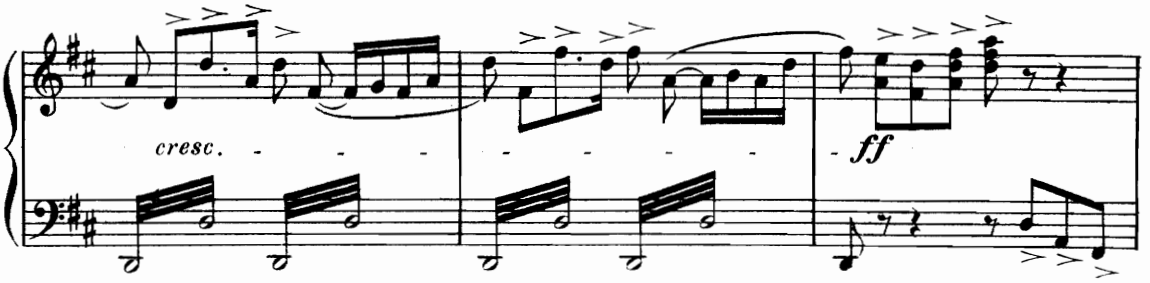


Marcomir paraît

LE CHŒUR "Voici

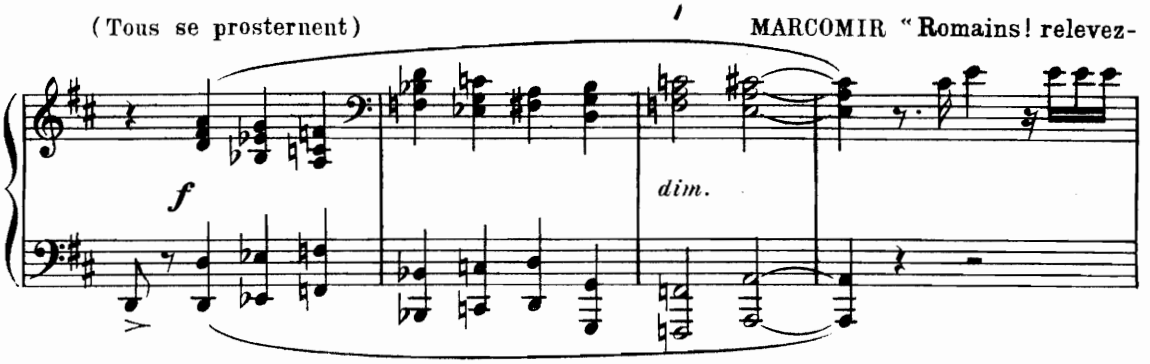


Marcomir, ton époux!"

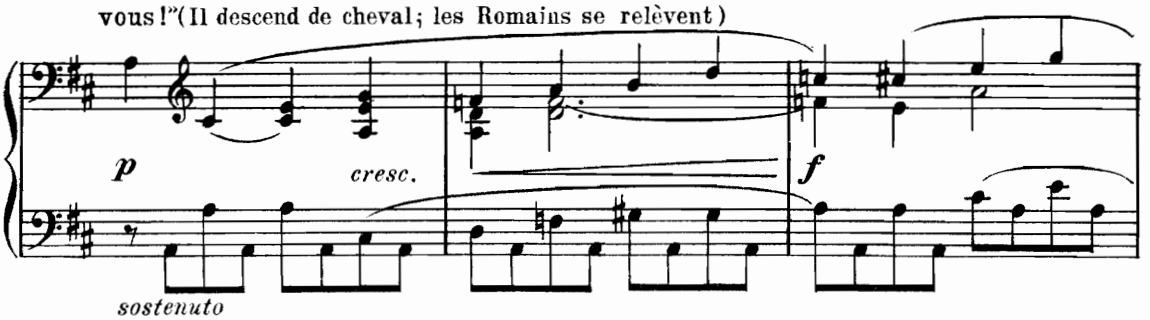


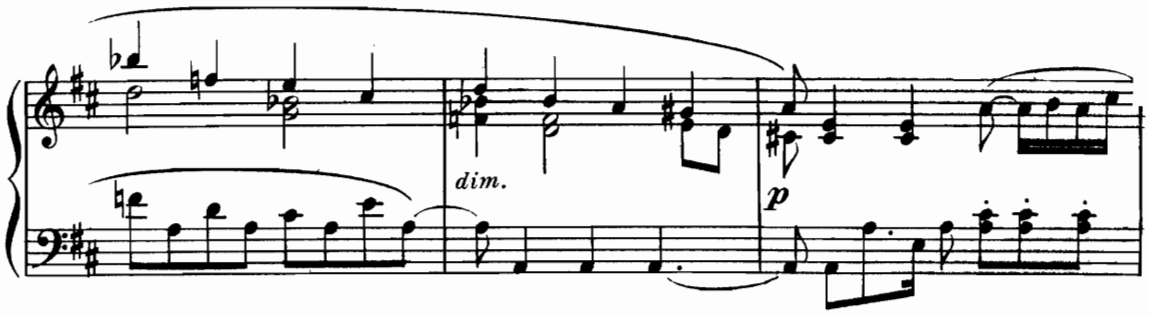
(Tous se prosternent)

MARCOMIR "Romains! relevez-



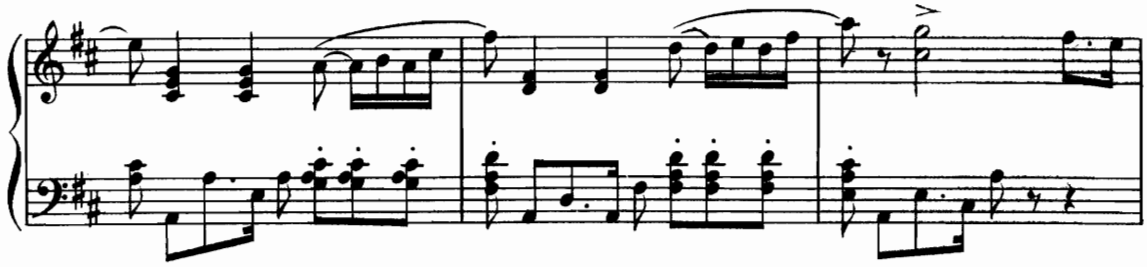
vous!" (Il descend de cheval; les Romains se relèvent)





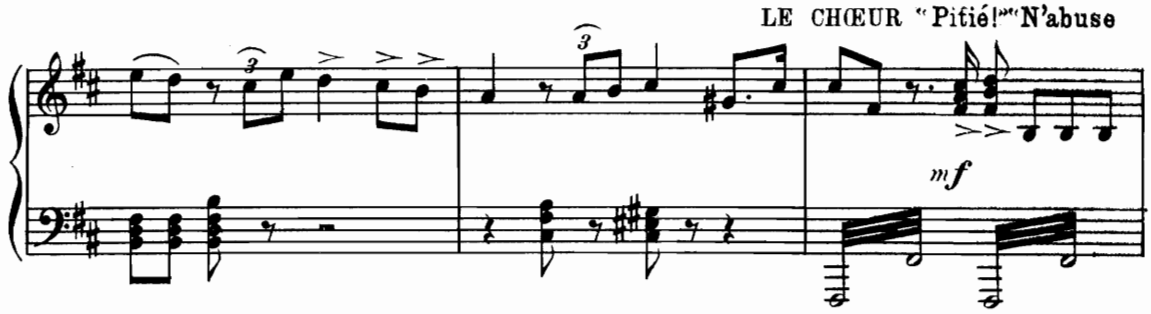
MARCOMIR

" Ta ville m'appartient, Scaurus. Pour te la rendre il me faut un bon prix "



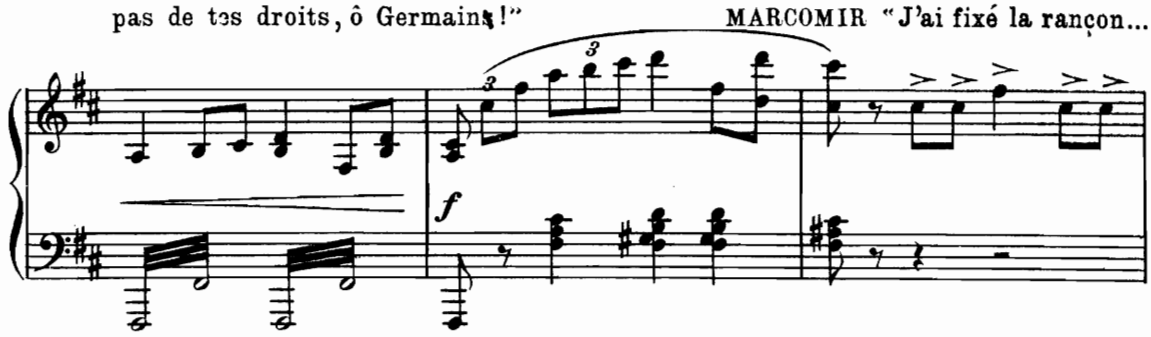
SCAURUS

LE CHŒUR " Pitié!" " N'abuse



pas de tes droits, ô Germains!"

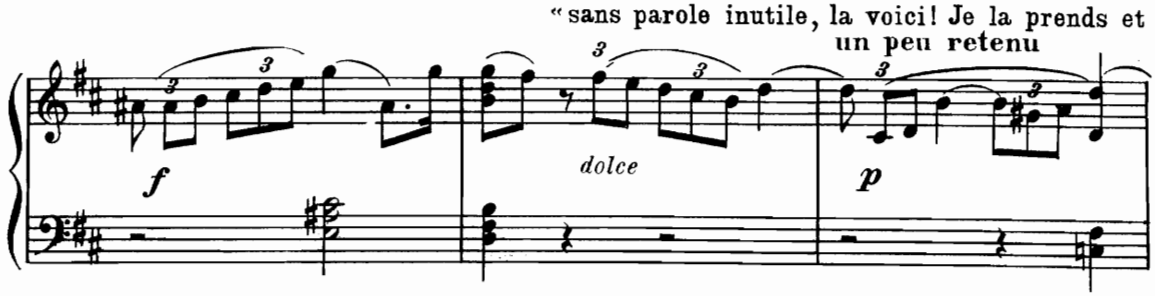
MARCOMIR " J'ai fixé la rançon...



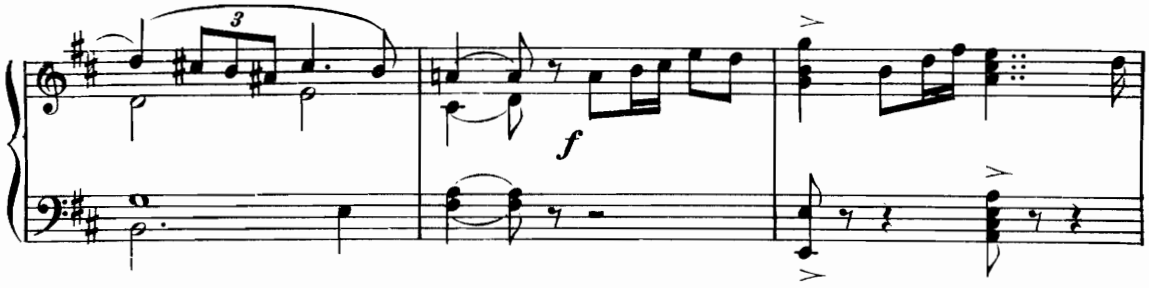
(prenant la main de Floria)

" sans parole inutile, la voici! Je la prends et

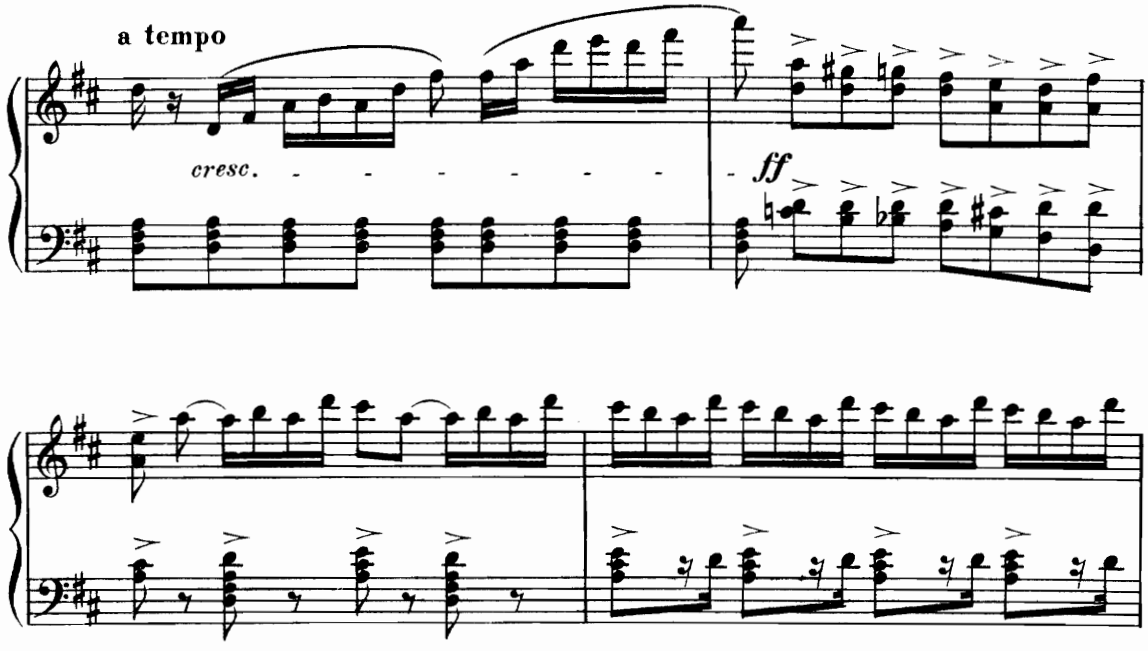
un peu retenu



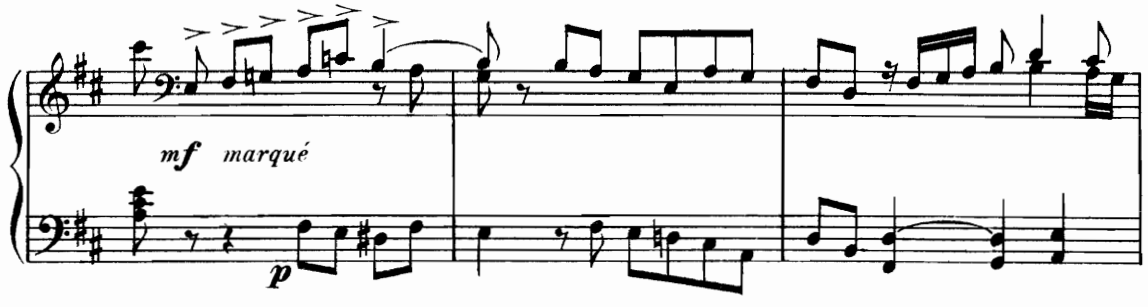
je te rends la ville: elle ne saurait être en plus vaillante main!"



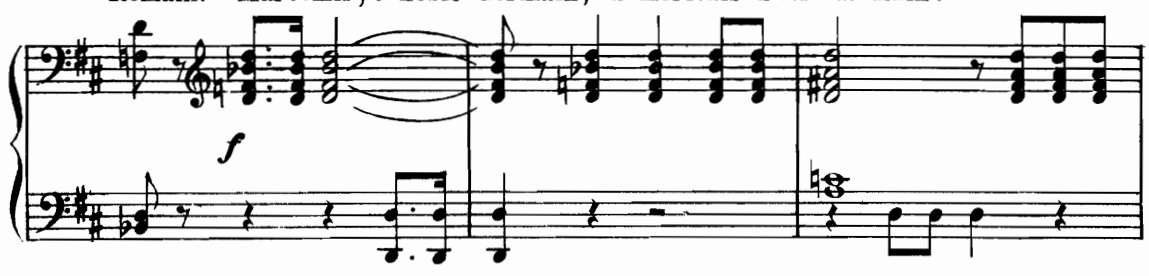
LE CHŒUR "Ah! les Dieux veillent sur toi!"

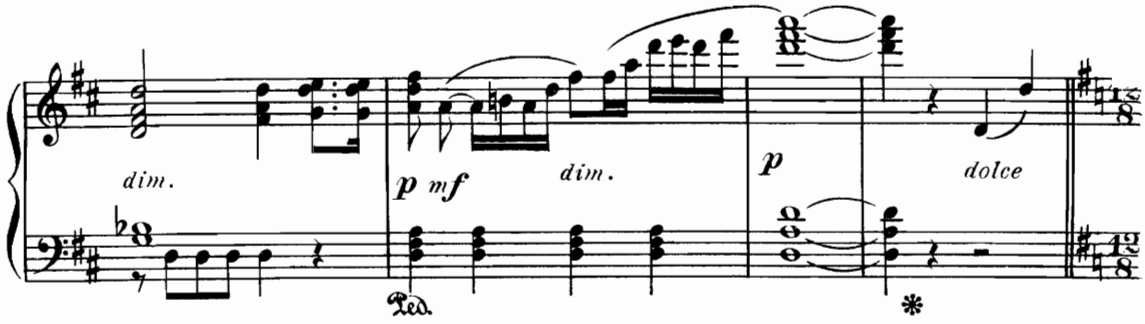


SCAURUS "Fléau de notre armée, Tu vaux mieux que ta renommée! Tu méritais d'être



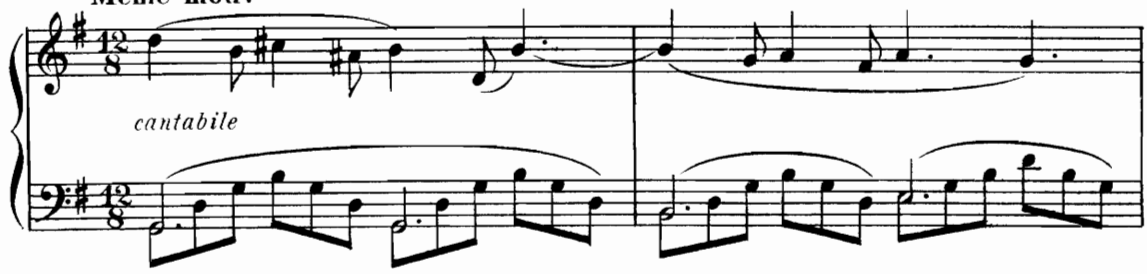
LE CHŒUR
Romain!" "Marcomir, ô noble Germain, tu méritais d'être Romain!"



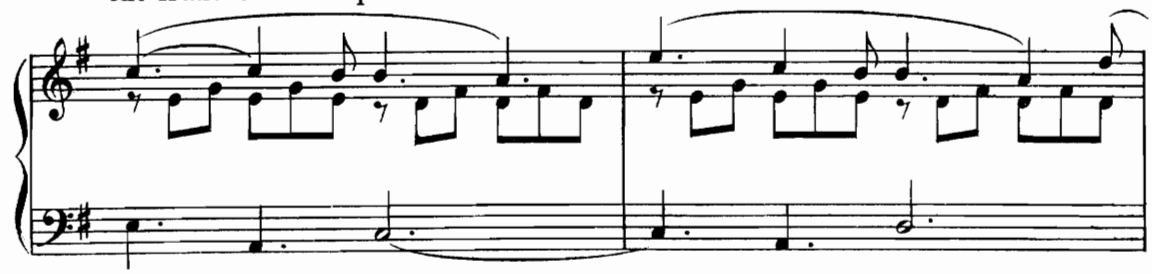


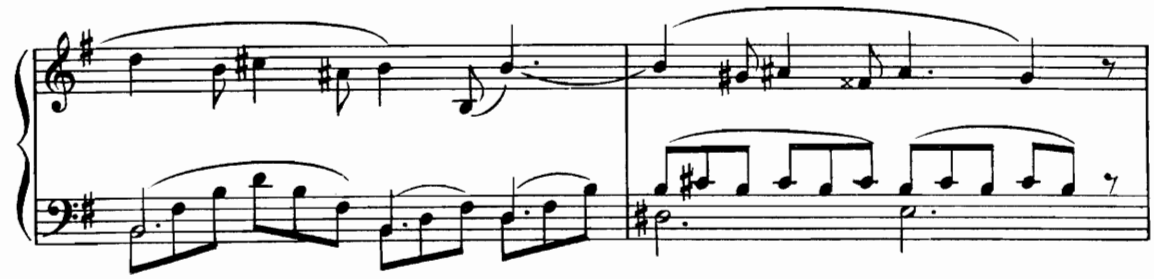
MARCOMIR "Depuis longtemps, par chaque porte, O Reine, nos guerriers

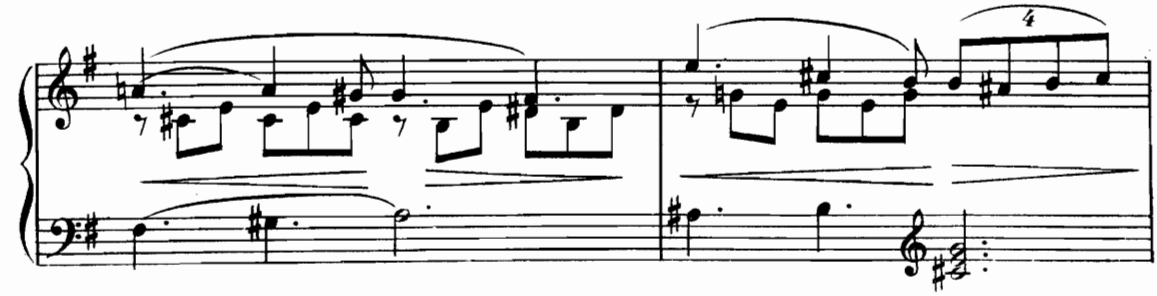
Même mouvt

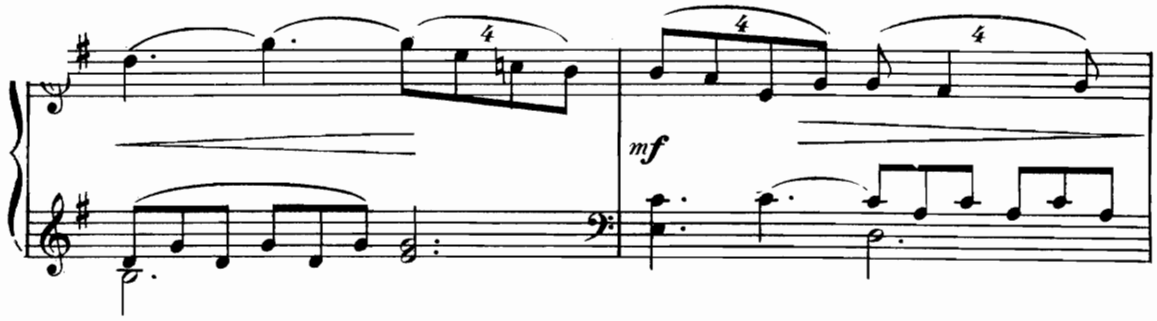


ont franchi les remparts."

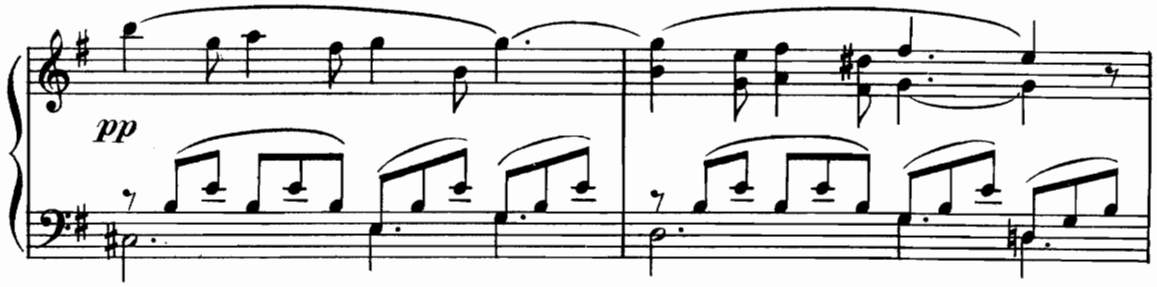


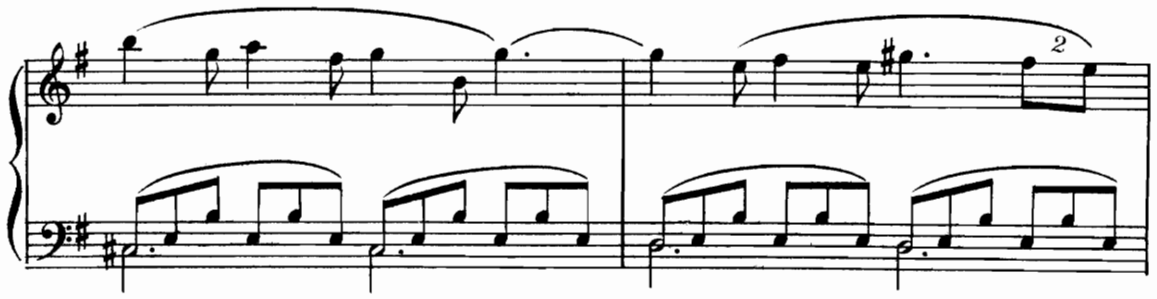


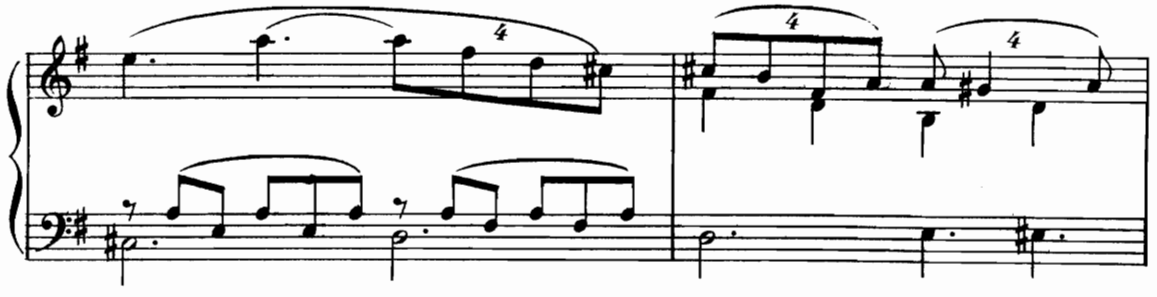


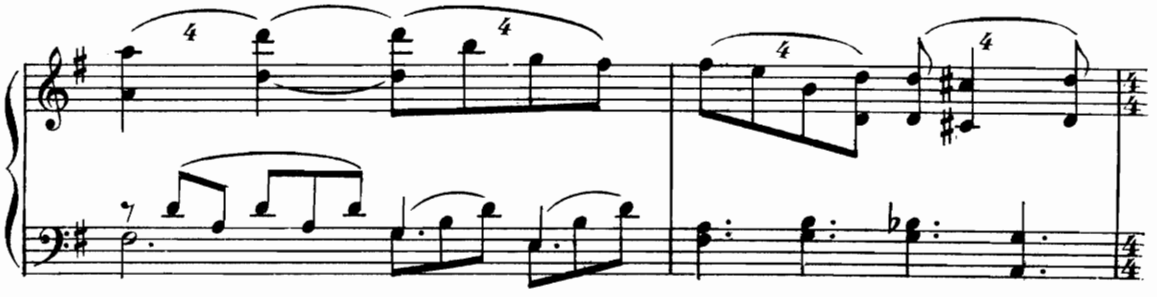


MARCOMIR "Choisis parmi tes sœurs celles qui te suivront."



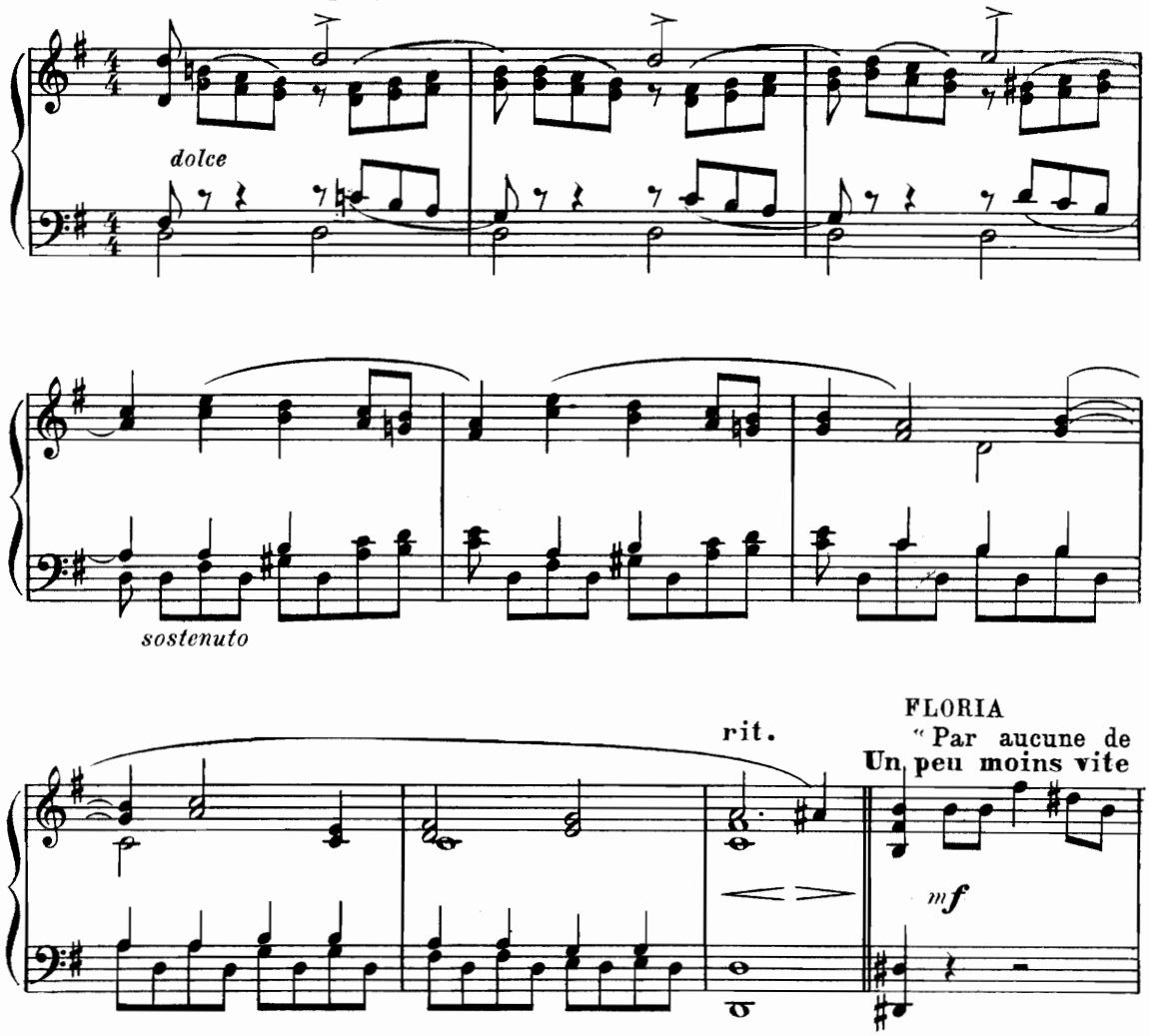


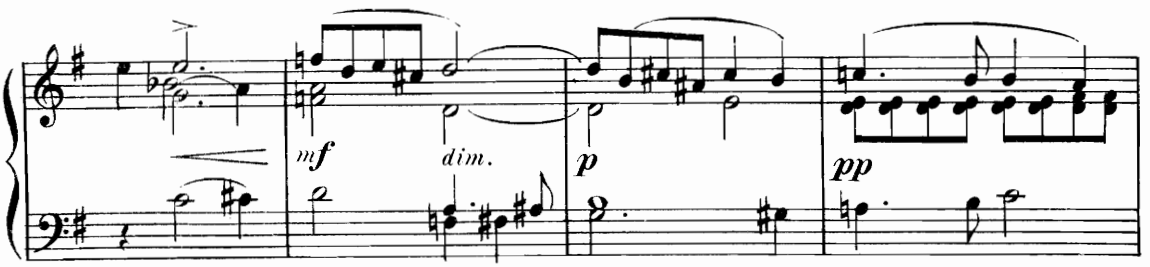


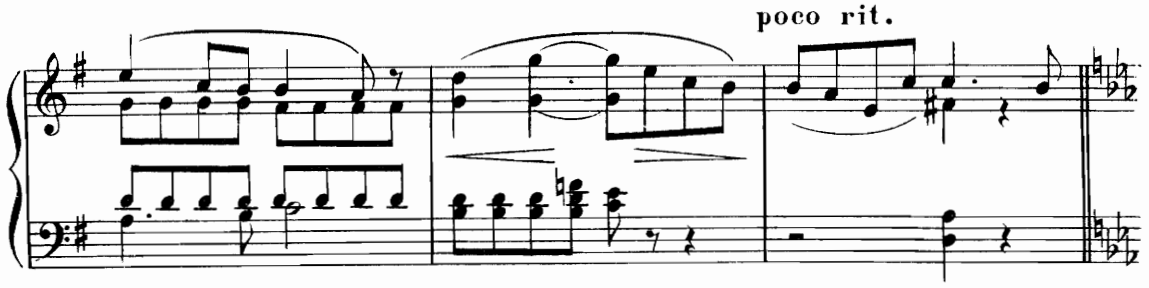


LES VESTALES

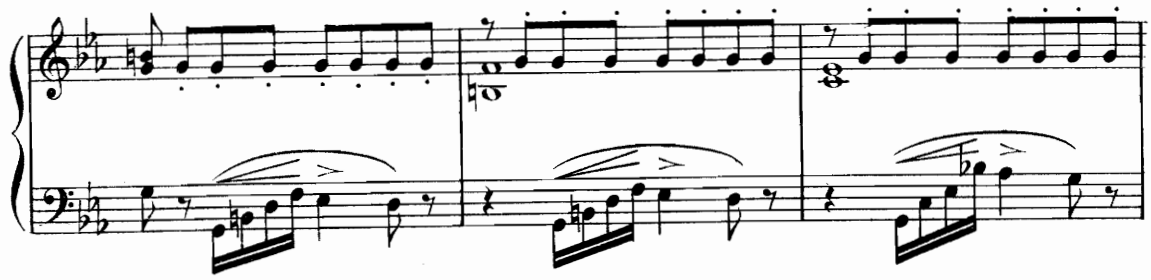
"Ne choisis pas, ô Floria! notre rêve est de te suivre."



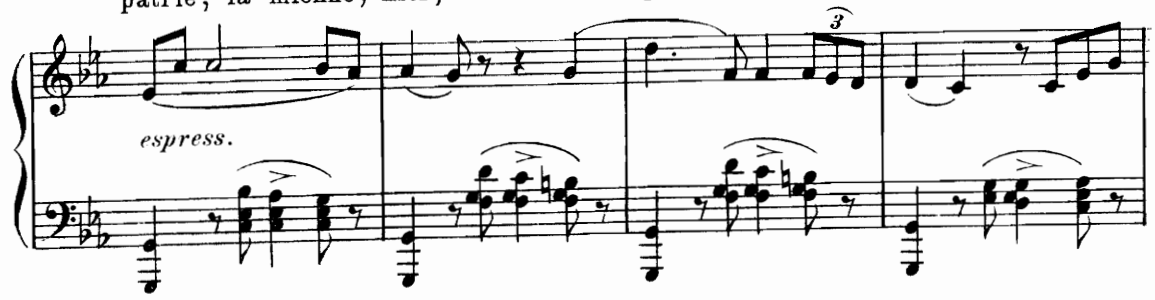




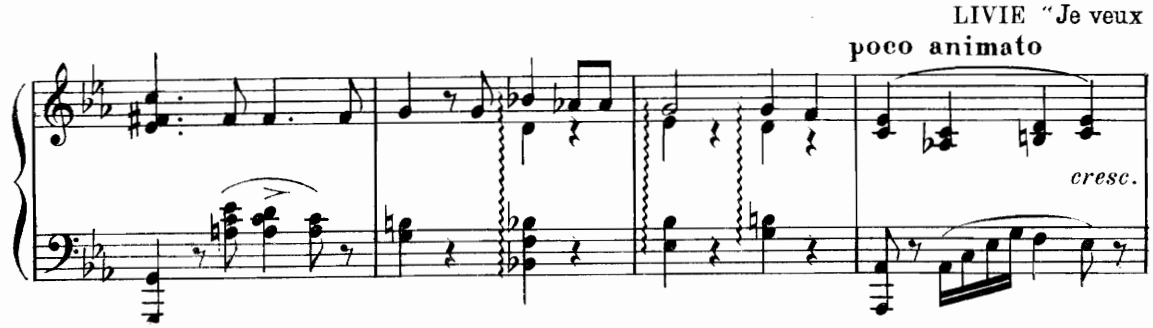
LIVIE "Mais moi, je n'ai plus de



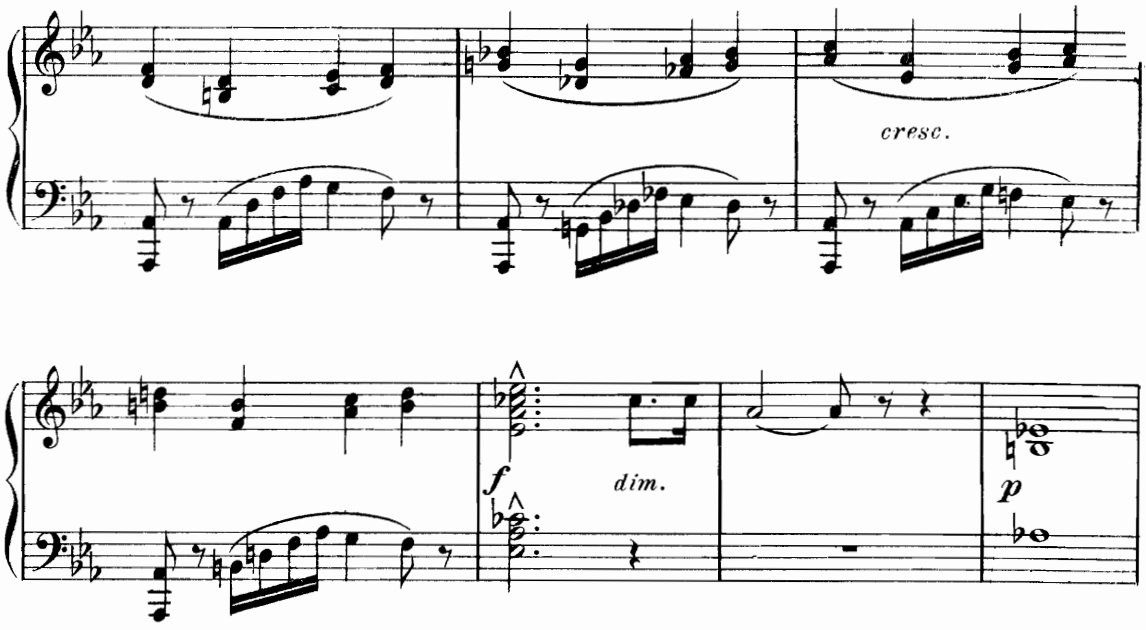
patrie; la mienne, hier, me fut ravie par le trépas de mon époux."



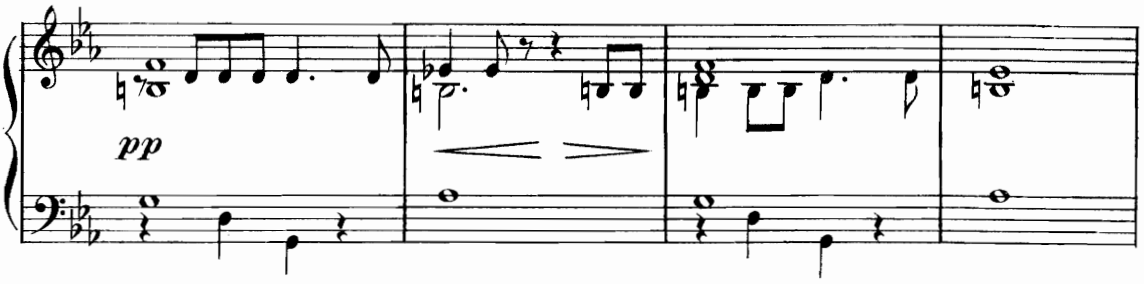
LIVIE "Je veux



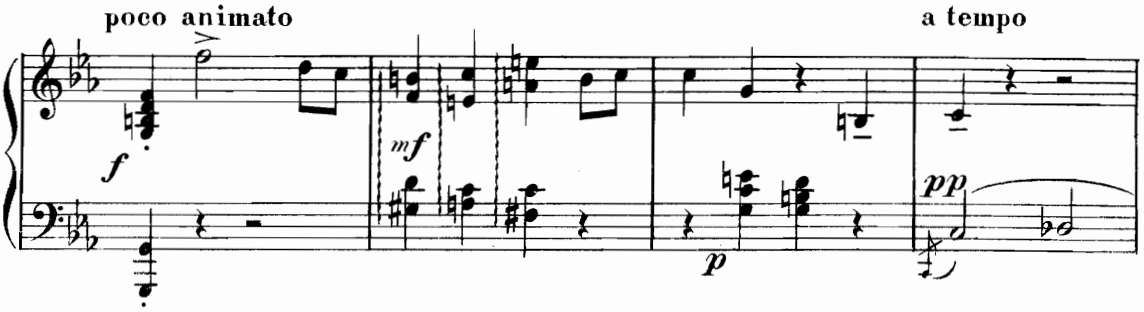
fuir la ville funeste"



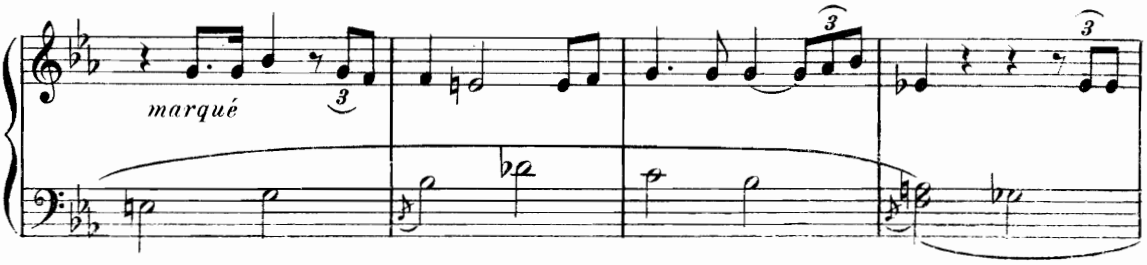
"Un seul devoir me reste, je ne puis l'accomplir ici."

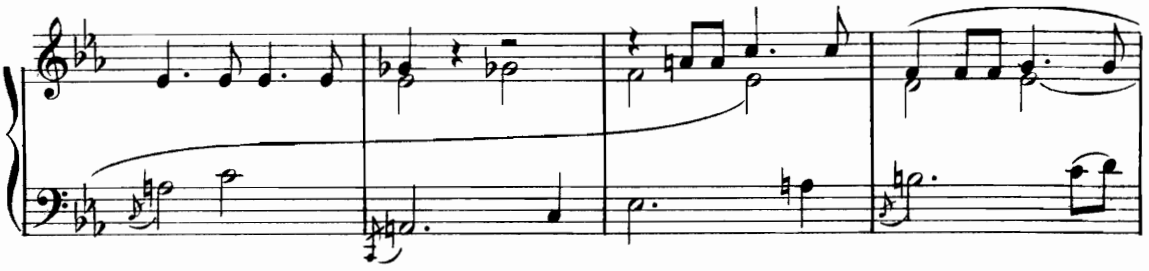


FLORIA "Viens avec nous et sois ma compagne" LIVIE "Merci! Mais d'abord

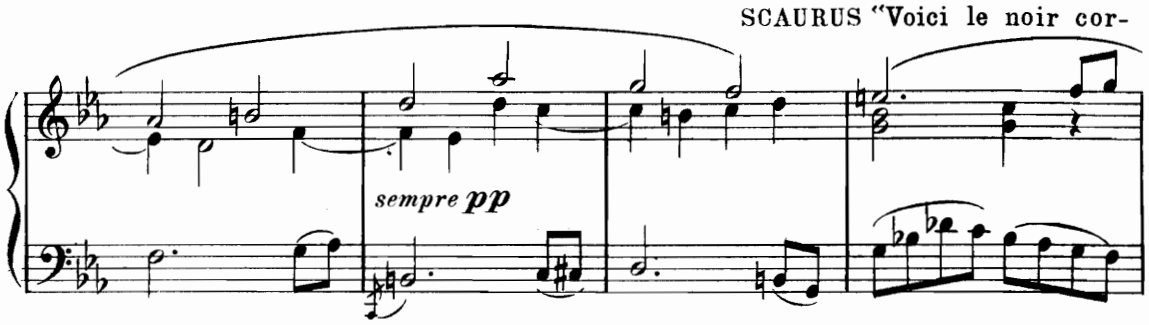


je dois rendre les funèbres devoirs à celui qui n'est plus!"

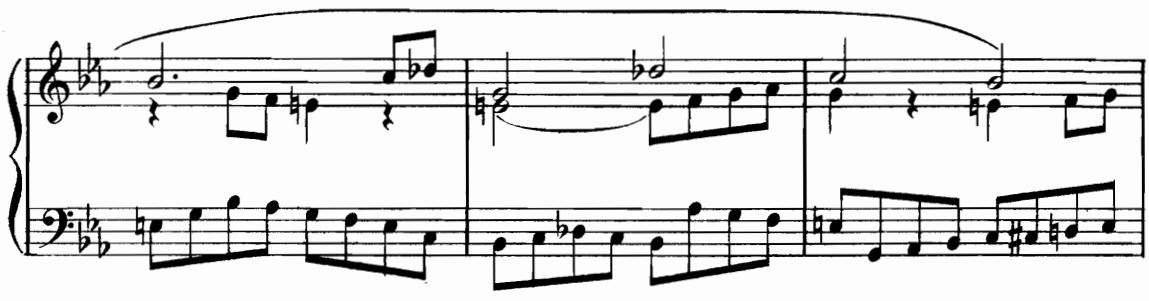




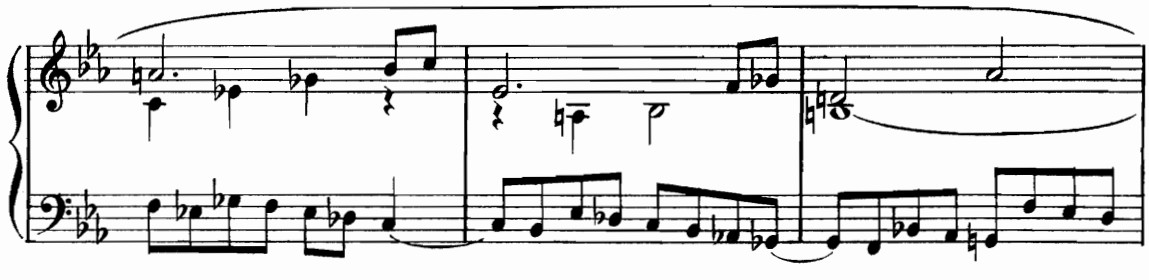
SCAURUS "Voici le noir cor-



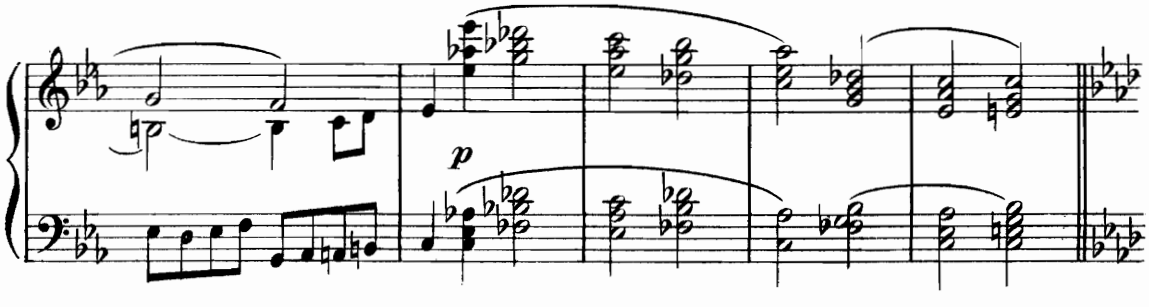
-tège et nos amis sont prêts."



MARCOMIR "Pour qui

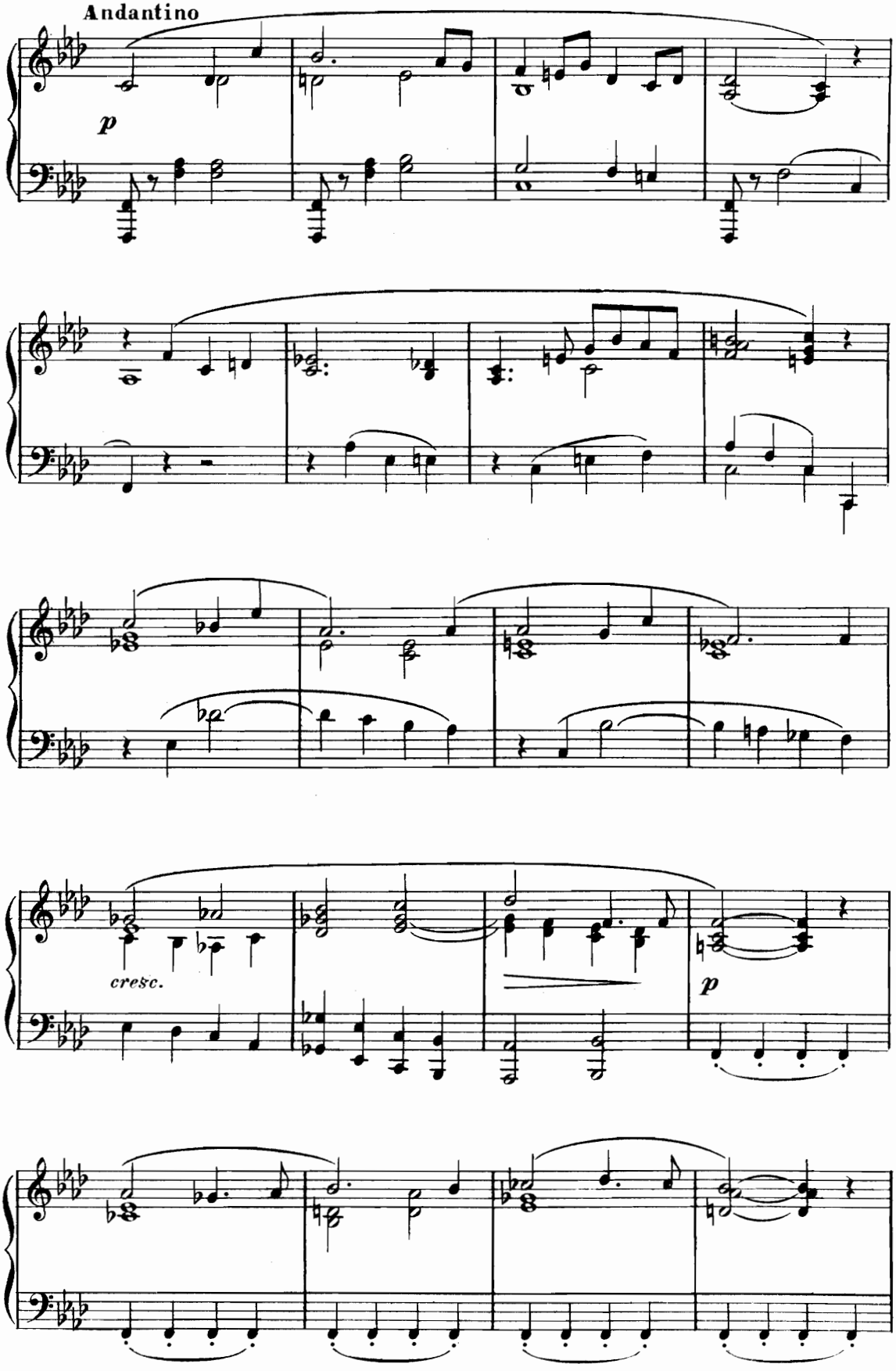


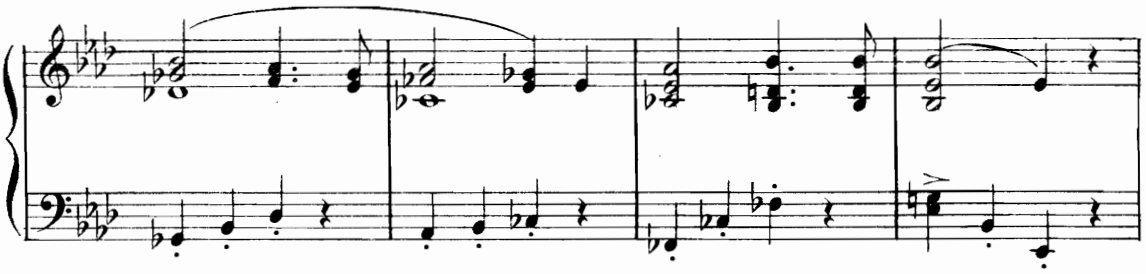
ces lugubres apprêts." FLORIA "Un vaillant!.. l'époux de Livie.."



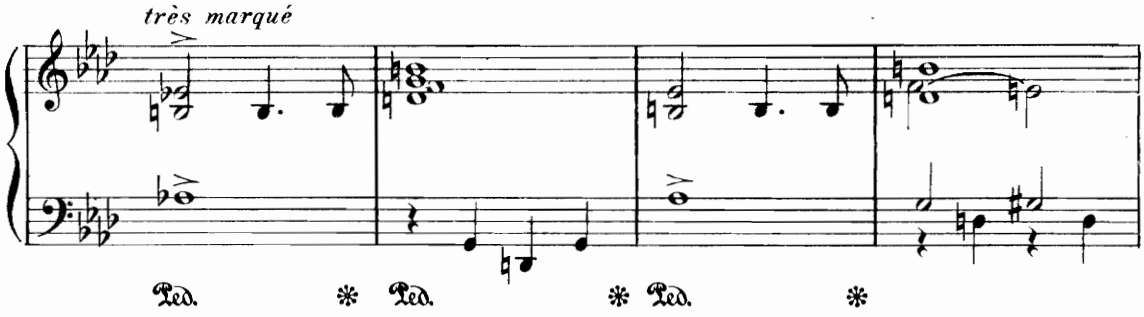
LIVIE "O noble époux qu'à trahi la fortune contraire"

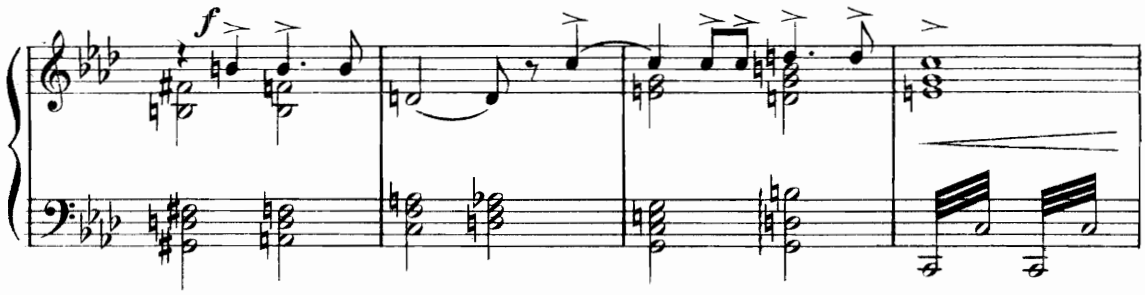
Andantino



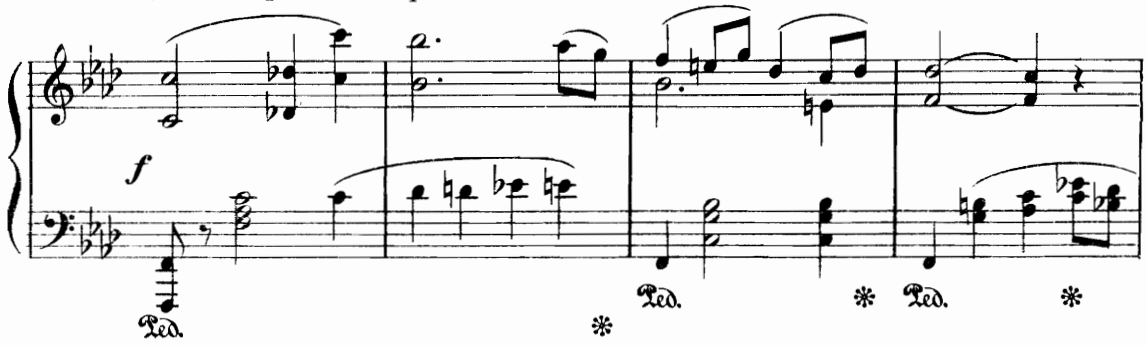


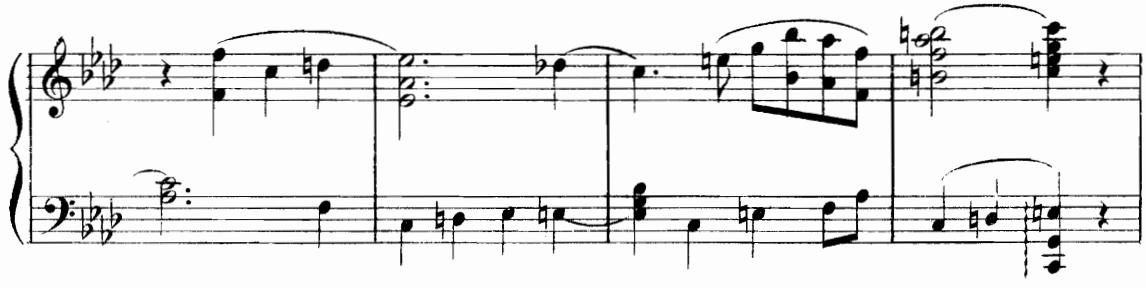
LIVIE "L'âpre désir est partagé: J'ai fait serment, et tu seras vengé!"

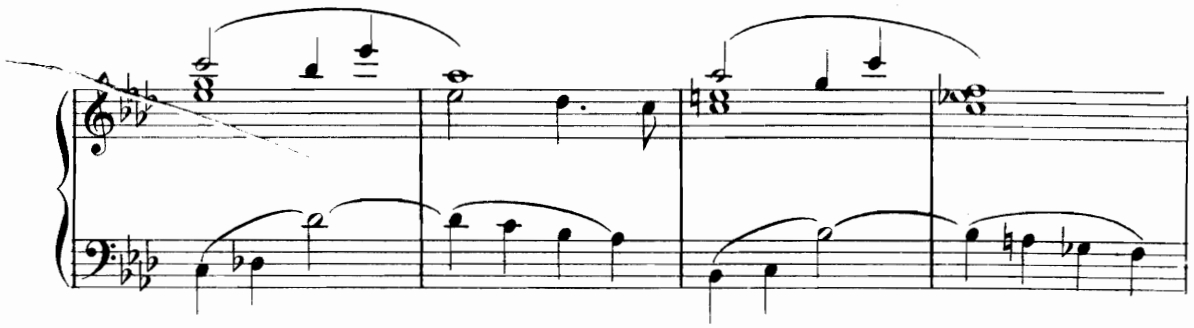


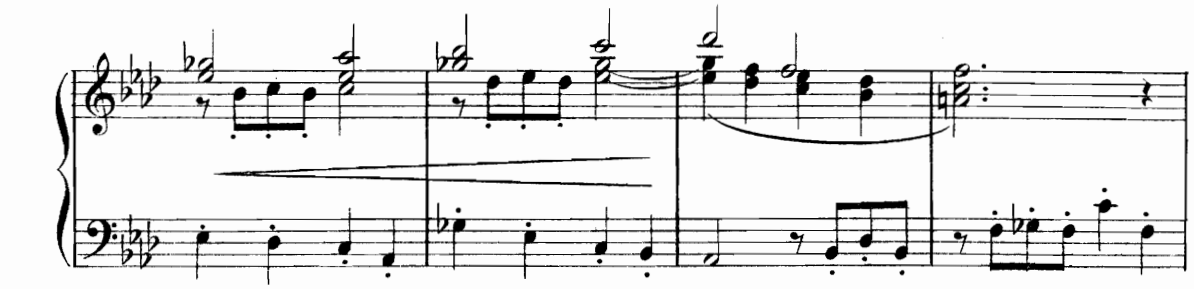


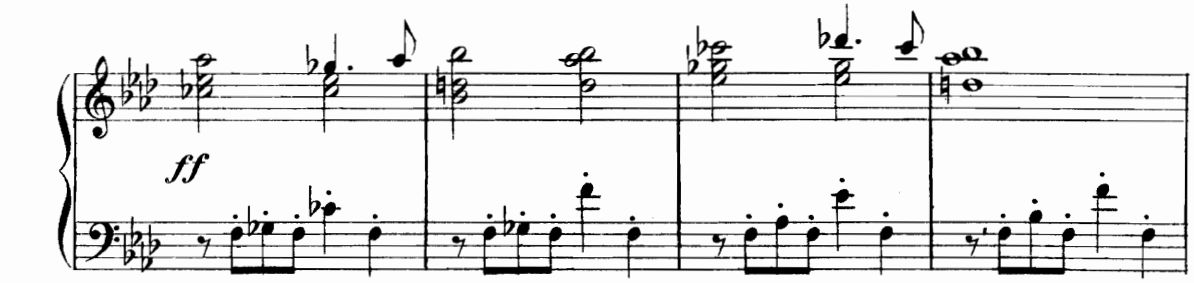
(Le cortège funèbre paraît et défile au fond de la scène)

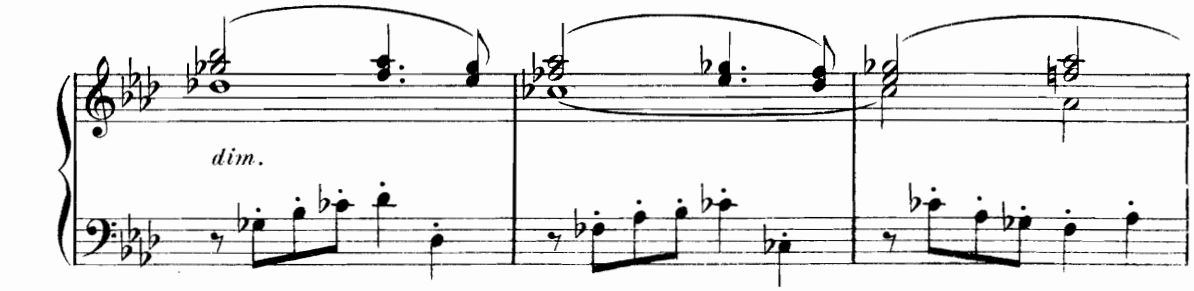




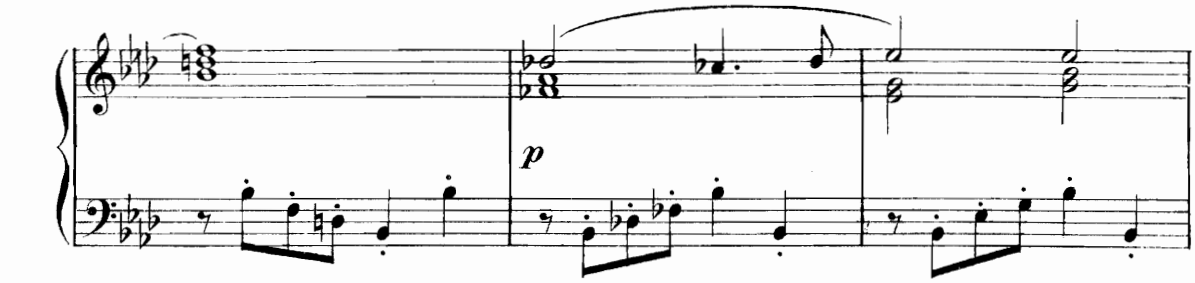




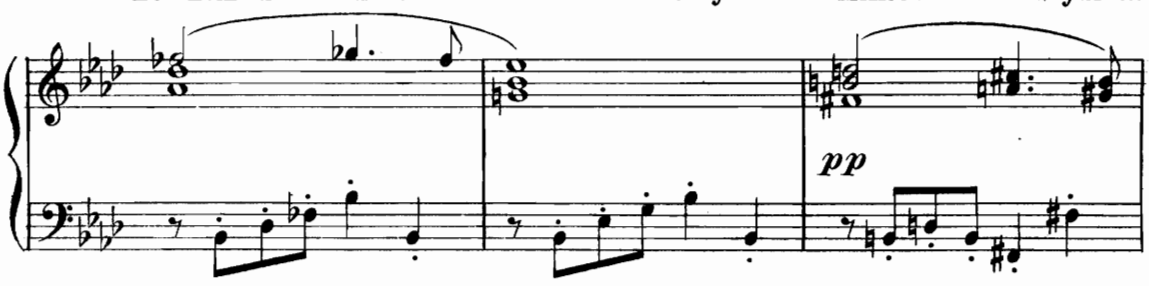




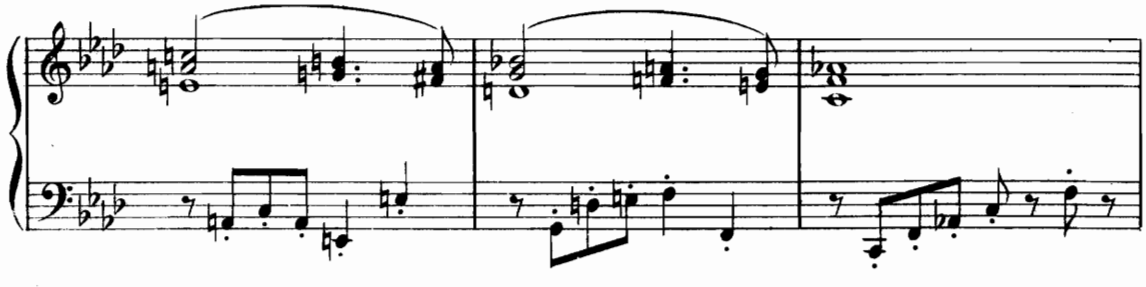
MARCOMIR (à Floria) "Ta présence lui fait une mort triomphale!



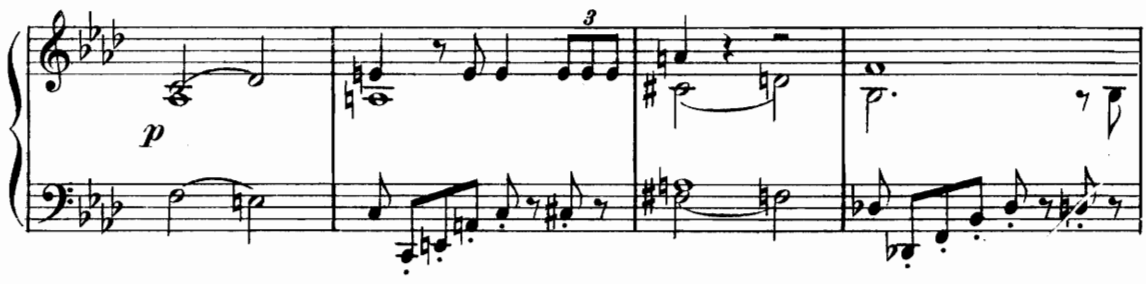
Le nom de ce héros ?" FLORIA "Euryale." MARCOMIR "Euryale!..



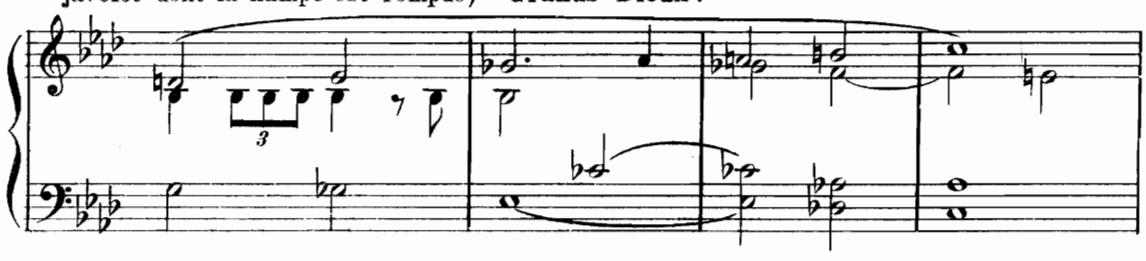
Le consul ?" FLORIA "Oui !... frappé par un des tiens !"



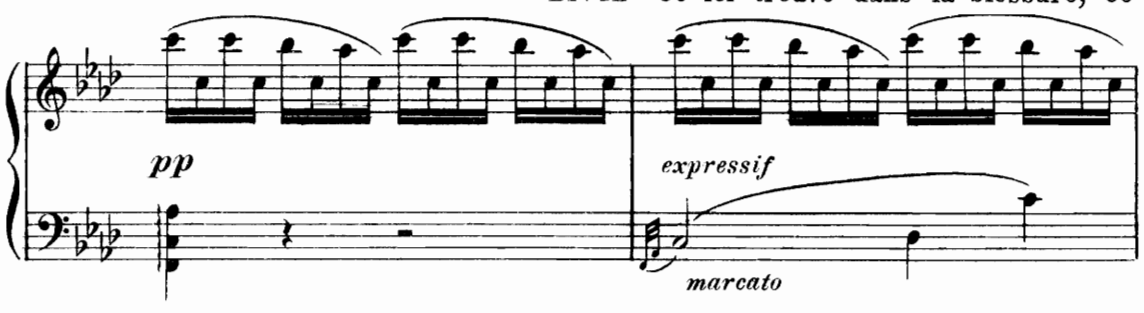
MARCOMIR "Tais toi !" "Celui qui l'a frappé c'est moi."



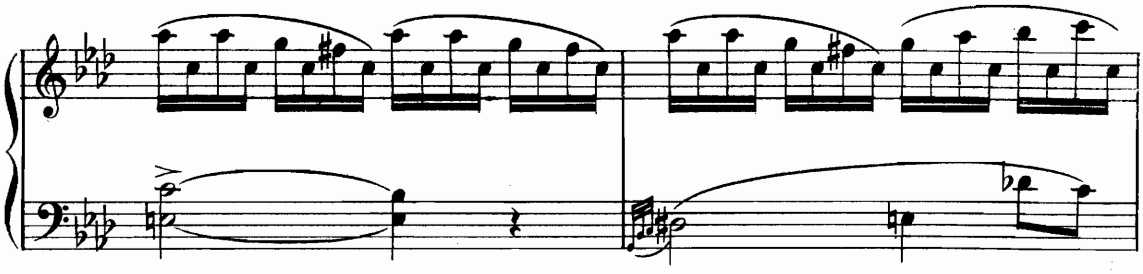
FLORIA (effrayée à la vue de Livie qui vient armée d'un fer de javelot dont la hampe est rompue) "Grands Dieux !"



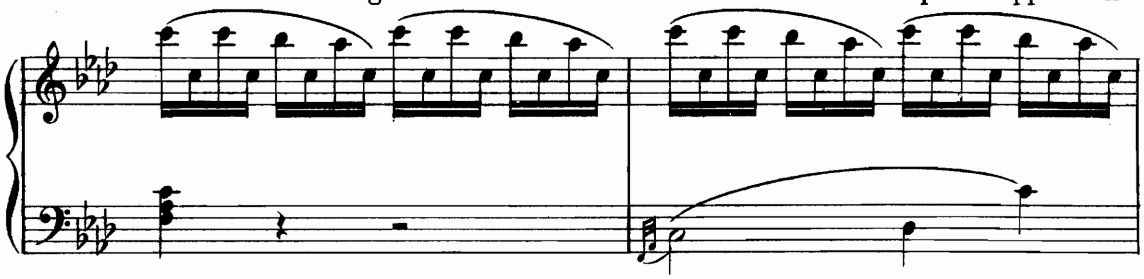
LIVIE "Ce fer trouvé dans la blessure, ce



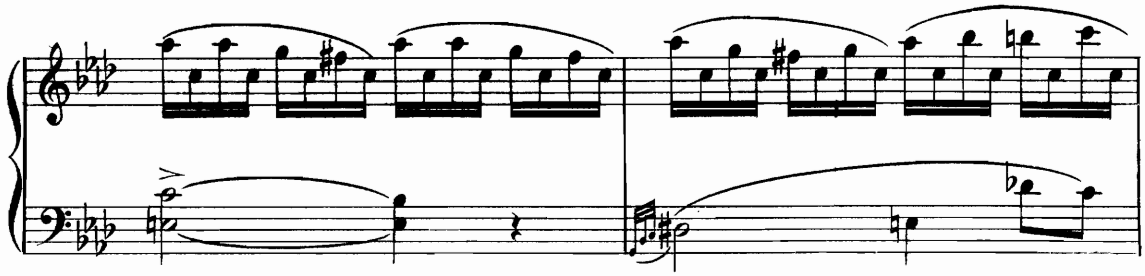
fer me vengera!"

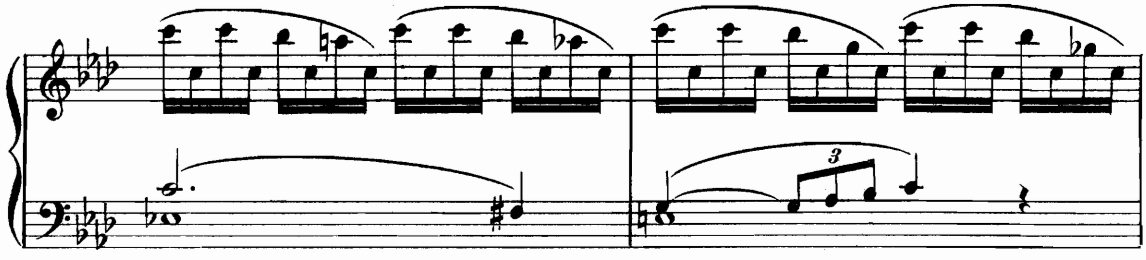


FLORIA (se plaçant d'instinct entre Marcomir et Livie)
"Te venger!... es-tu sûre de connaître celui qui frappa ton

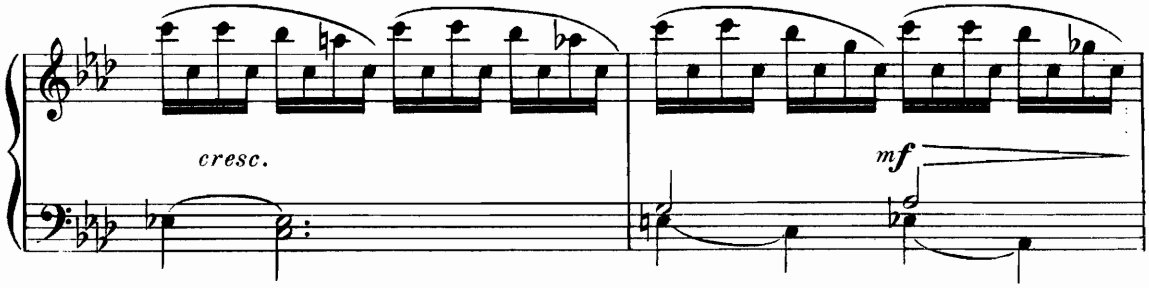


époux ?" LIVIE "C'est pour le découvrir que je pars avec vous!"





FLORIA (vivement) "Ne pars pas!" (Livie surprise la regarde)



FLORIA "Reste ici dans ta ville natale, A l'abri des hasards

dolce

p

que nous allons courir!" LIVIE (avec un premier soupçon) "Tu ne m'emmè-

mf

FLORIA (troublée)

-nes plus?" "Le tombeau d'Euryale... tes souvenirs... le deuil

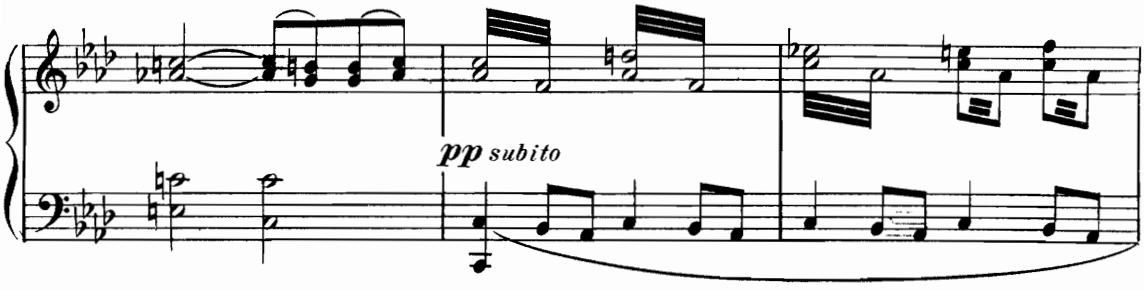
LIVIE (avec un soupçon grandissant)

dont tu pourras guérir..." "Tu ne m'emmènes plus?"

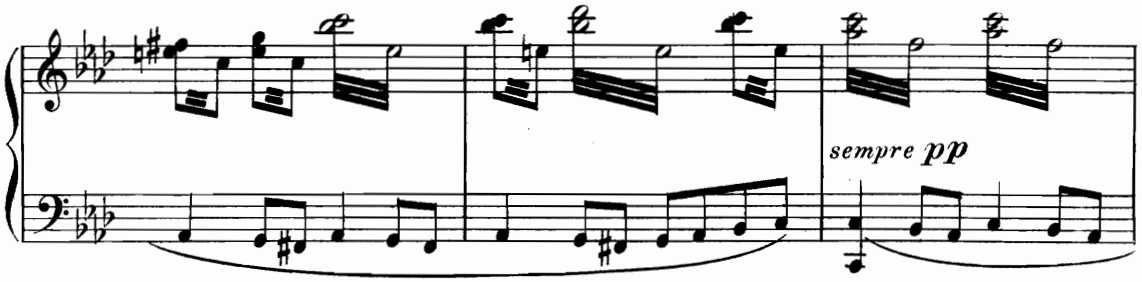
mf

cresc.

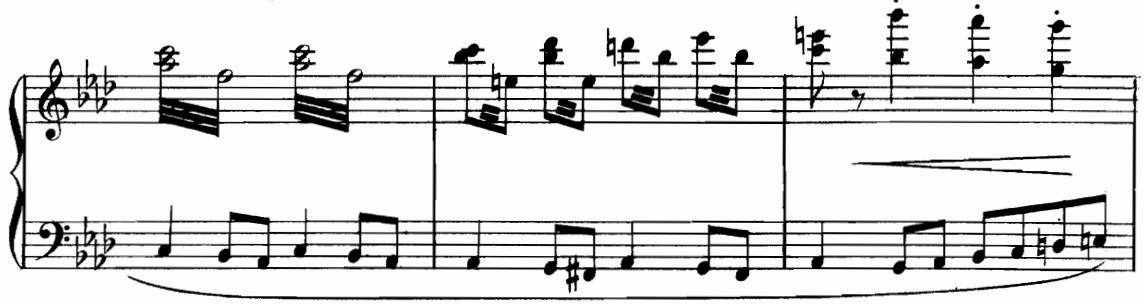
(Floria pose la main sur le bras de Marcomir pour le

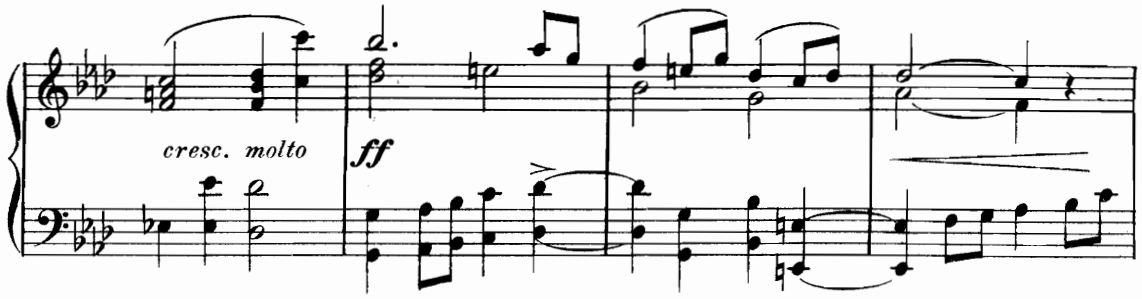


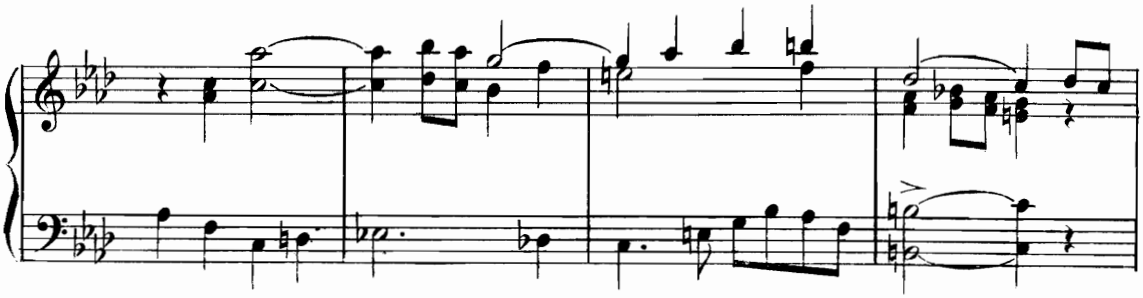
faire s'éloigner de Livie) LIVIE "Elle tremble... Ce soin de le couvrir

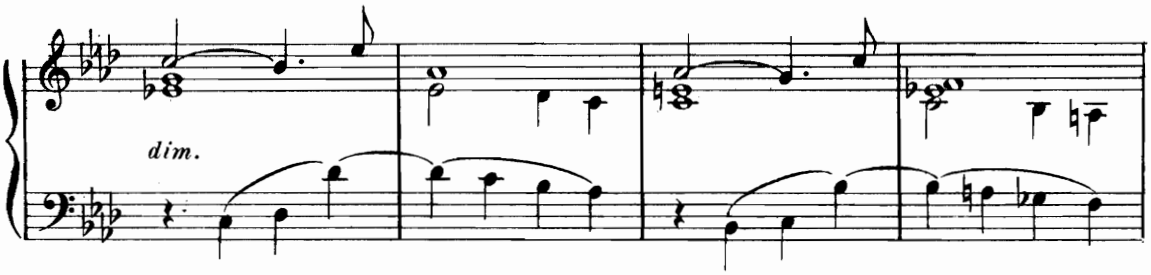


de son corps! Cet effroi! Lui!.. Ce serait lui!.."

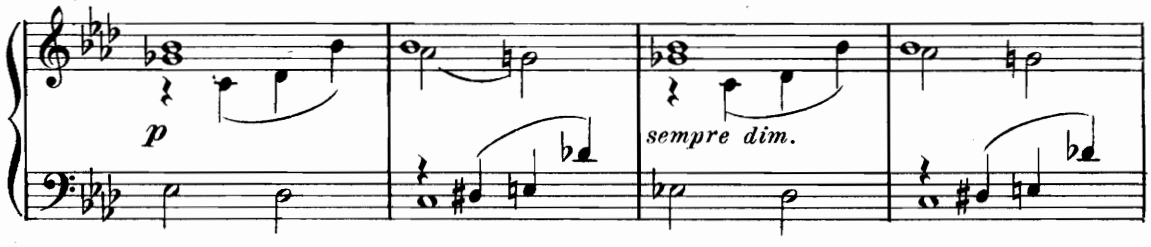




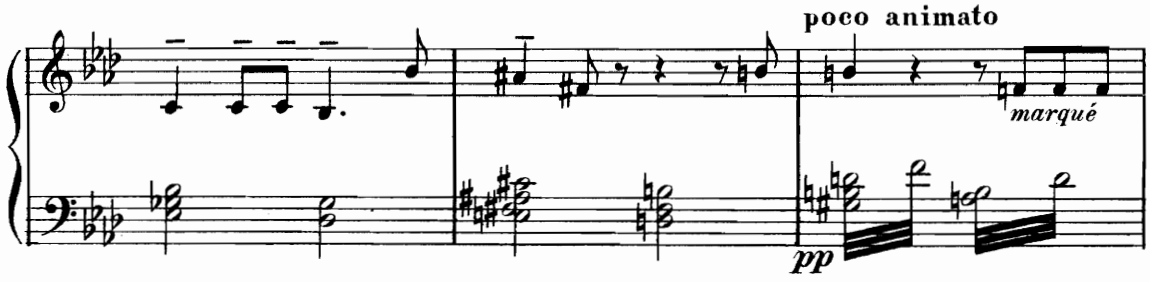




SCAURUS (à Livie) "Viens! On n'attend plus que toi!" LIVIE "Pas avant

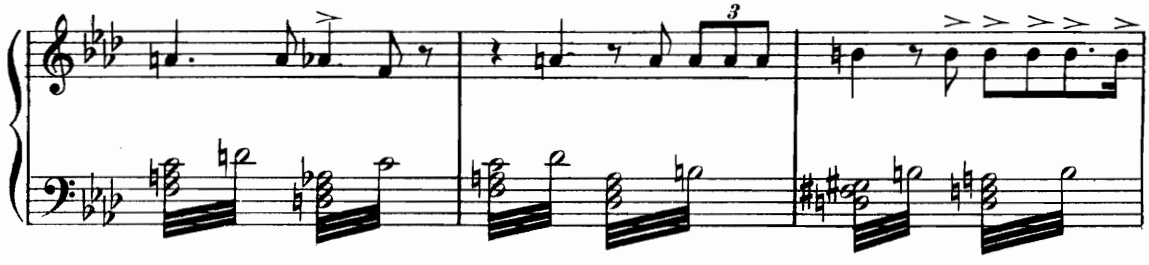


d'accomplir ma tâche !.." FLORIA (inquiète) "Tu veux?" LIVIE "Je veux

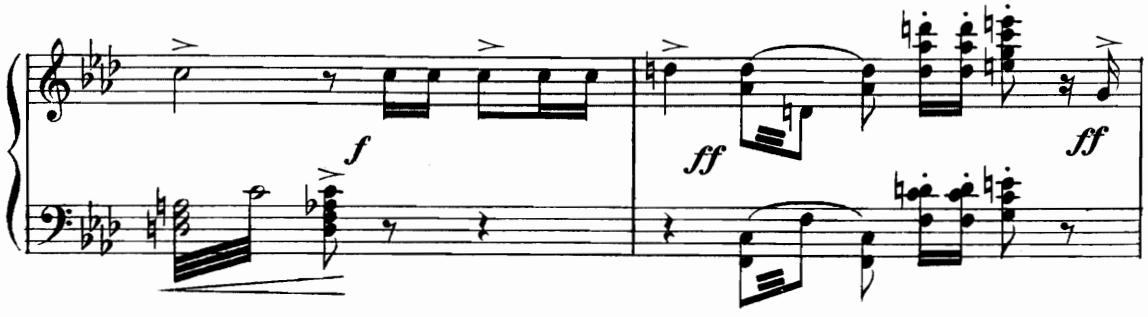


(Mouvement de Marcomir retenu par Floria)

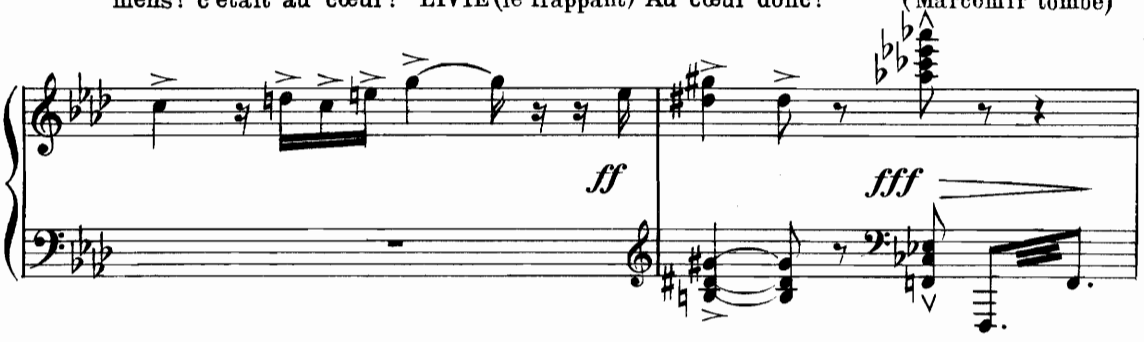
punir le lâche... qui feignant de se rendre à mon époux vainqueur



l'a frappé dans le dos!" MARCOMIR (indigné, allant à Livie) "Tu

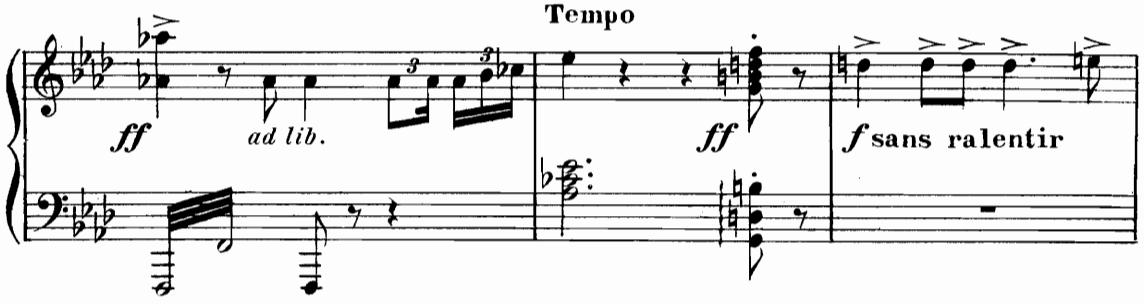


mens! c'était au cœur!" LIVIE (le frappant) "Au cœur donc!" (Marcomir tombe)

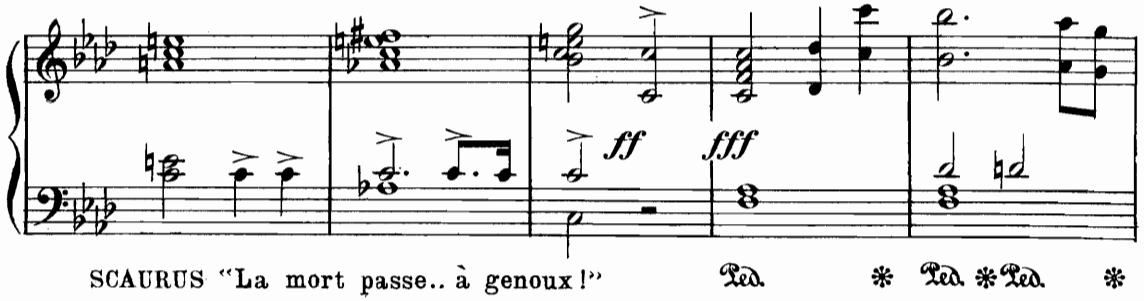


FLORIA (se jetant éperdue sur le corps de Marcomir) "Ah! l'infâme à tué mon époux!"

LIVIE (triomphante) "Mais j'ai vengé le

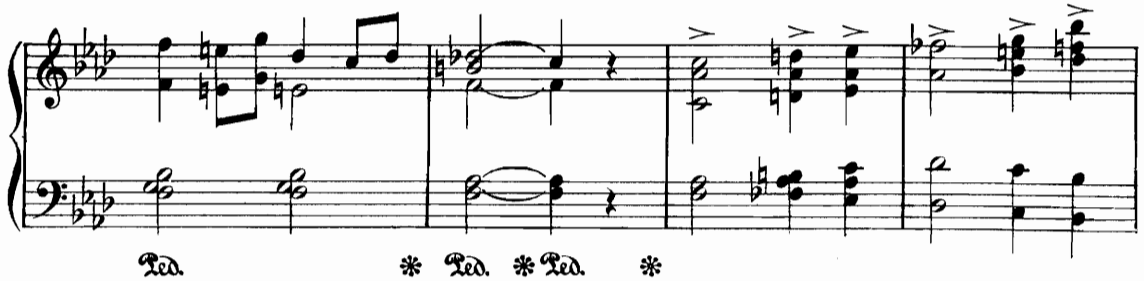


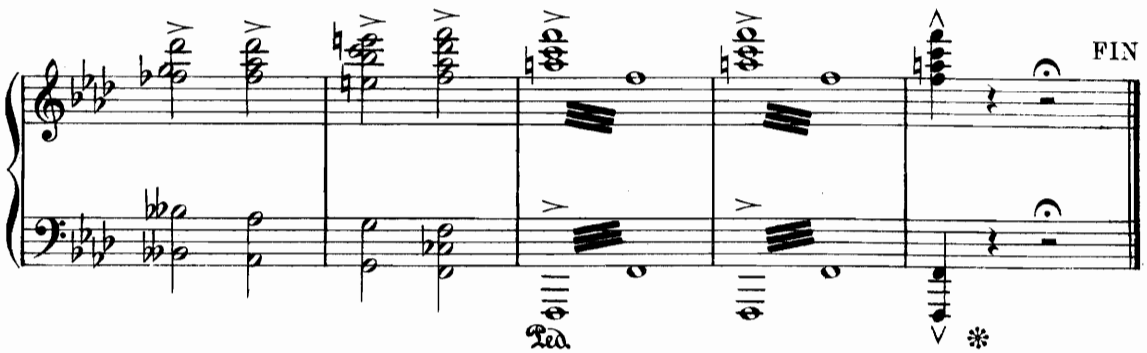
mien!"



SCAURUS "La mort passe.. à genoux!"

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *





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